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CHRISTMAS LITERATURE

The New Christmas Story by Charles Dickens.

DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

I. To be Taken Immediately. II. Not to be Taken at Bed-Time. III. To be Taken at the Dinner-Table. IV. Not to be Taken for Granted. V. To be Taken in Water. VI. To be Taken with a Grain of Salt. VII. To be Taken and Tried. VIII. To be Taken for Life.

From the Christmas Number of All the Year Round.

I.

TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY.

I am a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was William Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery? As to looking at the argument through the medium of the Register, William Marigold came into the world before Registers come up much—and went out of it too. They wouldn't have been greatly in his line neither, if they had chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat, the strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the wiolin-players screw up his wiolin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat, as a waistcoat and a wiolin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentining up-hill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell below my views, but she more than made it up in heighth; her heighth and slimness was—in short THE heighth of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head (I have heard my own mother say it was flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't know an old hearth-broom from it now, till you come to the handle and found it wasn't me) in the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M. D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on forever, you'll find, nor yet could my father, nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you are liable to go off in part, and two to one your head's the part. Gradually my father went off his, and mother went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put out the family where I boarded them. The old couple, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devoted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery for a bid, only he lost the trick of it, and mostly let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had been used to sit in the cart and hand the articles out one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to sell, just in the same way she handed him every item of the family property, and they disposed of it in their own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, cries out in the old patter, fluent, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one—which the Nightingale club in a village was held—at the sign of the Cabbage and Shears, Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled, But for want of taste voices and ears—now here, my jolly companions every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone; so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as nought six nought, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under and two over. Now my hearts of oak and men of straw, what do you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat? I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of an old woman that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago, that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's ark, before the unicorn could get in to forbid the banns by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! if you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming-pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six? You say two and three? No. You shan't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it you, if you were good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of Willum Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out, by him and his wife, my own mother, on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work, as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it. I have measured myself against other public speakers, Members of Parliament, Platforms, Pulpits, Counsel learned in the law—and where I have found 'em good I have took a bit of imitation from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad I have let 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill used in Great Britain the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say it's election-time. I am on the footboard of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here my free and independent woters, I'm a going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am a going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians, here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold, here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it and there you are replete with animal food, here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman, and here's half a dozen dinner plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop! I'll throw you in another article and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only once get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that's a looking-glass in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tallyman. Well then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart—there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack. But on the Monday morning, in the same market-place, comes the Dear Jack on the hustings—his cart—and what does he say? "Now my free and independent woters, I am a going to give you such a chance" (he begins just like me) "as you never had in all your born days, and that's the chance of sending Myself to Parliament. Now I'll tell you what I am a going to do for you. Here's the interests of this magnificent town promoted above all the rest of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Here's your railways carried, and your neighbors' railways jockeyed. Here's all your sons in the Post-office. Here's Britannia smiling on you. Here's the eyes of Europe on you. Here's uniwersal prosperity for you, repletion of animal food, golden corn-fields, gladsome homesteads, and rounds of applause from your own hearts, all in one lot and that's myself. Will you take me as I stand? You won't? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come now! I'll throw you in anything you ask for. There! Church-rates, abolition of church-rates, more malt tax, no malt tax, uniwersal education to the highest mark or uniwersal ignorance to the lowest, total abolition of flogging in the army or a dozen for every private once a month all round. Wrongs of Men or Rights of Women—only say which it shall be, take 'em or leave 'em, and I'm of your opinion altogether, and the lot's your own on your own terms. There! You won't take it yet? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! You *are* such free and independent woters, and I *am* so proud of you—you *are* such a noble and enlightened constituency, and I *am* so ambitious of the honor and dignity of being your member, which is by far the highest level to which the wings of the human mind can soar—that I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll throw you in all the public houses in your magnificent town for nothing. Will that content you? It won't? You won't take the lot yet? Well, then, before I put the horse in and drive away, and make the offer to the next most magnificent town that can be discovered, I'll tell you what I'll do. Take the lot, and I'll drop two thousand pounds in the streets of your magnificent town, for them to pick up that can. Not enough? Now look here. This is the very furthest that I'm a going to. I'll make it two thousand five hundred. And still you won't? Here, missis! Put the horse—no, stop half a moment, I shouldn't like to turn my back upon you neither for a trifle, I'll make it two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound. There! Take the lot on your own terms, and I'll count out two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound on the footboard of the cart, to be dropped in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. What do you say? Come now! You won't do better, and you may do worse. You take it? Hooray! Sold again, and got the seat!"

These Dear Jacks soap the people shameful, but we Cheap Jacks don't. We tell 'em the truth about themselves to their faces, and scorn to court 'em. As to wenturesomeness in the way of puffing up the lots, the Dear Jacks beat us hollow. It is considered in the Cheap Jack calling that better patter can be made out of a gun than any article we put up from the cart, except a pair of spectacles. I often hold forth about a gun for a quarter of an hour, and feel as if I never need leave off. But when I tell 'em what the gun can do, and what the gun has brought down, I never go half so far as the Dear Jacks do when they make speeches in praise of *their* guns—their great guns that set 'em on to do it. Besides, I'm in business for myself, I ain't sent down into the market-place to order, as they are. Besides, again, my guns don't know what I say in their laudation, and their guns do, and the whole concern of 'em have reason to be sick and ashamed all round. These are some of my arguments for declaring that the Cheap Jack calling is treated ill in Great Britain, and for turning warm when I think of the other Jacks in question setting themselves up to pretend to look down upon it.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that came, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put in this way (looking up at the window where she was.) "Now here my blooming English maiden is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to you only you the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pounds for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke though there's hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve tablespoons and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was too short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle-street, London City. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? Its a wedding-ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm agoing to do with it. I'm not agoing to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says: "Oh, dear! It's never you and you never mean it." "It's ever me," says I, "and I am ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen years. Now, my lords and ladies and gentle-folks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen years of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen years of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is so wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me, but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now that I didn't go tearing mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Such a brave child I said she was. Ah! with reason.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear—for me—without crying out!

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face in my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least what with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect at last,) and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, "I give you notice that I am a-going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again afterward, by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with, which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent. less than I gave for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap and Markis Jackaloorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're a-going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a lifelong blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteenpence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness, which would make it manslaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes, which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I'm a-going to ask her what you do want. (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father." Oh! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages—if you don't believe me, count 'em—ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly-pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already. (Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) Why, she says you're thinking of as little as three and three pence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and three pence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and six pence. Well, then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the three pence that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) She says the good luck is the butcher's. "Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general does feel obliged to take the lot—good four times out of six. Then we had another lot the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It ain't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishops has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and candle-cup—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O, woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em, but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her (which was rather seldomer than before) they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder as I plodded along at the old horse's head whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears, and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now, and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him: "Who said half-a-crown? Are you the gentleman, Sir, that offered half-a-crown? He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was convulsing York with the spectacles, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself,) but they got me down in private, and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard, and you'd give pretty well anything you possess to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feelings. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man (his mother let him out, and spent the money,) and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant otherwise Pickleson mentioned to me under the seal of confidence, that beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him, by the cruelty of his master toward a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She traveled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant otherwise Pickleson did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man, that I don't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long,) and he laid it out in two threepennorths of gin-and-water, which so brisked him up, that he sang the Favourite Comic of Shivery Shakey, ain't it cold. A popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman, wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last, sitting dozing against a muddy cart-wheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped from the Wild Beast Show, but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used she would be like my child. She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply, which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a going to do with you. I'm a going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim (again ferocious), "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed, which Pickleson he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little back door, longways like a serpent, and give us Shivery Shakey in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever toward me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the rowerse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—mile-stones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to WINDSOR, I gave her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed toward the abode of royalty. Another time I gave her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I gave her DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did I care, if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in number. Sometimes she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh—how to ask me what she wanted explained—and then she was (or I thought she was; what does it signify?) so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she flied away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy. [N. B.—In the Cheap Jack patter, we generally sound it lemonjolly, and it gets a laugh.]

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it give me such heart that I gained a greater height of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of Mim's Traveling Giant otherwise Pickleson) for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her, but what's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him: "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted,) and you can't produce a deafer nor a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named, state figure for it, and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learned already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it came out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:

"Now Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

"I want her sir to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why *I* can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and give him a laugh (knowing by experience how flat you fall without it), and I mended my works accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asks the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye. "To take her about the country?"

"In the cart sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn't make a show of her, for any money."

The gentleman nodded and seemed to approve.

"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good—yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "Can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this:—remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heart-ache and a swelling in the throat, and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit—no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles—for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany arterwards.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was her writing-desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, picters and no picters, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head which, as it turned out, kept my time and attention a good deal employed, and helped me over the two years' stile.

Without being of an awaricious temper, I like to be the owner of things. I shouldn't wish, for instance, to go partners with yourself in the Cheap Jack cart. It's not that I mistrust you, but that I'd rather know it was mine. Similarly, very likely, you'd rather know it was yours. Well! A kind of jealousy began to creep into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way, the question got into my head: Couldn't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did, and as I never was a man to let a thought sleep (you must wake up all the whole family of thoughts you've got and burn their nightcaps, or you won't do in the Cheap Jack line,) I set to work at it. Considering that I was in the habit of changing so much about the country, and that I should have to find out a literary character here to make a deal with, and another literary character there to make a deal with, as opportunities presented, I hit on the plan that this same book should be a general miscellaneous lot—like the razors, flat-iron, chronometer watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin and looking-glass—and shouldn't be offered as a single indiwidual article like the spectacles or the gun. When I had come to that conclusion, I come to another, which shall likewise be yours.

Often had I regretted that she never had heard me on the footboard, and that she never could hear me. It ain't that *I* am vain, but that *you* don't like to put your own light under a bushel. What's the worth of your reputation, if you can't convey the reason of it to the person you most wish to value it? Now I'll put it to you. Is it worth sixpence, fivepence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, a penny, a half-penny, a farthing. Very well then. My conclusion was, that I would begin her book with some account of myself. So that, through reading a specimen or two of me on the footboard, she might form an idea of my merits there. I was aware that I couldn't do myself justice. A man can't write his eye, (at least *I* don't know how to,) nor yet can a man write his voice, nor the rate of his talk, nor the quickness of his action, nor his general spicy way. But he can write his turns of speech, when he is a public speaker—and indeed I have heard that he very often does, before he speaks 'em.

Well! Having formed that resolution, then comes the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I come to be called Doctor, and yet was no Doctor. After all, I felt that I had failed of getting it correctly into her mind, with my utmost pains. But trusting to her improvement in the two years, I thought that I might trust to her understanding it when she should come to read it as put down by my own hand. Then I thought I would try a joke with her, and watch how it took, by which of itself I might fully judge of her understanding it. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a Doctor in a medical point of view; so thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest—to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way—it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty. It fell out to absolute perfection. For when she saw the book, as I had it got up—the printed and pressed book—lying on her desk in her cart, and saw the title, DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS, she looked at me for a moment with astonishment, then fluttered the leaves, then broke out a laughing in the charmingest way, then felt her pulse and shook her head, then turned the pages pretending to read them most attentive, then kissed the book to me, and put it to her bosom with both her hands. I never was better pleased in all my life!

But let me not anticipate. (I take that expression out of a lot of romances I bought for her. I never opened a single one of 'em—and I have opened many—but I found the romancer saying "let me not anticipate." Which being so, I wonder why he did anticipate, or who asked him to it.) Let me not, I say, anticipate. This same book took up all my spare time. It was no play to get the other articles together in the general miscellaneous lot, but when it come to my own article! There! I couldn't have believed the blotting, nor yet the buckling to at it, nor the patience over it. Which again is like the footboard. The public have no idea.

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, Who knows? The new cart was finished—yellow outside, relieved with wermillion and brass fittings—the old horse was put in it, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, cart-chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wandsworth where you may see 'em from the Sou' Western Railway when not upon the road. (Looking out of the right-hand window going down.)

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, Sir," says I, "if you can be half so glad to see me, as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, Sir, considering its real length; but—"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman, in a kindly manner.

"I feel, Sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"*I* feel," said the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, Sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Now I'll tell you what I am a going to do with you. I am a going to offer you the general miscellaneous lot, her own book, never read by anybody else but me, added to and completed by me after her first reading of it, eight-and-forty printed pages, six-and-ninety columns. Whiting's own work, Beaufort House to wit, thrown off by the steam-ingine, best of paper, beautiful green wrapper, folded like clean linen come home from the clear-starcher's, and so exquisitely stitched that, regarded as a piece of needlework alone, it's better than the sampler of a seamstress undergoing a Competitive Examination for Starvation before the Civil Service Commissioners—and I offer the lot for what? For eight pound? Not so much. For six pound? Less. For four pound? Why, I hardly expect you to believe me, but that's the sum. Four pound! The stitching alone cost half as much again. Here's forty-eight original pages, ninety-six original columns, for four pound. You want more for the money? Take it. Three whole pages of advertisements of thrilling interest thrown in for nothing. Read 'em and believe 'em. More? My best of wishes for your merry Christmases and your happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities. Worth twenty pound good if they are delivered as I send them. Remember! Here's a final prescription added, "To be taken for life," which will tell you how the cart broke down, and where the journey ended. You think Four Pound too much? And still you think so? Come! I'll tell you what then. Say Four Pence, and keep the secret.

II.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AT BED-TIME.

This is the legend of a house called the Devil's Inn, standing in the heather on the top of the Connemara mountains, in a shallow valley hollowed between five peaks. Tourists sometimes come in sight of it on September evenings; a crazy and weather-stained apparition, with the sun glaring at it angrily between the hills, and striking its shattered window panes. Guides are known to shun it, however.

The house was built by a stranger, who came no one knew whence, and whom the people nicknamed Coll Dhu (Black Coll), because of his sullen bearing and solitary habits. His dwelling they they called the Devil's Inn, because no tired traveler had ever been asked to rest under its roof, nor friend known to cross its threshold. No one bore him company in his retreat but a wizen-faced old man, who shunned the good-morrow of the trudging peasant when he made occasional excursions to the nearest village for provisions for himself and master, and who was as secret as a stone concerning all the antecedents of both.

For the first year of their residence in the country, there had been much speculation as to who they were, and what they did with themselves up there among the clouds and eagles. Some said that Coll Dhu was a scion of the old family from whose hands the surrounding lands had passed; and that, embittered by poverty and pride, he had come to bury himself in solitude, and brood over his misfortunes. Others hinted of crime, and flight from another country; others again whispered of those who were cursed from their birth, and could never smile, nor yet make friends with a fellow-creature till the day of their death. But when two years had passed, the wonder had somewhat died out, and Coll Dhu was little thought of, except when a herd looking for sheep crossed the track of a big dark man walking the mountains gun in hand, to whom he did not dare say, "Lord save you!" or when a housewife rocking her cradle of a Winter's night, crossed herself as a gust of storm thundered over her cabin-roof, with the exclamation, "Oh, then, its Coll Dhu that has enough o' the fresh air about his head up there this night, the crature!"

Coll Dhu had lived thus in his solitude for some years, when it became known that Colonel Blake, the new lord of the soil, was coming to visit the country. By climbing one of the peaks encircling his eyrie, Coll could look sheer down a mountain-side, and see in miniature beneath him a gray old dwelling with ivied chimneys and weather-slated walls, standing amongst straggling trees and grim, warlike rocks, that gave it the look of a fortress, gazing out to the Atlantic for ever with the eager eyes of all its windows, as if demanding perpetually, "What tidings from the New World?"

He could see now masons and carpenters crawling about below, like ants in the sun, overrunning the old house from base to chimney, daubing here and knocking there, tumbling down walls that looked to Coll, up among the clouds, like a handfull of jackstones, and building up others that looked like the toy fences in a child's farm. Throughout several months he must have watched the busy ants at their task of breaking and mending again, disfuring and beautifying; but when all was done he had not the curiosity to stride down and admire the handsome paneling of he new billiard room, nor yet the fine view which the enlarged bay-window in the drawing-room commanded of the watery highway to Newfoundland.

Deep Summer was melting into Autumn, and the amber streaks of decay were beginning to creep out and trail over the ripe purple of moor and mountain, when Colonel Blake, his only daughter, and a party of friends, arrived in the country. The gray house below was alive with gaiety, but Coll Dhu no longer found an interest in observing it from his eyrie. When he watched the sun to rise or set, he chose to ascend some crag that looked on no human habitation. When he sallied forth on his excursions, gun in hand, he set his face toward the most isolated wastes, dipping into the lonelist valleys, and scaling the nakedest ridges. When he came by chance within call of other excursionists, gun in hand, he plunged into the shade of some hollow, and avoided an encounter. Yet it was fated, for all that, that he and Colonel Blake should meet.

Toward the evening of one bright September day, the wind changed, and in half an hour the mountains were wrapped in a thick blinding mist. Coll Dhu was far from his den, but so well had he searched these mountains, and inured himself to their climate, that neither storm, rain, nor fog, had power to disturb him. But while he stalked on his way, a faint and agonized cry from a human voice reached him through the smothering mist. He quickly tracked the sound, and gained the side of a man who was stumbling along in danger of death at every step.

"Follow me!" cried Coll Dhu to this man, and, in an hour's time, brought him safely to the lowlands, and up to the walls of the eager-eyed mansion.

"I am Colonel Blake," said the frank soldier, when, having left the fog behind him, they stood in the starlight under the lighted windows. "Pray tell me quickly to whom I owe my life."

As he spoke, he glanced up at his benefactor, a large man with a sombre sun-burned face.

"Colonel Blake," said Coll Dhu, after a strange pause, "your father suggested to my father to stake his estates at the gaming table. They were staked, and the tempter won. Both are dead; but you and I live, and I have sworn to injure you."

The Colonel laughed good humoredly at the uneasy face before him.

"And you began to keep your oath to-night by saving my life," said he. "Come! I am a soldier, and know how to meet an enemy; but I had far rather meet a friend. I shall not be happy till you have eaten my salt. We have merry-making to-night in honor of my daughter's birthday. Come in and join us?"

Coll Dhu looked at the earth doggedly.

"I have told you," he said, "who and what I am, and I will not cross your threshold."

But at this moment (so runs my story) a French window opened among the flower-beds by which they were standing, and a vision appeared which stayed the words on Coll's tongue. A stately girl, clad in white satin, stood framed in the ivied window with the warm light from within streaming around her richly-moulded figure into the night. Her face was as pale as her gown, her eyes were swimming in tears, but a firm smile sat on her lips as she held out both hands to her father. The light behind her touched the glistening folds of her dress—the lustrous pearls round her throat—the coronet of blood-red roses which encircled the knotted braids at the back of her head. Satin, pearls, and roses—had Coll Dhu, of the Devil's Inn, never set eyes upon such things before?

Evleen Blake was no nervous tearful miss. A few quick words—"Thank God! you're safe; the rest have been home an hour"—and a tight pressure of her father's fingers between her own jeweled hands, were all that betrayed the uneasiness she had suffered.

"Faith, my love, I owe my life to this brave gentleman!" said the blithe Colonel. "Press him to come in and be our guest, Evleen. He wants to retreat to his mountains and lose himself again in the fog where I found him; or, rather, where he found me! Come, Sir," (to Coll,) "you must surrender to this fair besieger."

An introduction followed. "Coll Dhu!" murmured Evleen Blake, for she had heard the common tales of him; but with a frank welcome she invited her father's preserver to taste the hospitality of that father's house.

"I beg you to come in, Sir," she said; "but for you our gaiety must have been turned into mourning. A shadow will be upon our mirth if our benefactor disdains to join in it."

With a sweet grace, mingled with a certain *hauteur* from which she was never free, she extended her white hand to the tall looming figure outside the window; to have it grasped and wrung in a way that made the proud girl's eyes flash their amazement, and the same little hand clench itself in displeasure, when it had hid itself like an outraged thing among the shining folds of her gown. Was this Coll Dhu mad, or rude?

The guest no longer refused to enter, but followed the white figure into a little study where a lamp burned; and the gloomy stranger, the bluff Colonel, and the young mistress of the house, were fully discovered to each other's eyes. Evleen glanced at the new comer's dark face, and shuddered with a feeling of indescribable dread and dislike; then, to her father, accounted for the shudder after a popular fashion, saying lightly: "There is some one walking over my grave."

So Coll Dhu was present at Evleen Blake's birthday ball. Here he was, under a roof which ought to have been his own, a stranger, known only by a nickname, shunned and solitary. Here he was, who had lived among the eagles and foxes, lying in wait with a fell purpose, to be revenged on the son of his father's foe for poverty and disgrace, for the broken heart of a dead mother, for the loss of a self-slaughtered father, for the dreary scattering of brothers and sisters. Here he stood, a Samson shorn of his strength; and all because a haughty girl had melting eyes, a winning mouth, and looked radiant in satin and roses.

Peerless where many were lovely, she moved among her friends, trying to be unconscious of the gloomy fire of those strange eyes which followed her unweariedly wherever she went. And when her father begged her to be gracious to the unsocial guest whom he would fain conciliate, she courteously conducted him to see the new picture-gallery adjoining the drawing-rooms; explained under what odd circumstances the Colonel had picked up this little painting or that; using every delicate art her pride would allow to achieve her father's purpose whilst maintaining at the same time her own personal reserve; trying to avert the guest's oppressive attention from herself to the objects for which she claimed his notice. Coll Dhu followed his conductress and listened to her voice, but what she said mattered nothing; nor did she wring many words of comment or reply from his lips, until they paused in a retired corner, where the light was dim, before a window from which the curtain was withdrawn. The sashes were open, and nothing was visible but water; the night Atlantic, with the full moon riding high above a bank of clouds, making silvery tracks outward toward the distance of infinite mystery dividing two worlds. Here the following little scene is said to have been enacted.

"This window of my father's own planning, is it not creditable to his taste?" said the young hostess, as she stood, herself glittering like a gleam of beauty, looking on the moonlight.

Coll Dhu made no answer, but suddenly, it is said, asked her for a rose from a cluster of flowers that nestled in the lace on her bosom.

For the second time that night Evleen Blake's eyes flashed with no gentle light. But this man was the saviour of her father. She broke off a blossom, and with such good grace, and also with such queen-like dignity as she might assume, presented it to him. Whereupon, not only was the rose seized, but also the hand that gave it, which was hastily covered with kisses.

Then her anger burst upon him.

"Sir," she said, "if you are a gentleman you must be mad! If you are not mad, then you are not a gentleman!"

"Be merciful," said Coll Dhu. "I love you. My God, I never loved a woman before! Ah!" he cried, as a look of disgust crept over her face, "you hate me. You shuddered the first time your eyes met mine. I love you, and you hate me!"

"I do," cried Evleen, vehemently, forgetting everything but her indignation. "Your presence is like something evil to me. Love me?—your looks poison me. Pray, Sir, talk no more to me in this strain."

"I will trouble you no longer," said Coll Dhu. And, stalking to the window, he placed one powerful hand upon the sash, and vaulted from it out of her sight.

Bare-headed as he was, Coll Dhu strode off to the mountains, but not toward his own home. All the remaining dark hours of that night he is believed to have walked the labyrinths of the hills, until dawn began to scatter the clouds with a high wind. Fasting, and on foot from sunrise the morning before, he was then glad enough to see a cabin right in his way. Walking in, he asked for water to drink, and a corner where he might throw himself to rest.

There was a wake in the house, and the kitchen was full of people, all wearied out with the night's watch; old men were dozing over their pipes in the chimney-corner, and here and there a woman was fast asleep, with her head on a neighbor's knee. All who were awake crossed themselves when Coll Dhu's figure darkened the door, because of his evil name; but an old man of the house invited him in, and offering him milk, and promising him a potato by and by, conducted him to a small room off the kitchen, one end of which was strewed with heather, and where there were only two women sitting gossiping over a fire.

"A thraveler," said the old man, nodding his head at the women, who nodded back, as if to say, "he has the traveler's right." And Coll Dhu flung himself on the heather, in the furthest corner of the narrow room.

The women suspended their talk for a while; but presently, guessing the intruder to be asleep, resumed it in voices above a whisper. There was but a patch of window with the gray dawn behind it, but Coll could see the figures by the firelight over which they bent: an old woman sitting forward with her withered hands extended to the embers, and a girl reclining against the hearth wall, with her healthy face, bright eyes, and crimson draperies, glowing by turns in the flickering blaze.

"I do know," said the girl, "but it's the quarest marriage iver I h'ard of. Sure it's not three weeks since he tould right an' left that he hated her like poison!"

"Whist, asthoreen!" said the colliagh, bending forward confidentially; "throth an' we all know that 'o him. But what could he do, the crature! When she put the burragh-bos on him!"

"The *what*?" asked the girl.

"Then the burragh-bos machree-o? That's the spanchel o' death, avourneen; an' well she has him tethered to her now, bad luck to her!"

The old woman rocked herself and stifled the Irish cry breaking from her wrinkled lips by burying her face in her cloak.

"But what is it?" asked the girl, eagerly. "What's the burragh-bos, anyways, an' where did she get it?"

"Och, och! it's not fit for comin' over to young ears, but eaggir, (whisper,) acushla! It's a sthrip o' the skin o' a corpse, peeled from the crown o' the head to the heel, without crack or split, or the charrm's broke; an' that, rowled up, an' put on a sthring roun' the neck o' the wan that's cowld by the wan that wants to be loved. An' sure enough it puts the fire in their hearts, hot an' sthrong, afore twinty-four hours is gone."

The girl had started from her lazy attitude, and gazed at her companion with eyes dilated by horror.

"Marciful Saviour!" she cried. "Not a sowl on airth would bring the curse out o' heaven by such a black doin'!"

"Aisy, biddeen alanna! an' there's wan that does it, an' isn't the divil. Arrah, asthoreen, did ye niver hear tell o' Pexie na Pishrogie, that lives betune two hills o' Maam Turk?"

"I h'ard o' her," said the girl, breathlessly.

"Well, sorra bit lie, but it's hersel' that does it. She'll do it for money any day. Sure they hunted her from the graveyard o' Salruck, where she had the dead raised; an' glory be to God! they would ha' murthered her, only they missed her thracks, an' couldn't bring it home to her afther."

"Whist, a-wauher," (my mother,) said the girl; "here's the thraveler gettin' up to set off on his road again! Och, then, it's the short rest he tuk, the sowl!"

It was enough for Coll, however. He had got up, and now went back to the kitchen, where the old man had caused a dish of potatoes to be roasted, and earnestly pressed his visitor to sit down and eat of them. This Coll did readily; and having recruited his strength by a meal, he betook himself to the mountains again, just as the rising sun was flashing among the water-falls, and sending the night mists drifting down the glens. By sundown the same evening he was striding over the hills of Maam Turk, asking of herds his way to the cabin of one Pexie na Pishrogie.

In a hovel on a brown desolate heath, with scared-looking hills flying off into the distance on every side, he found Pexie; a yellow-faced hag, dressed in a dark-red blanket, with elf-locks of coarse black hair protruding from under an orange kerchief swathed round her wrinkled jaws. She was bending over a pot upon her fire, where herbs were simmering, and she looked up with an evil glance when Coll Dhu darkened her door.

"The burragh-bos is it her honor wants?" she asked, when he had made known his errand. "Ay, ay; but the arighad, the arighad (money) for Pexie. The burragh-bos is ill to get."

"I will pay," said Coll Dhu, laying a sovereign on the bench before her.

The witch sprang upon it, and chuckling, bestowed on her visitor a glance which made even Coll Dhu shudder.

"Her honor is a fine king," she said, "an' her is fit to get the burragh-bos. Ha! ha! her sall get the burragh-bos from Pexie. But the arigha is not enough. More, more!"

She stretched out her claw-like hand, and Coll dropped another sovereign into it. Whereupon she fell into more horrible convulsions of delight.

"Hark ye!" cried Coll. "I have paid you well, but if your infernal charm does not work, I will have you hunted for a witch!"

"Work!" cried Pexie, rolling up her eyes. "If Pexie's charrm not work, then her honor come back here an' carry these bits o' mountain away on her back. Ay, her will work. If the colleen hate her honor like the old diaoul hersel', still an' withal her love love her honor like her own white sowl afore the sun sets or rises. That (with a furtive leer,) or the colleen dhas go wild mad afore wan hour."

"Hag!" returned Coll Dhu; "the last part is a hellish invention of your own. I heard nothing of madness. If you want more money, speak out, but play none of your hideous tricks on me."

The witch fixed her cunning eyes on him, and took her cue at once from his passion.

"Her honor guess thrue," she simpered; "it is only the little bit more arighad poor Pexie want."

Again the skinny hand was extended. Coll Dhu shrank from touching it, and threw his gold upon the table.

"King, king!" chuckled Pexie. "Her honor is a grand king. Her honor is fit to get the burragh-bos. The colleen dhas sall love her like her own white sowl. Ha, ha!"

"When shall I get it?" asked Coll Dhu, impatiently.

"Her honor sall come back to Pexie in so many days, do-deag (twelve) so many days, fur that the burragh-bos is hard to get. The lonely graveyard is far away, an' the dead man is hard to raise——"

"Silence!" cried Coll Dhu; "not a word more. I will have your hideous charm, but what it is, or where you get it, I will not know."

Then, promising to come back in twelve days, he took his departure. Turning to look back when a little way across the heath, he saw Pexie gazing after him, standing on her black hill in relief against the lurid flames of the dawn, seeming to his dark imagination like a fury with all hell at her back.

At the appointed time Coll Dhu got the promised charm. He sewed it with perfumes into a cover of cloth of gold, and slung it to a fine-wrought chain. Lying in a casket which had once held the jewels of Coll's broken-hearted mother, it looked a glittering bauble enough. Meantime the people of the mountains were cursing over their cabin fires because there had been another unholy raid upon their grave-yard, and were banding themselves to hunt the criminal down.

A fortnight passed. How or where could Coll Dhu find an opportunity to put the charm round the neck of the Colonel's proud daughter? More gold was dropped into Pexie's greedy claw, and then she promised to assist him in his dilemma.

Next morning the witch dressed herself in decent garb, smoothed her elf-locks under a snowy cap, smoothed the evil wrinkles out of her face, and with a basket on her arm locked the door of the hovel, and took her way to the lowlands. Pexie seemed to have given up her disreputable calling for that of a simple mushroom gatherer. The housekeeper at the gray house bought poor Muireade's mushrooms of her every morning. Every morning she left unfailingly a nosegay of wild flowers for Miss Evleen Blake, "God bless her! She had never seen the darling young lady with her own two longing eyes, but sure hadn't she heard tell of her sweet purty face, miles away!" And at last, one morning, whom should she meet but Miss Evleen herself, returning alone from a ramble. Whereupon poor Muireade "made bold" to present her flowers in person.

"Ah," said Evleen, "it is you who leave me the flowers every morning? They are very sweet."

Muireade had sought her only for a look at her beautiful face. And now that she had seen it, as bright as the sun, and as fair as the lily, she would take up her basket and go away contented. Yet she lingered a little longer.

"My lady never walk up big mountain?" said Pexie.

"No," Evleen said, laughing; she feared she could not walk up a mountain.

"Ah yes; my lady ought to go, with more gran' ladies an' gentlemen, ridin' on purty little donkeys, up the big mountain. Oh, gran' things up big mountain for my lady to see!"

Thus she set to work, and kept her listener enchained for an hour, while she related wonderful stories of those upper regions. And as Evleen looked up to the burly crowns of the hills, perhaps she thought there might be sense in this wild old woman's suggestion. It ought to be a grand world up yonder.

Be that as it may, it was not long after this when Coll Dhu got notice that a party from the grey house would explore the mountains next day; that Evleen Blake would be of the number; and that he, Coll, must prepare to house and refresh a crowd of weary people, who in the evening should be brought, hungry and faint, to his door. The simple mushroom gatherer should be discovered laying in her humble stock among the green places between the hills, should volunteer to act as guide to the party, should lead them far out of their way through the mountains and up and down the most toilsome ascents and across dangerous places; to escape safely from which, the servants should be told to throw away the baskets of provisions which they carried.

Coll Dhu was not idle. Such a feast was set forth as had never been spread so near the clouds before. We are told of wonderful dishes furnished by unwholesome agency, and from a place believed much hotter than is necessary for purposes of cookery. We are told also how Coll Dhu's barren chambers were suddenly hung with curtains of velvet and with fringes of gold; how the blank white walls glowed with delicate colors and gilding; how gems of pictures sprang into sight between the panels; how the tables blazed with plate and gold, and glittered with the rarest glass; how much wines flowed, as the guests had never tasted; how servants in the richest livery, amongst whom the wizen-faced old man was a mere nonentity, appeared, and stood ready to carry in the wonderful dishes, at whose extraordinary fragrance the eagles came pecking to the windows, and the foxes drew near the walls, snuffing. Sure enough, in all good time, the weary party came within sight of the Devil's Inn, and Coll Dhu sallied forth to invite them across his lonely threshold. Colonel Blake (to whom Evleen, in her delicacy, had said no word of the solitary's strange behavior to herself,) hailed his appearance with delight, and the whole party sat down to Coll's banquet in high good humor. Also, it is said, in much amazement at the magnificence of the mountain recluse.

All went into Coll's feast save Evleen Blake, who remained standing on the threshold of the outer door; weary, but unwilling to rest there; hungry, but unwilling to eat there. Her white cambric dress was gathered on her arms, crushed and sullied with the toils of the day; her bright cheek was a little sun-burned; her small dark head with its braids a little tossed, was bared to the mountain air and the glory of the sinking sun; her hands were loosely tangled in the strings of her hat; and her foot sometimes tapped the threshold stone. So she was seen.

The peasants tell that Coll Dhu and her father came praying her to enter, and that the magnificent servants brought viands to the threshold; but no step would she move inward, no morsel would she taste.

"Poison, poison!" she murmured, and threw the food in handfuls to the foxes, who were suffering on the heath.

But it was different when Muireade, the kindly old woman, the simple mushroom-gatherer, with all the wicked wrinkles smoothed out of her face, came to the side of the hungry girl, and coaxingly presented a savory mess of her own sweet mushrooms, served on a common earthen platter.

"An' darlin,' my lady, poor Muireade her cook them hersel', an' no thing o' this house touch them or look at poor Muireade's mushrooms."

Then Evleen took the platter and ate a delicious meal. Scarcely was it finished when a heavy drowsiness fell upon her, and, unable to sustain herself on her feet, she presently sat down upon the door-stone. Leaning her head against the framework of the door, she was soon in a deep sleep, or trance. So she was found.

"Whimsical, obstinate little girl!" said the Colonel, putting his hand on the beautiful slumbering head. And taking her in his arms, he carried her into a chamber which had been (say the story-tellers) nothing but a bare and sorry closet in the morning, but which was now fitted up with Oriental splendor. And here on a luxurious couch she was laid, with a crimson coverlet wrapping her feet. And here in the tempered light coming through jeweled glass, where yesterday had been a coarse rough-hung window, her father looked his last upon her lovely face.

The Colonel returned to his host and friends, and by-and-by the whole party sallied forth to see the after-glare of a fierce sunset swathing the hills in flames. It was not until they had gone some distance that Coll Dhu remembered to go back and fetch his telescope. He was not long absent. But he was absent long enough to enter that glowing chamber with a stealthy step, to throw a light chain around the neck of the sleeping girl, and to slip among the folds of her dress the hideous glittering burragh-bos.

After he had gone away again, Pexie came stealing to the door, and, opening it a little, sat down on the mat outside, with her cloak wrapped round her. An hour passed, and Eveleen Blake still slept, her breathing scarcely stirring the deadly bauble on her breast. After that she began to murmur and moan, and Pexie pricked up her ears. Presently a sound in the room told her the victim was awake and had risen. Then Pexie put her face to the aperture of the door and looked in, gave a howl of dismay, and fled from the house, to be seen in that country no more.

The light was fading among the hills, and the ramblers were returning toward the Devil's Inn, when a group of ladies who were considerably in advance of the rest, met Evleen Blake advanced toward them on the heath, with her hair disordered as by sleep, and no covering on her head. They noticed something bright, like gold, shifting and glancing with the motion of her figure. There had been some jesting among them about Evleen's fancy for falling asleep on the door-step instead of coming in to dinner, and they advanced laughing, to rally her on the subject. But she stared at them in a strange way, as if she did not know them, and passed on. Her friends were rather offended, and commented on her fantastic humor; only one looked after her, and got laughed at by her companions for expressing uneasiness on the willful young lady's account.

So they kept their way, and the solitary figure went fluttering on, the white robe blushing, and the fatal burragh-bos glittering in the reflexion from the sky. A hare crossed her path, and she laughed out loudly, and clapping her hands, sprang after it. Then she stopped and asked questions of the stones, striking them with her open palm because they would not answer. (An amazed little herd sitting behind a rock, witnessed these strange proceedings.) By-and-by she began to call after the birds, in a wild shrill way, startling the echoes of the hills as she went along. A party of gentlemen returning by a dangerous path heard the unusual sound and stopped to listen.

"What is that?" asked one.

"A young eagle," said Coll Dhu, whose face had become livid; "they often give such cries."

"It was uncommonly like a woman's voice!" was the reply; and immediately another wild note rang toward them from the rocks above: a bare saw-like ridge, shelving away to some distance ahead, and projecting one hungry tooth over an abyss. A few more moments and they saw Evleen Blake's light figure fluttering out toward this dizzy point.

"My Evleen!" cried the colonel, recognizing his daughter, "she is mad to venture on such a spot!"

"Mad!" repeated Coll Dhu. And then dashed off to the rescue with all the might and swiftness of his powerful limbs.

When he drew near her, Eveleen had almost reached the verge of the terrible rock. Very cautiously he approached her, his object being to seize her in his strong arms before she was aware of his presence, and carry her many yards away from the spot of danger. But in a fatal moment Eveleen turned her head and saw him. One wild ringing cry of hate and horror, which startled the very eagles and scattered a flight of curlews above her head, broke from her lips. A step backward brought her within a foot of death.

One desperate though wary stride, and she was struggling in Coll's embrace. One glance in her eyes, and he saw that he was striving with a mad woman. Back, back, she dragged him, and he had nothing to grasp by. The rock was slippery and his shod feet would not cling to it. Back, back! A hoarse panting, a dire swinging to and fro; and then the rock was standing naked against the sky, no one was there, and Coll Dhu and Eveleen Blake lay shattered far below.

III.

TO BE TAKEN AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Does any one know who gives the names to our streets? Does any one know whe invents the mottoes which are inserted in the cracker-papers, along with the sugar-plums?—I don't envy him his intellectual faculties, by-the-by, and I suspect him to be the individual who translates the books of the foreign operas. Does any one know who introduces the new dishes, Kromeski's, and such-like? Does any one know who is responsible for new words, such as shunt and thud, shimmer, ping (denoting the crack of the rifle), and many others? Does any one know the Sage to whom perfumers apply when they have invented a shaving-soap, or hair-wash, and who furnishes the trade with such names for their wares as Rypophagon, Euxesis, Depilatory, Bostrakeison? Does any one know who makes the riddles?

To the last question—only—I answer, Yes; *I know.*

In a certain year, which I don't mind mentioning may be looked upon as included in the present century, I was a little boy—a sharp little boy, though I say it, and a skinny little boy. The two qualities not unfrequently go together. I will not mention what my age was at the time, but I was at school not far from London, and I was of an age when it is customary, or *was* customary, to wear a jacket and frill.

In riddles, I had at that early age a profound and solemn joy. To the study of those problems I was beyond measure addicted, and in the collecting of them I was diligent in the extreme. It was the custom at the time for certain periodicals to give the questions of a conundrum in one number and the answer in the next. There was an interval of seven days and nights between the propounding of the question and the furnishing of the reply. What a time was that for me! I sought the solution of the enigma, off and on (generally on) during the leisure hours of the week, (no wonder I was skinny!) and sometimes, I am proud to remember, I became acquainted with the answer before the number containing it reached me from the official source. There was another kind of puzzle which used to appear when my sharp and skinny boyhood was at its sharpest and skinniest, by which I was much more perplexed than by conundrums or riddles conveyed in mere words. I speak of what may be called symbolical riddles—rebus is, I believe, their true designation—little squalid woodcuts representing all sorts of impossible objects huddled together in incongruous disorder; letters of the alphabet, at times, and even occasionally fragments of words, being introduced here and there, to add to the general confusion. Thus you would have: a Cupid mending a pen, a gridiron, the letter x, a bar of music, p. u. g. and a fife—you would have these presented to you on a certain Saturday, with the announcement that on the following Saturday there would be issued an explanation of the mysterious and terrific jumble. That explanation would come, but with it new difficulties worse than the former. A birdcage, a setting sun (not like), the word "snip," a cradle, a quadruped to which it would have puzzled Buffon himself to give a name. With these problems I was not successful, never having solved but one in my life, as will presently appear. Neither was I good at political riddles, in parts—slightly forced—as "My first is a boa-constrictor, My second's a Roman lictor, My third is a Dean and Chipter, And my whole goes always on tip-ter." These were too much for me.

I remember on one occasion accidentally meeting with a publication in which there was a rebus better executed than those to which I had been accustomed, and which mystified me greatly. First of all there was the letter A; then came a figure of a clearly virtuous man in a long gown, with a scrip, and a staff, and a cockle-shell on his hat; then followed a representation of an extremely old person with flowing white hair and beard; the figure 2 was the next symbol, and beyond this was a gentleman on crutches, looking at a five-barred gate. Oh, how that rebus haunted me! It was at a seaside library that I met with it, during the holidays, and before the next number came out I was back at school. The publication in which this remarkable picture had appeared was an expensive one, and quite beyond my means, so there was no way of getting at the explanation. Determined to conquer, and fearing that one of the symbols might escape my memory, I wrote them down in order. In doing so an interpretation flashed upon me. A—Pilgrim—Age—To—Cripple—Gate. Ah; was it the right one? Had I triumphed, or had I failed? My anxiety on the subject attained such a pitch at last, that I determined to write to the editor of the periodical in which the rebus had appeared, and implore him to take compassion upon me and relieve my mind. To that communication I received no answer. Perhaps there was one in the notices to correspondents—but then I must have purchased the periodical to get it.

I mention these particulars because they had something—not a little—to do with a certain small incident which, small though it was, had influence on my after life. The incident in question was the composition of a riddle by the present writer. It was composed with difficulty, on a slate; portions of it were frequently rubbed out, the wording of it gave me a world of trouble, but the work was achieved at last. "Why," it it was thus I worded in its final and corrected form, "Why does a young gentleman who has partaken freely of the pudding, which at this establishment precedes the meat, resemble a meteor? Because he's effulgent—a full gent!"

Hopeful, surely! Nothing unnaturally premature in the composition. Founded on a strictly boyish grievance. Possessing a certain archæological interest in its reference to the now obsolete practice of administering pudding before meat at educational establishments, with the view of damping the appetite (and constitution) of the pupils.

Though inscribed upon perishable and greasy slate, in ephemeral slate-pencil, my riddle lived. It was repeated. It became popular. It was all over the school, and at last it came to the ears of the master. That unimaginative person had no taste for the fine arts. I was sent for, interrogated as to whether this work of art was the product of my brain, and, having given an answer in the affirmative, received a distinct, and even painful, punch on the head, accompanied by specific directions to inscribe straightway the words "Dangerous Satirizing" two thousand times on the very slate on which my riddle had been originally composed.

Notwithstanding this act of despotism on the part of the unappreciative Beast who invariably treated me as if I were not profitable, (when I knew the contrary,) my reverence for the great geniuses who have excelled in the department of which I am speaking, grew with my growth, and strengthened with &c. Think of the pleasure, the rapture, which Riddles afford to persons of wholesomely constituted mind! Think of the innocent sense of triumph felt by the man who propounds a riddle to a company, to every member of which it is a novelty. He alone is the proprietor of the answer. His is a glorious position. He keeps everybody waiting. He wears a calm and placid smile. He has the rest at his mercy. He is happy—innocently happy.

But who makes the Riddles?

I DO.

Am I going to let out a great mystery? Am I going to initiate the uninitiated? Am I going to let the world know *how it is done?*

Yes, I am.

It is done in the main by the Dictionary; but the consultation of that work of reference, with a view to the construction of riddles, is a process so bewildering—it puts such a strain upon the faculties—that at first you cannot work at it for more than a quarter of an hour at once. The process is terrific. First of all you get yourself thoroughly awake and on the alert—it is good to run the fingers through the hair roughly at this crisis—then you take your Dictionary, and, selecting a particular letter, you go down the column, stopping at every word that looks in the slightest degree promising, drawing back from it as artists draw back from a picture to see it the better, twisting it, and turning it, and if it yield nothing, passing on to the next. With the substantives you occupy yourself in an especial manner, as more may be done with them than with any of the other parts of speech; while as to the words with two meanings, you must be in a bad state, indeed, or have particularly ill luck, if you fail to get something out of them.

Suppose that you are going in for a day's riddling—your dinner depending on the success of your efforts. I take your Dictionary, and open it at hap-hazard. You open, say, among the Fs, and you go to work.

You make several stoppages as you go down the column. You pause naturally at the word F'lt. It is a past participle of the verb to feel, and it is a substance used in making hats. You press it hard. Why is a hatter—No—Why may a hatter invariably be looked upon as a considerate person? Because he has always *felt* for—No. That won't do. You go on. "Fen"—a chance here for a well-timed thing about the Fenian Brotherhood. This is worth a struggle, and you make a desperate one. A Fen is a marsh. In a marsh there is mud. Why was it always to be expected that the Irish rebels must ultimately stick in the mud? Because theirs was a *Fen*-ian movement. Intolerable! Yet you are loth to abandon the subject. A Fen is a Morass. More-ass. Why is an Irish rebel more ass than knave? No, again it won't do!

Disconsolate, but dogged, you go on till you arrive at "Fertile." Fer-tile. Tile—Tile, a Hat. Why is a Hat made of Beaver, like land that always yields fine crops? Because it may be called Fertile (Fur-tile.) That will do. Not first-class, but it will do. Riddling is very like fishing. Sometimes you get a small trout, sometimes a large one. This is a small trout, but it shall go into the basket, nevertheless. And now you are fairly warming to your work. You come to "Forgery." You again make a point. For-gery. For-gery—For Jerry. A complicated riddle of a high order. Intricate, and of the Coleridge kind. Why—No, If—If a gentleman, having a favorite son of tender years, named Jeremiah, were, in the course of dessert, to put a pear in his pocket, stating, as he did so, that the fruit was intended for his beloved boy, why, in making such an explanation, would he mention a certain act of felony once punishable by death? Because he would say that it was Forgery—For Jerry. Into the basket.

It never rains but it pours. Another complex one, of the same type. Fungus! If a well-bred lady should, in sport, poke her cousin *Augustus* in the ribs with her lilac and white parasol, and hurt him, what vegetable product would she mention in facetiously apologizing? Fungus. Fun Gus! In with it.

The Fs being exhausted, you take a short rest. Then, screwing your faculties up afresh, and seizing the Dictionary again, you open it once more. Cs this time lie before you, a page of Cs. You pause, hopeful, at corn. The word has two meanings—it ought to answer. It shall be made to answer. This is a case of a peculiar kind. You determine to construct a riddle by rule. There is no genius needed here. The word has two meanings; both shall be used; it is a mechanical process. Why is a reaper at his work like a chiropodist? Because he's a corncutter. Made by rule, complete, impregnable; but—yet not interesting. The Cs are not propitious, and you apply to the Bs. In your loitering mood you drop down upon the word "Bring," and with idiotcy at hand sit gazing at it. Suddenly you revive—Bring, Brought, Brought up. Brought up will do. Why is the coal-scuttle which Mary has conveyed from the kitchen to the second floor like an infant put out to dry-nurse? Because it's brought up by hand. You try once more, and this time it is the letter H on which your hopes depend. The columns under H, duly perused, bring you in due time to Horse. Why is a horse attached to the vehicle of a miser like a war-steamer of the present day? Because he's driven by a screw. Another? Hoarse. Why is a family, the members of which have always been subject to sore-throats, like "the Derby?" Because it's a hoarse-race, (horse-race.)

It is by no means always the case, however, that the Dictionary affords so large a yield as this. It is hard work—exhausting work—and, worst of all, *there is no end to it.* You get, after a certain time, incapable of shaking off the shop even in your moments of relaxation. Nay, worse. You feel as if you *ought* to be always at it, lest you should miss a good chance, that would never return. It is this that makes epigrammatic literature wearing. If you go to the play, if you take up a newspaper, if you ensconce yourself in a corner with a blessed work of fiction, you find yourself still pursued and haunted by your profession. The dialogue to which you listen when you go to the theatre, the words of the book you are reading, may suggest something, and it behoves you to be on the look-out. Horrible and distracting calling! You may get rid of your superfluous flesh more quickly by going through a course of riddling, than by running up-hill in blankets for a week together, or going through a systematic course of Turkish baths.

Moreover, the cultivator of epigrammatic literature has much to undergo in the disposal of his wares, when they are once ready for the market. There is a public sale for them, and, between ourselves, there is a private ditto. The public demand for the article, which it has been so long my lot to supply, is not large, nor, I am constrained to say, is it entirely cordial. The periodicals in which your rebus or your conundrum appears hebdomadally, are not numerous; nor are the proprietors of such journals respectfully eager for this peculiar kind of literature. The conundrum or the rebus will knock about the office for a long time, and, perhaps, only get inserted at last because it fits a vacant space. When we *are* inserted, we always—always mind—occupy an ignoble place. We come in at the bottom of a column, or occupy the very last lines of the periodical in which we appear—in company with that inevitable game at chess in which white is to check-mate in four moves. One of the best riddles—*the* best, I think, that I ever made—was knocking about at the office of a certain journal six weeks before it got before the public. It ran thus: Why is a little man who is always telling long stories about nothing, like a certain new kind of rifle? ANSWER: Because he's a small-bore.

This work was the means of bringing me acquainted with the fact that there was a Private as well as a Public sale for the productions of the epigrammatic artist. A gentleman, who did not give his name—neither will I give it, but I know it well—called at the office of the periodical in which this particular riddle appeared, on the day succeeding its publication, and asked for the name and address of its author. The sub-editor of the journal, a fast friend of mine, to whom I owe many a good turn, furnished him with both, and, on a certain day, a middle-aged gentleman of rather plethoric appearance, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and with humorous lines about his mouth—both eye and mouth were utter impostors, for my friend had not a particle of humor in his composition—came gasping up my stairs, and introducing himself as an admirer of genius—"and therefore," he added, with a courteous wave of the hand, "your very humble servant"—wished to know whether it would suit my purpose to supply him, from time to time, with certain specimens of epigrammatic literature, now a riddle, now an epigram, now a short story that could be briefly and effectively told, all of which should be guaranteed to be entirely new and original, which should be made over wholly and solely to him, and to which no other human being should have access on any consideration whatever. My gentleman added that he was prepared to pay very handsomely for what he had, and, indeed, mentioned terms which caused me to open my eyes to the fullest extent of which those organs are capable.

I soon found out what my friend Mr. Price Scrooper was at. I call him by this name (which is fictitious, but something like his own), for the sake of convenience. He was a diner-out, who held a somewhat precarious reputation, which, by hook or crook, he had acquired as a sayer of good things, a man sure to have the last new story at the end of his tongue. Mr. Scrooper liked dining-out above all things, and the horror of that day when there should come a decline in the number of his invitations was always before his eyes. Thus it came about that relations were established between us—between me, the epigrammatic artist, and Price Scrooper, the diner-out.

I fitted him with a good thing or two even on the very day of his paying me a first visit. I gave him a story which I remembered to have heard my father tell when I was an infant—a perfectly safe story, which had been buried for years in oblivion. I supplied him with a riddle or two which I happened to have by me, and which were so very bad that no company could ever suspect them of a professional origin. I set him up in epigram for some time, and he set me up in the necessaries of life for some time, and so we parted mutually satisfied.

The commercial dealings thus satisfactorily established were renewed steadily and at frequent intervals. Of course, as in all earthly relations, there were not wanting some unpleasant elements to qualify the generally comfortable arrangements. Mr. Scrooper would sometimes complain that some of the witticisms with which I had supplied him, had failed in creating an effect—had hardly proved remunerative, in short. What could I reply? I could not tell him that this was his fault. I told him a story given by Isaac Walton, of a clergyman who, hearing a sermon preached by one of his cloth with immense effect, asked for the loan of it. On returning the sermon, however, after having tried it on his own congregation, he complained that it had proved a total failure, and that his audience had responded in no degree to his eloquence. The answer of the original proprietor of the sermon was crushing: "I lent you'" he said, "indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick;" meaning, as Isaac explains, rather unnecessarily, "the manner and intelligence with which the sermon was to be delivered."

My friend did not seem to feel the application of this anecdote. I believe he was occupied, while I spoke, in committing the story to his memory for future use—thus getting it gratuitously out of me—which was mean.

In fact, Mr. Scrooper, beside his original irreparable deficiency, was getting old and stupid, and would often forget or misapply the point of a story, or the answer to a conundrum. With these last I supplied him freely, working really hard to prepare for his use such articles as were adapted to his peculiar exigencies. As a diner-out, riddles of a convivial sort—alluding to matters connected with the pleasures of the table—are generally in request, and with a supply of these I fitted Mr. Scrooper, much to his satisfaction. Here are some specimens, for which I charged him rather heavily:

Why is wine—observe how easily this is brought in after dinner—why is wine, made up for the British market, like a deserter from the army?

Because it's always brandied (branded) before it's sent off.

Why is a ship, which has to encounter rough weather before it reaches its destination, like a certain wine which is usually adulterated with logwood and other similar matters?

Because it goes through a vast deal before it comes into port.

What portion of the trimming of a lady's dress resembles East India sherry of the first quality?

That which goes round the Cape.

One of his greatest difficulties, my patron told me—for he was as frank with me as a man is with his doctor or his lawyer—was in remembering which were the houses where he had related a certain story, or propounded a certain conundrum; who were the people to whom such and such a riddle would be fresh; who were the people to whom it was already but too familiar. Mr. Scrooper had also a habit of sometimes asking the answer to a riddle instead of the question, which was occasionally productive of confusion; or, giving the question properly, he would, when his audience became desperate and gave it up, supply them with the answer to an altogether different conundrum.

One day, my patron came to me in a state of high indignation. A riddle—bran new, and for which I had demanded a high price, thinking well of it myself—had failed, and Mr. Scrooper came to me in a rage to expostulate.

"It fell as flat as dishwater," he said. "Indeed, one very disagreeable person said there was nothing in it, and he thought there must be some mistake. A very nasty thing to say, considering that the riddle was given as my own. How could I be mistaken in my own riddle?"

"May I ask," said I, politely, "how you worded the question?"

"Certainly. I worded it thus: Why are we justified in believing that the pilgrims to Mecca undertake the journey with mercenary motives?"

"Quite right," said I; "and the answer?"

"The answer," replied my patron, "was as you gave it me: Because they go for the sake of Mahomet."

"I am not surprised," I said coldly, for I felt that I had been unjustly blamed, "that your audience was mystified. The answer, as I gave it to you, ran thus: Because they go for the sake of the profit (Prophet)!"

Mr. Scrooper subsequently apologized.

I draw near to the end of my narrative. The termination is painful, so is that of King Lear. The worst feature in it is, that it involves the acknowledgment of a certain deplorable piece of weakness on my part.

I was really in the receipt of a very pretty little income from Mr. Scrooper, when one morning I was again surprised by a visit from a total stranger—again, as on a former occasion, a middle-aged gentleman—again an individual with a twinkling eye and a humorous mouth—again a diner-out, with two surnames—Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite I will call him, which is sailing as near the wind as I consider safe.

Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite came on the errand which had already brought Mr. Scrooper to the top of my stairs. He, too, had seen one of my productions in a certain journal (for I still kept up my relation with the public press,) and he too having a similar reputation to maintain, and finding his brain at times rather sterile, had come to me to make exactly the same proposal which had already been made by Mr. Price Scrooper.

For a time the singularity of the coincidence absolutely took my breath away, and I remained staring speechlessly at my visitor in a manner which might have suggested to him that I was hardly the man to furnish him with anything very brilliant. However, I managed to recover myself in time. I was very guarded and careful in my speech, but finally expressed my readiness to come to terms with my new employer. These were soon settled: Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite having even more liberal views as to this part of the business than those entertained by Mr. Price Scrooper.

The only difficulty was to supply this gentleman quickly enough with what he wanted. He was in a hurry. He was going that very evening to a dinner-party, and it was supremely important that he should distinguish himself. The occasion was a special one. It must be something good. He would not stick at a trifle in the matter of terms, but he did want something super-excellent. A riddle—a perfectly new riddle—he would like best.

My stores were turned over, my desk was ransacked, and still he was not satisfied. Suddenly it flashed into my mind that I had something by me which would exactly do. The very thing; a riddle alluding to a subject of the day—a subject just at that time in everybody's mouth—one which there would be no difficulty in leading up to. In short, a very neat thing indeed. There was but one doubt in my mind. Had I already sold it to my original employer? That was the question, and for the life of me I could not answer it with certainty. The life of one addicted to such pursuits as mine, is chaotic; and with me more particularly, doing an extensive public *and* private trade, it was especially so. I kept no books, nor any record of my professional transactions. One thing which influenced me strongly to believe the riddle to be still unappropriated, was, that I had certainly received no intelligence as to its success or failure from Mr. Scrooper, whereas that gentleman never failed to keep me informed on that momentous point. I was in doubt, but I ended (so princely were the terms offered by my new patron) in giving myself the benefit of that doubt, and handing over the work of art in question to Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite.

If I were to say that I felt comfortable after having brought this transaction to a close, I should not speak the truth. Horrible misgivings filled my mind, and there were moments when, if it had been possible to undo what was done, I should have taken that retrogressive step. This, however, was out of the question. I didn't even know where my new employer was to be found. I had nothing for it but to wait and try my best to feel sanguine.

The circumstances which distinguished the evening of that eventful day on which I first received a visit from my new patron were subsequently related to me with great accuracy, and not without rancorous comment, by both of those who sustained leading parts in the evening's performances. Yes, terrible to relate, on the following day, both my patrons came to me, overflowing with fury, to tell me what had happened, and to denounce me as the first cause of the mischief. Both were furious, but my more recent acquaintance, Mr. Postlethwaite, was the more vehement in his wrath.

It appeared, according to this gentleman's statement, that having repaired at the proper time to the residence of the gentleman whose guest he was to be that evening, and who, he took occasion to inform me, was a personage of consideration, he found himself in the midst of a highly distinguished company. He had intended to be the last arrival, but a fellow named Scrooper, or Price, or something of that sort—both names, perhaps—was yet expected. He soon arrived, however, Mr. Postlethwaite said, and the company went down to dinner.

Throughout the meal, the magnificent nature of which I will not dilate upon, these two gentlemen were continually at loggerheads. They appear—and in this both the accounts which reached me tally—to have contradicted each other, interrupted each other, cut into each other's stories, on every occasion, until that sort of hatred was engendered between them which Christian gentlemen sharing a meal together do sometimes feel towards each other. I suspect that each had heard of the other as a "diner-out," though they had not met before, and that each was prepared to hate the other.

Adhering to the Postlethwaitean narrative faithfully, I find that all this time, and even when most aggravated by the conduct of my earliest patron, he was able to comfort himself with the reflection that he had by him in store the weapon wherewith, when the proper moment should arrive, to inflict the coup de grace upon his rival. That weapon was my riddle—my riddle fitted to a topic of the day.

The moment arrived. I shudder as I proceed. The meal was over, the wines had circulated once, and Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite began gently insidiously and with all the dexterity of an old performer, to lead the conversation in the direction of THE TOPIC. His place was very near to the seat occupied by my original patron, Mr. Price Scrooper. What was Mr. Postlethwaite's astonishment to hear that gentleman leading such conversation, as was within his jurisdiction, *also* in the direction of THE TOPIC! "Does he see that I want a lead, and is he playing into my hands?" thought my newest client. "Perhaps he's not such a bad fellow, after all. I'll do as much for him another time." This amicable view of the matter was but of brief duration. Madness was at hand! Two voices were presently heard speaking simultaneously:

MR. PRICE SCROOPER. The subject suggested a ridddle to me this morning, as I was thinking it over.

MR. KERBY POSTLETHWAITE. A view of the thing struck me in the light of a riddle this morning, quite suddenly.

Both speaking at once.

The two were silent, each having stopped the other.

"I beg your pardon," said my first patron, with ferocious politeness, "you were saying that you——"

"Had made a riddle," replied my second patron. "Yes. I think that you also alluded to your having done something of the sort?"

"I did."

There was silence all round the table. Some illustrious person broke it at last by saying, "What a strange coincidence!"

"At all events," cried the master of the house, "Let us hear one of them. Come, Scrooper, you spoke first.

"Mr. Postlethwaite, I insist upon having your riddle," said the lady of the house, with whom Mr. P. was the favorite.

Under these circumstances both gentlemen paused, and then, each bursting forth suddenly, there was a renewal of duet.

Mr. Price Scrooper—Why does the Atlantic cable, in its present condition—

Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite—Why does the Atlantic cable, in its present condition—

Both speaking at once.

At this there was a general roar and commotion among those present. "Our riddles appear to be somewhat alike?" remarked Mr. Postlethwaite, in a bitter tone, and looking darkly at my first patron.

"It is the most extraordinary thing," replied that gentleman, "that I ever heard of!"

"Great wits jump," said the illustrious person who had previously spoken of an "extraordinary coincidence.'

"At any rate, let us hear one of them," cried the host. "Perhaps they vary after the first few words. Come, Scrooper."

"Yes, let us hear one of them to the end," said the lady of the house, and she looked at Mr. Postlethwaite. This last, however, was sulky. Mr. Price Scrooper took advantage of the circumstance to come out with the conundrum in all its integrity.

"Why," asked this gentleman once more, "is the Atlantic cable, in its present condition, like a schoolmaster?"

"That is my riddle," said Mr. Postlethwaite, as soon as the other had ceased to speak. "I made it myself."

"On the contrary, it is mine, I assure you," replied Mr. Scrooper, very doggedly. "I composed it while shaving this morning."

Here again there was a pause, broken only by interjectional expressions of astonishment on the part of those who were present—led by the illustrious man.

Again the master of the house came to the rescue. "The best way of settling it," he said, "will be to ascertain which of our two friends knows the answer. Whoever knows the answer can claim the riddle. Let each of these gentlemen write down the answer on a piece of paper, fold it up, and give it to me. If the answers are identical, the coincidence will indeed be extraordinary."

"It is impossible that anyone but myself *can* know the answer," remarked my first patron, as he wrote on his paper and folded it.

My second patron wrote also, and folded. "The answer," he said, "*can* only be known to me."

The papers were unfolded by the master of the house, and read one after the other.

Answer written by Mr. Price Scrooper: "Because its supported by buoys (boys)."

Answer written by Mr. Kerby Postlethwaite: "Because its supported by buoys (boys)."

There was a scene. There were recriminations. As I have said, on the following morning both gentlemen visited me betimes. They had not much to say, after all. Were they not both in my power?

The curious thing is, that from that time dates the decline of my professional eminence. Of course, both my patrons took leave of me forever. But I have also to relate that my powers of riddling took leave of me also. My mornings with the dictionary became less and less productive of results, and, only a fortnight ago last Wednesday, I sent to a certain weekly publication a rebus presenting the following combination of objects: A giraffe, a haystack, a boy driving a hoop, the letter X, a crescent, a human mouth, the words "I wish," a dog standing on its hind legs, and a pair of scales. It appeared. It took. It puzzled the public. But for the life of me I cannot form the remotest idea what it meant, and I am ruined.

IV.

NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

To-day, I, Eunice Fielding, have been looking over the journal which I kept of the first few weeks of my life in the world, after I left the seclusion of the German Moravian school, where I was educated. I feel a strange pity for myself, the tender, ignorant, innocent school-girl, freed from the peaceful shelter of the Moravian settlement, and thrust suddenly into the centre of a sorrowful household.

As I turn to this first page there rises before me, like the memory of a former life, a picture of the noiseless grass-grown streets of the settlement, with the old-fashioned dwellings, and the quiet and serene faces looking out kindly upon the troop of children passing to the church. There is the home of the Single Sisters, with its shining and spotless casements; and close beside it is the church where they and we worshipped, with its broad central aisle always separating the women from the men. I can see the girls in their picturesque caps, trimmed with scarlet, and the blue ribbons of the matrons, and the pure white head-gear of the widows; the burial-ground, where the separation is still maintained, and where the brethren and the sisters lie in undivided graves; and the kindly simple-hearted pastor, who was always touched with the feeling of our weakness. I see it all, as I turn over the pages of my short journal, with just a faint longing to return to the repose and innocent ignorance which encircled me while I dwelt among them, safely shut in from the sorrows of the world.

Nov. 7. At home once more after an absence of three years; but home is changed. There used to be a feeling of mother's presence everywhere about the house, even if she were in the remotest room; but now, Susannah and Priscilla are wearing her apparel, and as they go in and out, and I catch a glimpse of the soft dove-colored folds of the dresses, I look up with a start, half in hope of seeing my mother's face again. They are much older than I am, for Priscilla was ten years of age when I was born, and Susannah is three years older than Priscilla. They are very grave and serious, and it is well known, even in Germany, how religious they are. I suppose by the time I am as old as they are I shall be the same.

I wonder if my father ever felt like a child; he looks as if he had lived for centuries. Last night I could not venture to look too closely into his face; but to-day I can see a very kind and peaceful expression underlying all the wrinkles and lines of care. In his soul there is a calm, serene depth which no tempest can touch. That is plain. He is a good man, I know, though his goodness was not talked about at school, as was Susannah's and Priscilla's. When the coach set me down at the door, and he ran out into the street bareheaded, and took me at once into his arms, carrying me like a child into our home, all my sorrow upon leaving my schoolfellows, and the sisters, and our pastor, vanished away in the joy of being with him. God helping me—and surely he will help me to do this—I will be a comfort to my father.

The house is very different to what it was in my mother's time. The rooms look gloomy, for the walls are damp and mildewed, and the carpets are worn threadbare. It seems as if my sister had taken no pride in household matters. To be sure Priscilla is betrothed to one of the brethren, who dwells in Woodbury, about ten miles from here. She told me last night what a beautiful house he had, and how it was furnished with more luxury and costliness than our people often care for, inasmuch as we do not seek worldly show. She also displayed the fine linen she had been preparing for herself, with store of dresses, both in silks and stuffs. They looked so grand, spread out upon the poor furniture of our chamber, that I could not help but cast up in my own mind what the cost would be, and I inquired how my father's business prospered; at which Priscilla colored, but Susannah uttered a low, deep groan, which was answer enough.

This morning I unpacked my trunk, and gave a letter from the church to each of my sisters. It was to make known to them that Brother Schmidt, a missionary in the West Indies, desires that a fitting wife should be chosen for him by casting of lots, and sent out to him. Several of the single sisters in our settlement have given in their names, and such is the repute of Susannah and Priscilla, that they are notified of the application, that they may do likewise. Of course Priscilla, being already betrothed, has no thought of doing so; but Susannah has been deep in meditation all day, and now she is sitting opposite to me, pale and solemn, her brown hair, in which I can detect a silver thread or two, braided closely down her thin cheeks; but as she writes, a faint blush steals over her face, as if she were listening to Brother Schmidt, whom she has never seen, and whose voice she never heard. She has written her name—I can read it, "Susannah Fielding"—in her clear round steady hand, and it will be put into the lot with many others, from among which one will be drawn out, and the name written thereon will be that of Brother Schmidt's appointed wife.

Nov. 9. Only two days at home; but what a change there is in me. My brain is all confusion, and it might be a hundred years since I left school. This morning two strangers came to the house, demanding to see my father. They were rough, hard men, whose voices sounded into my father's office, where he was busy writing, while I sat beside the fire, engaged in household sewing. I looked up at the loud noise of their voices, and saw him turn deadly pale, and bow his white-haired head upon his hands. But he went out in an instant, and returning with the strangers, bade me go to my sisters. I found Susannah in the parlor, looking scared and bewildered, and Priscilla in hysterics. After much ado they grew calmer, and when Priscilla was lying quietly on the sofa, and Susannah had sat down in mother's arm-chair to meditate, I crept back to my father's office, and rapping softly at the door, heard him say, "Come in." He was alone, and very sad.

"Father," I asked, "what is the matter?" and seeing his dear, kind face, I flew to him.

"Eunice," he whispered very tenderly, "I will tell you all."

So then as I knelt at his knee, with my eyes fastened upon his, he told me a long history of troubles, every word of which removed my school-days further and further from me, and made them seem like the close of a finished life. The end of all was that these men were sent by his creditors to take possession of everything in our old home, where my mother had lived and died.

I caught my breath at first, as if I should go into hysterics like Priscilla, but thought what good would that do for my father? So after a minute or two I was able to look up again bravely into his eyes. He then said he had his books to examine, so I kissed him, and came away.

In the parlor Priscilla was lying still, with her eyelids closed, and Susannah was quite lost in meditation. Neither of them noticed me entering or departing. I went into the kitchen to consult Jane about my father's dinner. She was rocking herself upon a chair, and rubbing her eyes red with her rough apron; and there in the elbow-chair which once belonged to my grandfather—all the brethren knew George Fielding—sat one of the strangers, wearing a shaggy brown hat, from under which he was staring fixedly at a bag of dried herbs hanging to a hook in the ceiling. He did not bring his eyes down, even when I entered, and stood thunderstruck upon the door-sill; but he rounded up his large mouth, as if he were going to whistle.

"Good morning, Sir," I said, as soon as I recovered myself; for my father said we must regard these men only as the human instruments permitted to bring affliction to us; "will you please to tell me your nama?"

The stranger fixed his eyes steadily upon me. After which he smiled a little to himself.

"John Robins is my name," he said, "and England is my nation, Woodbury is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation."

He spake in a sing-song tone, and his eyes went up again to the bag of marjoram, twinkling as if with great satisfaction; and I pondered over his reply, until it became quite a comfort to me.

"I am very glad to hear it." I said, at last, "because we are religious people, and I was afraid you might be different."

"Oh, I'll be no kind of nuisance, miss," he answered, "you make yourself comfortable, and only bid Maria, here, to draw me my beer regular, and I'll not hurt your feelings."

"Thank you," I said. "Jane, you hear what Mr. Robins says. Bring some sheets down to air, and make up the bed in the Brothers' chamber. You'll find a Bible and hymn-book on the table there, Mr. Robins." I was leaving the kitchen, when this singular man struck his clenched fist upon the dresser, with a noise which startled me greatly.

"Miss," he said, "don't you put yourself about; and if anybody else should ever put you out, about anything, remember John Robins, of Woodbury. I'm your man for anything, whether in my line or out of my line; I am, by——"

He was about to add something more, but he paused suddenly, and his face grew a little more red, as he looked up again to the ceiling. So I left the kitchen.

I have since been helping my father with his books, being very thankful that I was always quick at sums.

P. S.—I dreamed that the settlement was invaded by an army of men, led by John Robins, who insisted upon becoming our pastor.

Nov. 10.—I have been a journey of fifty miles, one-half of it by stage-coach. I learned for the first time that my mother's brother, a worldly rich man, dwells fifteen miles beyond Woodbury. He does not belong to our people, and he was greatly displeased by my mother's marriage. It also appears that Susannah and Priscilla were not my mother's own daughters. My father had a little forlorn hope that our worldly kinsman might be inclined to help us in our great extremity; so I went forth with his blessings and prayers upon my errand. Brother More, who came over to see Priscilla yesterday, met me at Woodbury Station, and saw me safely on the coach for my uncle's village. He is much older than I fancied; and his face is large, and coarse, and flabby-looking. I am surprised that Priscilla should betroth herself to him. However, he was very kind to me, and watched the coach out of the inn-yard; but almost before he was out of my sight, he was out of my mind, and I was considering what I should say to my uncle.

My uncle's house stands quite alone in the midst of meadows and groves of trees, all of which are leafless now, and waved to and fro in the damp and heavy air, like funeral plumes. I trembled greatly as I lifted the brass knocker, which had a grinning face upon it; and I let it fall with one loud single rap, which set all the dogs barking, and the rooks cawing in the tops of the trees. The servant conducted me across a low-roofed hall, to a parlor beyond: low-roofed also, but large and handsome, with a warm glow of crimson, which was pleasant to my eyes, after the grey gloom of the November day. It was already afternoon; and a tall, fine looking old man was lying comfortably upon a sofa fast asleep; while upon the other side of the hearth sat a dwarfed old lady, who lifted her forefinger with a gesture of silence, and beckoned me to take a seat near the fire. I obeyed, and presently fell into a meditation.

At length a man's voice broke the silence, asking in a drowsy tone:

"What young lass is this?"

"I am Eunice Fielding," I replied, rising with reverence to the aged man, my uncle; and he gazed upon me with his keen grey eyes, until I was abashed, and a tear or two rolled down my cheeks in spite of myself, for my heart was very heavy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "as like Sophy as two peas out of one pod!" and he laughed a short laugh, which, in my ears, lacked merriment. "Come here, Eunice," he added, "and kiss me."

Whereupon I walked gravely across the open space between us, and bent my face to his; but he would have me to sit upon his knee, and I, who had been at no time used to be fondled thus, even by my father, sat there uncomfortably.

"Well, my pretty one," said my uncle, "what is your errand and request to me? Upon my soul, I feel ready to promise thee anything."

As he spoke, I bethought me of King Herod, and the sinful dancing-girl, and my heart sank within me; but at last I took courage, as did Esther the queen, and I made known my urgent business to him, telling him, even with tears, that my father was threatened with a prison, if he could find none to befriend him.

"Eunice," said my uncle, after a very long silence, "I will make a bargain with you and your father. He stole away my favorite sister from me, and I never saw her face again. I've no children, and I'm a rich man. If your father will give you up to me, keeping no claim upon you—even to never seeing your face again, if I so will it—then I will pay all his debts, and adopt you as my own daughter."

Before he could finish all these words, I sprrng away from him, feeling more angered than I had ever done in my life.

"It could never be," I cried, "My father could never give me up, and I will never leave him."

"Be in no hurry to decide, Eunice," he said; "your father has two other daughters. I will give you an hour to reflect."

Upon that he and his wife left me alone in the pleasant room. My mind was firmly made up from the beginning. But as I sat before the glowing fire, it seemed as if all the bleak cold days of the coming Winter trooped up and gathered round me, chilling the warm atmosphere of the room, and touching me with icy fingers, until I trembled like a coward. So I opened my little lot-book, which our pastor had given unto me, and I looked anxiously at the many slips of paper it contained. Many times I had drawn a lot from it, and found but vague counsel and comfort. But I now drew therefrom again, and the words upon the lot were, "Be of good courage!" Then I was greatly strengthened.

When the hour was ended, my uncle returned, and urged me with many worldly persuasions and allurements, mingled with threatenings, until at length I grew bold to answer him according to his snares.

"It is an evil thing," I said, "to tempt a child to forsake her father. Providence has put it into your power to lessen the sorrows of your fellow-creatures, but you seek to add to them. I would rather dwell with my father in a jail, than with you in a palace."

I turned and left him, finding my way out through the hall into the deepening twilight. It was more than a mile from the village through which the coach passed; and the hedge-banks rose high on each side of the deep lane. Though I walked very swiftly, the night came on before I had proceeded far from my uncle's house, with such thick gloom and fog that I could almost feel the darkness. "Be of good courage, Eunice!" said I; and to drive away the fears which lay in wait for me if I yielded but a little, I lifted up my voice, and began to sing our Evening Hymn.

Suddenly a voice a little way before me, took up the tune, in a clear deep rich tone, like that of the Brother who taught us music in the settlement. As I stopped instantly, my heart leaping up with fear and a strange gladness, the voice before me ceased singing also.

"Good night," it said. There was such kindness and frankness and sweetness in the voice, that I trusted it at once.

"Wait for me," I said; "I am lost in the night, and I want to find my way to Longville."

"I am going there, too," said the voice, to which I drew nearer each moment; and immediately I saw a tall dark figure in the mist beside me.

"Brother," I said, trembling a little, though wherefore I knew not, "are we far from Longville?"

"Only ten minutes' walk," he answered, in a blithe tone, which cheered me not a little. "Take my arm, and we shall soon be there."

As my hand rested on his arm lightly, I felt a sense of great support and protection. As we came near the lighted window of the village inn, we looked into one another's faces. His was pleasant and handsome, like some of the best pictures I have ever seen. I do not know why, but I thought of the Angel Gabriel.

"We are at Longville," he said; "tell me where I can take you to."

"Sir," I answered, for I could not say Brother to him in the light; "I wish first to get to Woodbury."

"To Woodbury," he repeated, "at this time of night, and alone! There is a return coach coming up in a few minutes, by which I travel to Woodbury. Will you accept of my escort there?"

"Sir, I thank you," I answered; and I stood silent beside him, until the coach lamps shone close upon us in the fog. The stranger opened the door, but I hung back with a foolish feeling of shame at my poverty, which it was needful to conquer.

"We are poor people," I stammered. "I must travel outside."

"Not such a Winter's night as this," he said. "Jump in."

"No, no," I replied, recovering my senses, "I shall go outside." A decent country woman, with a child, were already seated on the top of the coach, and I quickly followed them. My seat was the outer one, and hung over the wheels. The darkness was so dense that the fitful glimmer of the coach lamps upon the leafless hedgerows was the only light to be seen. All else was black, pitchy night. I could think of nothing but my father and the jail opening to imprison him. Presently I felt a hand laid firmly on my arm, and Gabriel's voice spake to me:

"Your seat is a dangerous one," he said. "A sudden jerk might throw you off."

"I am so miserable," I sobbed, all my courage breaking down; and in the darkness I buried my face in my hands, and wept silently; and even as I wept the bitterness of my sorrow was assuaged.

"Brother," I said—for in the darkness I could call him so again. "I am only just come home from school, and I have not learned the ways and troubles of the world yet."

"My child," he answered, in a low tone, "I saw you lean your head upon your hands and weep. Can I be of any help to you?"

"No," I replied; "the sorrow belongs to me only, and to my house."

He said no more, but I felt his arm stretched out to form a barrier across the space where I might have fallen; and so through the black night we rode on to Woodbury.

Brother More was awaiting me at the coach-office. He hurried me away, scarcely giving me time to glance at Gabriel, who stood looking after me. He was eager to hear of my interview with my uncle; when I told him of my failure, he grew thoughtful, saying little until I was in the railway carriage, when he leaned forward and whispered, "Tell Priscilla I will come over in the morning."

Brother More is a rich man; perhaps, for Priscilla's sake, he will free my father.

Nov. 11. I dreamed last night that Gabriel stood beside me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings." But as I listened eagerly, he sighed, and vanished away.

Nov. 15. Brother More is here every day, but he says nothing about helping my father. If help does not come soon, he will be cast into prison. Peradventure, my uncle will relent, and offer us some easier terms. If it were only to live half my time with him, I would consent to dwell in his house, even as Daniel and the three children dwelt unharmed in the court of Babylon. I will write to him to that effect.

Nov. 19. No answer from my uncle. To-day, going to Woodbury with Priscilla, who wished to converse with the pastor of the church there, I spent the hour she was engaged with him in finding my way to the jail, and walking round the outside of its gloomy and massive walls. I felt very mournful and faint-hearted, thinking of my poor father. At last, being very weary, I sat down on the step at the gateway, and looked into my little lot-book again. Once more I drew the verse, "Be of good courage." Just then, Brother More and Priscilla appeared. There was a look upon his face which I disliked, but I remembered that he was to be my sister's husband, and I rose and offered him my hand, which he tucked up under his arm, his fat hand resting upon it. So we three walked to and fro under the prison walls. Suddenly, in a garden sloping away beneath us, I perceived him whom I call Gabriel (not knowing any other name,) with a fair sweet-looking young woman at his side. I could not refrain from weeping, for what reason I cannot tell, unless it be my father's affairs. Brother More returned home with us, and sent John Robins away. John Robins desired me to remember him, which I will, as long as I live.

Nov. 20. Most miserable day. My poor father is in jail. At dinner-time to-day two most evil-looking men arrested him. God forgive me for wishing they were dead! Yet my father spake very patiently and gently.

"Send for Brother More," he said, after a pause, "and act according to his counsel."

So after a little while they carried him away.

What am I to do?

Nov. 30. Late last night we were still discoursing as to our future plans. Priscilla thinks Brother More will hasten their marriage, and Susannah has an inward assurance that the lot will fall to her to be Brother Schmidt's wife. She spake wisely of the duties of a missionary's life, and of the grace needed to fulfill them. But I could think of nothing but my father trying to sleep within the walls of a jail.

Brother More says he thinks he can see a way to release my father, only we are all to pray that we may have grace to conquer our self-will. I am sure I am willing to do anything, even to selling myself into slavery, as some of our first missionaries did in the slave-times in the West Indies. But in England one cannot sell one's self, though I would be a very faithful servant. I want to get at once a sum large enough to pay our debts. Brother More bids me not spoil my eyes with crying.

DEC. 1. The day on which my father was arrested I made a last appeal to my uncle. This morning I had a brief note from him, saying he had commissioned his lawyer to visit me, and state the terms on which he was willing to aid me. Even as I read it, his lawyer desired to see me alone. I went to the parlor, trembling with anxiety. It was no other than Gabriel who stood before me, and I took heart, remembering my dream that he appeared to me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings."

"Miss Eunice Fielding," he said, in his pleasant voice, and looking down upon me with a smile which seemed to shed sunshine upon my sad and drooping spirit.

"Yes," I answered, my eyes falling foolishly before his; and I beckoned to him to resume his seat, while I stood leaning against my mother's great arm-chair.

"I have a hard message for you," said Gabriel; "your uncle has dictated this paper, which must be signed by you and your father. He will release

Mr. Fielding, and settle one hundred pounds a year upon him, on condition that he will retire to some German-Moravian settlement, and that you will accept the former terms."

"I cannot," I cried bitterly. "Oh, Sir! ought I to leave my father?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, in a low voice.

"Sir," I said, "you must please say 'no' to my uncle."

"I will," he replied, "and make it sound as gently as I can. You have a friend in me, Miss Eunice."

His voice lingered upon Eunice, as if it were no common name to him, but something rare and pleasing. I never heard it spoken so pleasantly before. After a little while he rose to take his leave.

"Brother," I said, giving him my hand, "farewell."

"I shall see you again, Miss Eunice," he answered.

He saw me again sooner than he expected, for I traveled by the next train to Woodbury, and, as I left the dark carriage in which I journeyed, I saw him alight from another part of the train, and at the same instant his eyes fell upon me.

"Where are you going to now, Eunice?" he said.

It seemed a pleasanter greeting than if he had called me Miss. I told him I knew my way to the jail, for that I had been not long ago to look at the outside of it. I saw the tears stand in his eyes, but, without speaking, he drew my hand through his arm, and I silently, but with a very lightened heart, walked beside him to the great portal of my father's prison.

We entered a square court, with nothing to be seen save the gray Winter sky lying, as it were flat, overhead; and there was my father, pacing to and fro, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bowed down, as if it would never be raised again. I cried aloud, and ran and fell on his neck, and knew nothing more until I opened my eyes in a small bare room, and felt my father holding me in his arms, and Gabriel kneeling before me, chafing my hands, and pressing his lips upon them.

Afterwards Gabriel and my father conferred together; but before long Brother More arrived, whereupon Gabriel departed. Brother More said, solemnly:

"That man is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and our Eunice is a tender lamb."

I cannot believe that Gabriel is a wolf.

Dec. 2. I have taken rooms in a cottage near the jail, the abode of John Robbins and his wife, a decent tidy woman. So I can spend every day with my father.

Dec. 13. My father has been in prison a whole fortnight. Brother More went over to see Priscilla last night, and this morning he is to lay before us his plan for my father's release. I am going to meet him at the jail.

When I entered the room, my father and Brother More looked greatly perturbed, and my poor father leaned back in his chair, as if exhausted after a long conflict.

"Speak to her, brother," he said.

Then Brother More told us of a heavenly vision which had appeared to him, directing him to break off his betrothal to Priscilla, and to take me—*me!*—for his wife. After which he awoke, and these words abode in his mind, "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Therefore, Eunice," he said, in an awful voice, "do you and Priscilla see to it, lest you should be found fighting against the Lord."

I was struck dumb as with a great shock, but I heard him add these words:

"I was also instructed in the vision, to set your father free, upon the day that you become my wife."

"But," I said at last, my whole heart recoiling from him, "this would be a shameful wrong to Priscilla. It cannot be a vision from heaven, but a delusion and snare. Marry Priscilla, and set my father free? Surely, surely, it was a lying vision."

"No," he said, fastening his gaze upon me; "I chose Priscilla rashly of my own judgment. Therein I erred; but I have promised her half her dowry as a compensation for my error."

"Father," I cried, "surely I ought to have some direction also, as well as he. Why should only he have a vision?" Then I added that I would go home and see Priscilla, and seek a sign for my own guidance.

December 14. Priscilla was ill in bed when I reached home, and refused to see me. I arose at 5 o'clock this morning and stole down into the parlor. As I lighted the lamp, the parlor looked forlorn and deserted, and yet there lingered about it a ghostly feeling, as if perhaps my mother, and the dead children whom I never saw, had been sitting on the hearth in the night, as we sat in the daytime. Maybe she knew of my distress, and had left some tokens for my comfort and counsel. My Bible lay upon the table, but it was closed; her angel fingers had not opened it upon any verse that might have guided me. There was no mode of seeking direction, save by casting lots.

I cut three little slips of paper of one length, and exactly similar—*three*, though surely I only needed two. Upon the first I wrote, "To be Brother More's wife;" and upon the second, "To be a Single Sister." The third lay upon the desk, blank and white, as if waiting for some name to be written upon it, and suddenly all the chilly cold of the Winter morning passed into a sultry heat, until I threw open the casement, and let the frosty air breathe upon my face. I said in my own heart I would leave myself a chance, though my conscience smote me for that word "chance." So I laid the three slips of paper between the leaves of my Bible, and sat down opposite to them, afraid of drawing the lot which held the secret of my future life.

There was no mark to guide me in the choice of one slip of paper from another; and I dared not stretch out my hand to draw one of them. For I was bound to abide by the solemn decision. It seemed too horrible to become Brother More's wife; and to me the Sisters Home, where the Single Sisters dwell, having all things in common, seems dreary and monotonous and somewhat desolate. But if I should draw the blank paper! My heart fluttered; again and again I stretched out my hand, and withdrew it; until at last the oil in the lamp being spent, its light grew dimmer and dimmer, and, fearful of being still longer without guidance, I snatched the middle lot from between the leaves of my Bible. There was only a glimmer of dying light, by which I read the words, "To be Brother More's wife."

This is the last entry in my journal, written three years ago.

When Susannah came down stairs and entered the parlor, she found me sitting before my desk, almost in an idiotic state, with that miserable lot in my hand. There was no need to explain it to her; she looked at the other slip of paper, one blank, and the other inscribed, "To be a Single Sister," and she knew I had been casting lots. I remember her crying over me a little, and kissing me with unaccustomed tenderness; and then she returned to her chamber, and I heard her speaking to Priscilla in grave and sad tones. After that, we were all passive; even Priscilla was stolidly resigned. Brother More came over, and Susannah informed him of the irrevocable lot which I had drawn; but besought him to refrain from seeing me that day; and he left me alone to grow somewhat used to the sense of my wretchedness.

Early the next morning I returned to Woodbury; my only consolation being the thought that my dear father would be set free, and might live with me in wealth and comfort all the rest of his life. During the succeeding days I scarcely left his side, never suffering Brother More to be alone with me; and morning and night John Robins or his wife accompanied me to the gate of the jail, and waited for me to return with them to their cottage.

My father was to be set free, only on my wedding day, and the marriage was hurried on. Many of Priscilla's store of wedding garments were suitable for me. Every hour brought my doom nearer.

One morning, in the gloom and twilight of a December dawn, I suddenly met Gabriel in my path. He spake rapidly and earnestly, but I scarcely knew what he said, and I answered, falteringly:

"I am going to be married to Brother Joshua More on New Year's-day, and he will then release my father."

"Eunice," he cried, standing before me in the narrow path, "you can never marry him. I know the fat hypocrite. Good Heaven! I love you a hundred times better than he does. Love! The rascal does not know what it means."

I answered not a word, for I felt afraid both of myself and him, though I did not believe Gabriel to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," I whispered.

"I am your uncle's nephew by marriage," he said, "and I have been brought up in his house. Break off this wicked marriage with the fellow More, and I will engage to release your father. I am young, and can work. I will pay your father's debts."

"It is impossible," I replied. "Brother More has had a heavenly vision, and I have drawn the lot. There is no hope. I must marry him upon New Year's day."

Then Gabriel persuaded me to tell him the whole story of my trouble. He laughed a little, and bade me be of good comfort; and I could not make him understand how impossible it was that I should contend against the dispensation of the lot.

Always when I was with my father I strove to conceal my misery, talking to him of the happy days we should spend together some time. Likewise I sang within the walls of the prison the simple hymns which we had been wont to sing in the peaceful church at school amid a congregation of serene hearts, and I strengthened my own heart and my father's by the recollected counsels of my dear lost pastor. Thus my father guessed little of my hidden suffering, and looked forward with hope to the day that would throw open his prison doors.

Once I went to the pastor, dwelling in Woodbury, and poured out my heart to him—save that I made no mention of Gabriel—and he told me it was often thus with young girls before their marriage, but that I had a clear leading; he also told me that Brother More was a devout man, and I should soon love and reverence him as my husband.

At length the last day of the year came; a great day among our people, when we drew our lot for the following year. Everything seemed at an end. All hope fled from me, if there ever had been any hope in my heart. I left my father early in the evening, for I could no longer conceal my wretchedness; yet when I was outside the prison walls I wandered to and fro, hovering about it, as if these days, miserable as they had been, were happy to those which were drawing near. Brother More had not been near us all day, but doubtless he was busy in his arrangements to release my father. I was still lingering under the great walls, when a carriage drove up noiselessly—for the ground was sprinkled with soft snow—and Gabriel sprang out and almost clasped me in his arms.

"My dear Eunice," he said, "you must come with me at once. Our uncle will save you from this hateful marriage."

I do not know what I should have done had not John Robins called out from the driver's seat, "All right, Miss Eunice, remember John Robins."

Upon that I left myself in Gabriel's hands, and he lifted me into the carriage, wrapping warm coverings about me. It seemed to me no other than a happy dream, as we drove noiselessly along snowy roads, with the pale wan light of the young moon falling upon the white country, and now and then shining upon the face of Gabriel, as he leaned forward from time to time to draw the wrappers closer around me.

We might have been three hours on the way, when we turned into a by-road, which presently I recognised as the deep lane wherein I had first met Gabriel. We were going then to my uncle's house. So with a lightened heart I stepped out of the carriage, and entered his doors for the second time.

Gabriel conducted me into the parlor which I had seen before, and placed me in a chair upon the hearth, removing my shawl and bonnet with a pleasant and courteous care; and he was standing opposite to me, regarding me with a smile upon his handsome face, when the door opened and my uncle entered.

"Come and kiss me, Eunice," he said; and I obeyed him wonderingly.

"Child," he continued, stroking my hair back from my face, "you would not come to me of your own will, so I commissioned this young fellow to kidnap you. We are not going to have you marry Joshua More. I cannot do with him as my nephew. Let him marry Priscilla."

There was such a hearty tone in my uncle's voice, that for a moment I felt comforted, though I knew that he could not set aside my lot. So he seated me beside him, while I still looked with wonderment into his face.

"I am going to draw a lot for you," he said, with an air of merriment; "what would my little rosebud say to her fat suitor, if she knew that her father was a freed man at this moment?"

I dared not look into his face or into Gabriel's. For I remember that I myself had sought for a token; and that no earthly power could set aside that, or the heavenly vision also, which Brother More had seen.

"Uncle," I said, shuddering, "I have no voice in this matter. I drew the lot fairly, and I must abide by it. You cannot help me."

"We will see," he answered; "it is New Year's-eve, you know, and time to draw again. The lot will neither be to become Brother More's wife, nor a Single Sister, I promise you. We shall draw the blank this time!"

While I yet wondered at these words, I heard a sound of footsteps in the hall, and the door opened, and my beloved father stood upon the threshold, stretching out his arms to me. How he came there I knew not; but I flew to him with a glad cry, and hid my face upon his breast.

"You are welcome, Mr. Fielding," said my uncle; "Phil!"—it did now appear that Gabriel's name was Philip—"bring Mr. More this way."

I started with fright and wonder, and my father also looked troubled, and drew me nearer to his side. Brother More entered with a cowardly and downcast mien, which made him appear a hundred-fold more repulsive in my eyes, as he stood near the door, with his craven face turned towards us.

"Mr. More," said my uncle, "I believe you are to marry my niece, Eunice Fielding, to-morrow?"

"I did not know she was your niece," he answered, in an abject tone. "I would not have presumed—"

"But the heavenly vision, Mr. More?" interrupted my uncle.

He looked round for a moment, with a spiritless glance, and his eyes sank.

"It was a delusion," he muttered.

"It was a lie!" said Gabriel.

"Mr. More," continued my uncle, "if the heavenly vision be true, it will cost you the sum of five thousand five hundred pounds, the amount in which you are indebted to me, with sundry sums due to my nephew here. Yet if it be true, you must abide by it, of course."

"It was not true," he answered; "the vision was concerning Priscilla, to whom I was betrothed. I was ensnared to change the name to that of Eunice."

"Then go and marry Priscilla," said my uncle, good-humoredly. "Philip, take him away."

But Priscilla would have no more to do with Brother More, and shortly afterward she settled among the Single Sisters in the same settlement where I had lived my quiet and peaceful youth. Her store of wedding garments, which had been altered to fit me, came in at last for Susannah, who was chosen to be the wife of Brother Schmidt, according to her inward assurance; and she went out to join him in the West Indies, from whence she writes many happy letters. I was troubled for a time about my lot, but certainly if Brother More's vision was concerning Priscilla, I could not be required to abide by it. Moreover, I never saw him again. My uncle and father, who had never met before, formed a close friendship, and my uncle would hear of nothing but that we should dwell together in his large mansion, where I might be as a daughter unto both of them. People say we have left the Church of the United Brethren; but it is not so. Only, as I had found one evil man within it, so also I have found some good men without it.

Gabriel is not one of the Brethren.

V.

TO BE TAKEN IN WATER.

Minnie, my blessed little wife, and I, had been just one month married. We had returned only two days from our honeymoon tour at Killarney. I was a junior partner in the firm of Schwarzmoor & Laddock, bankers, Lombard-street, (I must conceal real names,) and I had four days more of my leave of absence still to enjoy. I was supremely happy in my bright new cottage southwest of London, and was reveling in delicious idleness on that bright October morning, watching the great yellow leaves fall in the sunshine. Minnie sat by me under the hawthorn-tree; otherwise, I should *not* have been supremely happy.

Little Betsy, Minnie's maid, came fluttering down the garden with an ominous-looking letter in her hand.

It was a telegram from Mr. Schwarzmoor. It contained only these words:

"We want you to start to the Continent directly with specie. Neapolitan loan. No delay. Transactions of great importance since you left. Sorry to break up holiday. Be at office by 6:30. Start from London Bridge at 9:15, and catch Dover night boat."

"Is the boy gone?"

"Boy did not leave it, Sir. Elderly gentleman, going to Dawson's, brought it. The office boy was out, and the gentleman happened to be coming past our house."

"Herbert dear, you won't go, you mustn't go," said Minnie, leaning on my shoulder, and bending down her face. "Don't go."

"I must, my dearest. The firm has no one to trust to, but me, in such a case. It is but a week's absence. I must start in ten minutes, and catch the 4:20 on its way up."

"That was a very important telegram," I said sharply to the station-master, "and you ought not to have sent it by any unknown and unauthorised person. Who *was* this old gentleman, pray?"

"Who was it, Harvey?" said the station-master, rather sulkily, to the porter.

"Old gent, Sir, very respectable, as comes to the Dawsons', the training-stables. Has horses there."

"Do not let that sort of thing occur again, Mr. Jennings," I said, "or I shall be obliged to report it. I wouldn't have had that telegram mislaid for a hundred pounds."

Mr. Jennings, the station-master, grumbled something, and then boxed the telegraph boy's ears. Which seemed to do him (Mr. Jennings) good.

"We were getting very anxious," said Mr. Schwarzmoor, as I entered the bank parlor, only three minutes late. "Very anxious; weren't we, Goldrick?"

"Very anxious," said the little neat head clerk. "Very anxious."

Mr. Schwarzmoor was a full-faced man of about sixty, with thick white eyebrows and a red face—a combination which gave him an expression of choleric old age. He was a shrewd, severe man of business; a little impetuous, and fond of rule, but polite, kind and considerate.

"I hope your charming wife is quite well. Sorry, indeed, to break up your holiday; but no help for it, my dear fellow. There is the specie in those two iron boxes, inclosed in leather to look like samples. They are fastened with letter-locks, and contain a quarter of a million in gold. The Neapolitan King apprehends a rebellion." (It was three years before Garibaldi's victories.) "You will take the money to Messrs. Pagliavicini and Rossi, No. 172 Toledo, Naples. The names that open the locks are, on the one with the white star on the cover, Masinisa; on the one with the black star, Cotopaxo. Of course you will not forget the talismanic words. Open the boxes at Lyons, to make sure that all is safe. Talk to no one. Make no friends on the road. Your commission is of vast importance."

"I shall pass," said I, "for a commercial traveler."

"Pardon me for my repeated cautions, Blamyre, but I am an older man than you, and know the danger of traveling with specie. If your purpose was known to-night in Paris, your road to Marseilles would be as dangerous as if all the galley-slaves at Toulon had been let loose in special chase of you. I do not doubt your discretion: I only warn you to be careful. Of course you go armed?"

I opened my coat, and showed a belt under my waistcoat, with a revolver in it. At which warlike spectacle the old clerk drew back in alarm.

"Good!" said Mr. Schwarzmoor. "But one grain of prudence is worth five times the five bullets in those five barrels. You will stop in Paris to-morrow to transact business with Lefebre and Desjeans, and you will go on by the 12.15 (night) to Marseilles, catching the boat on Friday. We will telegraph to you at Marseilles. Are the letters for Paris ready, Mr. Hargrave?"

"Yes, Sir, nearly ready. Mr. Wilkins is hard at them."

I reached Dover by midnight. and instantly engaged four porters to carry my specie chests down the stone steps leading from the pier to the Calais boat. The first was taken on board quite safely; but while the second was being carried down, one of the men slipped, and would certainly have fallen into the water, had he not been caught in the arms of a burly old Indian officer, who, laden with various traps, and urging forward his good-natured but rather vulgar wife, was preceding me.

"Steady there, my lad," he said. "Why, what have you got there? Hardware?"

"Don't know, Sir; I only know it's heavy enough to break a man's back," was the rough answer, as the man thanked his questioner in his blunt way.

"These steps, Sir, are very troublesome for bringing down heavy goods," said an obliging voice behind me. "I presume, Sir, from your luggage, that we are of the same profession?"

I looked round as we just then stepped on board. The person who addressed me was a tall thin man, with a long and rather Jewihs nose, and a narrow elongated face. He wore a great-coat too short for him, a flowered waistcoat, tight trousers, a high shirt collar, and a light sprigged stiff neckcloth.

I replied that I *had* the honor to be a commercial traveler, and that I thought we were going to have a rough night of it.

"Decidedly dirty night," he replied; "and I advise you, Sir, to secure a berth at once. The boat, I see, is very crowded."

I went straight to my berth, and lay down for an hour; at the end of that time I got up and looked around me. At one of the small tables sat half a dozen of the passengers, including the old Indian and my old-fashioned interrogator. They were drinking bottled porter, and appeared very sociable. I rose and joined them, and we exchanged some remarks not complimentary to night traveling.

"By Jove, Sir, it is simply unbearable!" said the jovial Major Baxter (for he soon told us his name); "it is as stifling as Peshawah when the hot Tinsang wind is blowing; suppose we three go on deck and take a little air? My wife suffers in these crossings; she's invisible, I know, till the boat stops. Steward, bring up some more bottled porter."

When we got on deck, I saw, to my extreme surprise, made conspicuous by their black and white stars, four other cases exactly similar to mine, except that they had no painted brand upon them. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there they were; leather covers, letter-locks, and all.

"Those are mine, Sir," remarked Mr. Levison (I knew my fellow-commercial's name from the Captain's having addressed him by it.) "I am traveling for the house of Mackintosh. Those cases contain waterproof paletots, the best made. Our house has used such cases for forty years. It is sometimes inconvenient, this accidental resemblance of luggage—leads to mistakes. Your goods are much heavier than my goods, as I judge? Gas improvements, railway chairs, cutlery, or something else in iron?"

I was silent, or I made some vague reply.

"Sir," said Levison, "I augur well of your future; trade secrets should be kept inviolate. Don't you think so, Sir?"

The Major thus appealed to, replied, "Sir, by Jove, you're right! One cannot be too careful in these days. Egad, Sir, the world is a mass of deceit."

"There's Calais light!" cried some one at that moment; and there it was, straight ahead, casting sparkles of comfort over the dark water.

I thought no more of my traveling companions. We parted at Paris: I went my way and they went their way. The Major was going to pay a visit at Dromont, near Lyons; thence he would go to Marseilles en route for Alexandria. Mr. Levison was bound for Marseilles, like myself and the Major, but not by my train—at least he feared not—as he had much to do in Paris.

I had transacted my business in the French capital, and was on my way to the Palais Royal, with M. Lefebre fils, a great friend of mine. It was about 6 o'clock, and we were crossing the Rue St. Honoré, when there passed us a tall, Jewish-looking person, in a huge white mackintosh, whom I recognized as Mr. Levison. He was in a hired open carriage, and his four boxes were by his side. I bowed to him, but he did not seem to notice me.

"Eh bien! That drôle, who is that?" said my friend, with true Parisian superciliousness.

I replied that it was only a fellow-passenger, who had crossed with me the night before.

In the very same street I ran up against the Major and his wife, on their way to the railway station.

"Infernal city, this," said the Major: "smells so of onion. I should like, if it was mine, to wash it out, house by house; 'tain't wholesome, 'pon my soul 'tain't wholesome. Julia, my dear, this is my pleasant traveling companion of last night. By-the-by, just saw that commercial traveler! Sharp business man that; no sight-seeing about *him*. Bourse and bank all day—senior partner some day."

"And how many more?" said my friend Lefebre, when we shook hands and parted with the jolly Major. "That is a good boy—he superabounds—he overflows—but he is one of your epicurean lazy officers, I am sure. Your army, it must be reformed, or India will slip from you like a handful of sand—vous verrez, mon cher."

Midnight came, and I was standing at the terminus, watching the transport of my luggage, when a cab drove up, and an Englishman leaping out asked the driver in excellent French for change for a five-franc piece. It was Levison; but I saw no more of him, for the crowd just then pushed me forward.

I took my seat with only two other persons in the carriage—two masses of traveling cloak and capote—two bears, for all I could see to the contrary.

Once away from the lights of Paris, and in the pitch dark country, I fell asleep and dreamed of my dear little wife and our dear little home. Then a feeling of anxiety ran across my mind. I dreamed that I had forgotten the words with which to open the letter-locks. I ransacked mythology, history, science, in vain. Then I was in the banking parlor at No. 172 Toledo, Naples, threatened with instant death by a file of soldiers, if I did not reveal the words, or explain where the boxes had been hid; for I had hidden them for some inscrutable reason. At that moment an earthquake shook the city, a flood of fire rolled past beneath the window, Vesuvius had broken loose and was upon us. I cried in my agony, "Gracious Heaven, reveal to me those words!" when I awoke.

"Dromont! Dromont! Dix minutes d'arrête, Messieurs."

Half blinded with the sudden light, I stumbled to the buffet, and asked for a cup of coffee, when three or four noisy young English tourists came hurrying in, surrounding a quiet imperturbable elderly commercial traveler. It was actually Levison again! They led him along in triumph, and called for champagne.

"Yes! yes!" the leader said. "You must have some, old fellow. We have won three games, you know, and you held such cards, too. Come along, look alive, you fellow with the nightcap—Cliquot—gilt top, you duffer. You shall have your revenge before we get to Lyons, old chap."

Levison chattered good humoredly about the last game, and took the wine. In a few minutes the young men had drunk their champagne and had gone out to smoke. In another moment Levison caught my eye.

"Why, good gracious," he said, "who'd have thought of this! Well, I am glad to see you. Now, my dear Sir, you must have some champagne with me. Here, another bottle, Monsieur, if you please. I hope, long before we get to Lyons, to join you, my dear Sir. I am tired of the noise of those youngsters. Besides, I object to high stakes, on principle."

The moment the waiter brought the champagne, Levison took the bottle.

"No," he said; "I never allow any one to open wine for me." He turned his back from me to remove the wire; removed it, and was filling my glass, when up dashed a burly, hearty man to shake hands with me—so awkward in his heartiness that he broke the champagne bottle. Not a drop of the wine was saved. It was the Major—hot as usual, and in a tremendous bustle.

"By Jove, Sir; dooced sorry. Let me order another bottle. How are you, gentlemen? Lucky, indeed, to meet you both again. Julia's with the luggage. We can be very cozy together. More champagne here. What's bottle in French? Most shameful thing! Those French friends of Julia's were gone off to Biarritz, pretending to have forgotten that we were coming—after six weeks with us in London, too! Precious shabby, not to put too fine a point upon it. By Jove, Sir, there's the bell. We'll all go in the same carriage. They will not bring that champagne."

Levison looked rather annoyed. "I shall not see you," he said, "for a station or two. I must join those boys, and let them give me my revenge. Cleared me out of twenty guineas! I have not been so imprudent since I was first on the road. Good-bye, Major Baxter—good-bye, Mr. Blamyre!"

I wondered how this respectable old fellow, who so keenly relished his game at whist, had got hold of my name; but I remembered in a moment that he must have seen the direction on my luggage.

Flashes of crimson and green lights, a shout from some pointsman, a glimpse of rows of poplars, and lines of suburban houses, and we once more plunged into the yielding darkness.

I found the Major very droll and pleasant, but evidently ruled by his fussy, good-natured, managing, masculine wife. He was full of stories of bungalows, compounds, and the hills; in all of which narrations he was perpetually interrupted by Mrs. Baxter.

"By Jove, Sir!" he said, "I wish I could sell out and go into your line of business. I am almost sick of India—it deranges one's liver so infernally."

"Now, John, how can you go on so! You know you never had a day's illness in all your life, except that week when you smoked out a whole box of Capt. Mason's cheroots."

"Well, I pulled through it, Julia," said the Major, striking himself a tremendous blow on the chest; "but I've been an unlucky devil as to promotion—always bad luck in everything. If I bought a horse, it made a point of going lame next day; never went in a train but it broke down."

"Now don't, John; pray don't go on so," said Mrs. Baxter, "or I shall really be very angry. Such nonsense. You'll get your step in time. Be patient, like me, Major; take things more quietly. I hope you put a direction on that hat-box of yours? Where is the sword-case? If it wasn't for me, Major, you'd get to Suez with nothing but the coat on your back."

Just then the train stopped at Charmont, and in tripped Levison, with his white mackintosh over his arm, and his bundle of umbrellas and sticks.

"No more sovereign points for me!" he said, producing a pack of cards. "But if you and the Major and Mrs. Baxter would like a rubber—shilling points—I'm for you. Cut for partners."

We assented with pleasure. We cut for partners. I and Mrs. Baxter against the Major and Levison. We won nearly every game. Levison played too cautiously, and the Major laughed, talked, and always forgot what cards were out.

Still it killed the time; the red and black turned up, changed, and ran into remarkable sequences; and the Major's flukes and extraordinary luck in holding (not in playing) cards amused us, we laughed at Levison's punctilious care, and at Mrs. Baxter's avarice for tricks, and were as pleasant a party as the dim lamp of a night-train ever shone on. I could think of little, nevertheless, but my precious boxes.

There we were rushing through France, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, and having as little to do with our means of transit as if we had been four Arabian Princes, seated on a flying enchanted carpet.

The game gradually grew more intermittent, the conversation more incessant. Levison, stiff of neckcloth as ever, and imperturbable and punctilious as ever, became chatty. He grew communicative about his business.

"I have at last," he said, in his precise and measured voice, "after years of attention to the subject, discovered the great secret which the waterproofers have so long coveted; how to let out the heated air of the body, and yet at the same time to exclude the rain. On my return to London, I offer this secret to the Mackintosh firm for ten thousand pounds; if they refuse the offer, I at once open a shop in Paris, call the new fabric Magentosh, in honor of the Emperor's great Italian victory, and sit down and quietly realize a cool million—that's my way."

"Ah, major," cried his wife, ever ready to improve a subject, "if you had only had a little of Mr. Levison's prudence and energy, then, indeed, you'd have been colonel of your regiment before this."

Mr. Levison then turned the conversation to the subject of locks.

"I always use the letter-lock myself," he said. "My two talismanic words are TURLURETTE and PAPAGAYO—two names I once heard in an old French farce—who could guess them? It would take the adroitest thief seven hours to decipher even one. You find letter-locks safe, Sir?" (He turned to me.)

I replied dryly that I did, and asked what time our train was due at Lyons.

"We are due at Lyons at 4:30," said the Major; "it is now five to four. I don't know how it is, but I have a sort of presentiment to-night of some break-down. I am always in for it. When I went tiger-hunting, it was always my elephant that the beast pinned. If some of us were ordered up to an unhealthy out-of-the-way fort, it was always my company. It may be superstitious, I own, but I feel we shall have a breakdown before we get to Marseilles. How fast we're going! Only see how the carriage rocks!"

I unconsciously grew nervous, but I concealed it. Could the Major be a rogue, planning some scheme against me? But no: his red bluff face, and his clear good-natured guileless eyes refuted the suspicion.

"Nonsense, be quiet, Major; that's the way you always make a journey disagreeable," said his wife, arranging herself for sleep. Then Levison began talking about his early life, and how, in George the Fourth's time, he was traveling for a cravat house in Bond-street. He grew eloquent in favor of the old costume.

"Low Radical fellows," he said, "run down the first gentleman in Europe, as he was justly called. I respect his memory. He was a wit and the friend of wits; he was lavishly generous, and disdained poor, pitiful economy; he dressed well, Sir; he looked well, Sir; he was a gentleman of perfect manners. Sir, this is a slovenly and shabby age. When I was young, no gentleman ever traveled without at least two dozen cravats, four whalebone stiffeners, and an iron to smooth the tie and produce a thin, equal edge to the muslin. There were no less, Sir, than eighteen modes of putting on the cravat; there was the cravate à la Diane, the cravate à l'Anglaise, the cravate au nœud Gordien, the cravate——"

The train jolted, moved on, slackened, stopped. The Major thrust his head out of the window and shouted to a passing guard:

"Where are we?"

"Twenty miles from Lyons—Fort Rouge, Monsieur."

"What is the matter? Anything the matter?"

An English voice answered from the next window:

"A wheel broken, they tell us. We shall have to wait two hours, and transfer the luggage."

"Good Heaven!" I could not help exclaiming.

Levison put his head out of window. "It is but too true," he said, drawing it in again; "two hours' delay at least, the man says. Tiresome, very—but such things will happen on the road; take it coolly. We'll have some coffee and another rubber. We must each look to our own luggage; or, if Mr. Blamyre goes in and orders supper, I'll see to it all. But, good gracious, what is that shining out there by the station lamps? Hei, Monsieur!" (to a passing gendarme whom the Major had hailed) "what is going on at the station?"

"Monsieur," said the gendarme, saluting, "those are soldiers of the First Chasseurs; they happened to be at the station on their way to Chalons; the station-master has sent them to surround the luggage-van, and see to the transfer of the baggage. No passenger is to go near it, as there are government stores of value in the train."

Levison spat on the ground and muttered execrations to himself—I supposed at French railways.

"By Jove, sir, did you ever see such clumsy carts?" said Major Baxter, pointing to two country carts, each with four strong horses, that were drawn up under a hedge close to the station; for we had struggled on as far as the first turn-table, some hundred yards from the first houses of the village of Fort Rouge.

Levison and I tried very hard to get near the luggage, but the soldiers sternly refused our approach. It gave me some comfort, however, to see my chests transferred carefully, with many curses on their weight. I saw no sign of government stores, and I told the Major so.

"Oh, they're sharp," he replied, "dooced sharp. Maybe the empress' jewels—one little package only, perhaps; but still not difficult to steal in a night confusion."

Just then there was a shrill piercing whistle, as if a signal. The horses in the two carts tore into a gallop, and flew out of sight.

"Savages, Sir; mere barbarians still," exclaimed the Major; "unable to use railways even now we've given them to them."

"Major!" said his wife, in a voice of awful reproof, "spare the feelings of these foreigners, and remember your position as an officer and a gentleman."

The major rubbed his hands, and laughed uproariously.

"A pack of infernal idiots," cried Levison; "they can do nothing without soldiers—soldiers here, soldiers there, soldiers everywhere."

"Well, these precautions are sometimes useful, Sir," said Mrs. B.; "France is a place full of queer characters. The gentleman next you any day at a table d'hôte may be a returned convict. Major, you remember that case at Cairo three years ago?"

"Cairo, Julia my dear, is not in France."

"I knew that, major, I hope. But the house was a French hotel, and that's the same thing." Mrs. B. spoke sharply.

"I shall have a nap, gentlemen. For my part, I'm tired," said the major, as we took our places in the Marseilles train, after three hours' tedious delay. "The next thing will be the boat breaking down, I suppose."

"Major, you wicked man, don't fly out against Providence," said his wife.

Levison grew eloquent again about the Prince Regent, his diamond epaulettes, and his inimitable cravats; but Levison's words seemed to lengthen, and gradually became inaudible to me, until I heard only a soothing murmur and the rattle and jar of the wheels.

Again my dreams were nervous and uneasy. I imagined I was in Cairo, threading narrow, dim streets, where the camels jostled me and the black slaves threatened me, and the air was heavy with musk, and vailed faces watched me from latticed casements above. Suddenly a rose fell at my feet. I looked up, and a face like my Minnie's, only with large, liquid dark eyes, like an antelope's, glanced forth from behind a water-vase, and smiled. At that moment four Mamelukes appeared, riding down the street at full gallop, and came upon me with their sabres flashing. I dreamed I had only one hope, and that was to repeat the talismanic words of my letter-locks. Already I was under the hoofs of the Mamelukes' horses. I cried out with great difficulty, "Cotopaxo! Cotopaxo!" A rough shake awoke me. It was the Major, looking bluff but stern.

"Why, you're talking in your sleep!" he said; "why the devil do you talk in your sleep? Bad habit. Here we are at the breakfast-place."

"What was I talking about?" I asked, with ill-concealed alarm.

"Some foreign gibberish," returned the major.

"Greek, I think," said Levison; but I was just off, too."

We reached Marseilles. I rejoiced to see its almond-trees and its white villas. I should feel safer when I was on board ship, and my treasure with me. I was not of a suspicious temperament, but I had thought it remarkable that during that long journey from Lyons to the seaboard, I had never fallen asleep without waking and finding an eye upon me—either the major's or his wife's. Levison had slept during the last four hours incessantly. Latterly, we had all of us grown silent, and even rather sullen. Now we brightened up.

"Hôtel de Londres! Hôtel de l'Univers! Hôtel Impérial!" cried the touts, as we stood round our luggage, agreeing to keep together.

"Hôtel Impérial, of course," said the major; "best house."

A one-eyed saturnine half-caste tout shrunk up to us.

"Hôtel Impérial, sare. I am Hôtel Impérial; all full; not a bed; no—pas de tout—no use, sare!"

"Hang it! the steamer will be the next thing to fail."

"Steamer, sare—accident with boiler; won't start till minuit et vingt minutes—half-past midnight, sare."

"Where shall we go?" said I, turning round and smiling at the three blank faces of my companions. "Our journey seems doomed to be unlucky. Let us redeem it by a parting supper. My telegraphing done, I am free till half-past eleven."

"I will take you, said Levison, "to a small but very decent hotel down by the harbor—the Hôtel des Etrangers."

"Cursed low nasty crib—gambling-place!" said the major, lighting a cheroot, as he got into an open fly.

Mr. Levison drew himself up in his punctilious way. "Sir," he said, "the place is in new hands, or I would not have recommended the house, you may rely upon it."

"Sir," said the Major, lifting his broad-brimmed white hat, "I offer you my apologies. I was not aware of that."

"My dear Sir, never mention the affair again."

"Major, you're a hot-headed simpleton," were Mrs. B.'s last words, as we drove off together.

As we entered a bare-looking salon, with a dinner-table in the middle and a dingy billiard-table at one end, the Major said to me, "I shall go and wash and dress for the theatre, and then take a stroll while you do your telegraphing. Go up first, Julia, and see the rooms."

"What slaves we poor women are!" said Mrs. B., as she sailed out.

"And I," said Levison, laying down his railway rug, "shall go out and try and do some business before the shops shut. We have agents here in the Canabière."

"Only two double-bedded rooms, sare," said the one-eyed tout, who stood over the luggage.

"That will do," said Levison, promptly, and with natural irritation at our annoyances. "My friend goes by the boat to-night; he does not sleep here. His luggage can be put in my room, and he can take the key, in case he comes in first."

"Then now we are all right," said the Major. "So far, so good!"

When I got to the telegraph-office, I found a telegram from London awaiting me. To my surprise and horror, it contained only these words:

"You are in great danger. Do not wait a moment on shore. There is a plot against you. Apply to the prefect for a guard."

It must be the Major, and I was in his hands! That rough hearty manner of his was all a trick. Even now he might be carrying off the chests. I telegraphed back:

"Safe at Marseilles. All right up to this."

Thinking of the utter ruin of our house if I were robbed, and of dear Minnie, I flew back to the hotel, which was situated in a dirty narrow street near the harbor. As I turned down the street, a man darted from a doorway and seized my arm. It was one of the waiters. He said hurriedly, in French: "Quick, quick, monsieur; Major Baxter is anxious to see you, instantly, in the salon. There is no time to lose."

I ran to the hotel, and darted into the salon. There was the Major pacing up and down in extraordinary excitement; his wife was looking anxiously out of a window. The manner of both was entirely changed. The Major ran up and seized me by the hand. "I am a detective officer, and my name is Arnott," he said. "That man Levison is a notorious thief. He is at this moment in his room, opening one of your specie chests. You must help me to nab him. I knew his little game, and have checkmated him. But I wanted to catch him in the act. Julia, finish that brandy-and-water while Mr. Blamyre and myself transact our business. Have you got a revolver, Mr. Blamyre, in case he shews fight? I prefer this." (He pulled out a staff.)

"I have left my revolver in the bedroom," I breathlessly exclaimed.

"That's bad; never mind, he is not likely to hit us in the flurry. He may not even think of it. You must rush at the door at the same moment as I do. These foreign locks are never any good. It's No. 15. Gently!"

We came to the door. We listened a moment. We could hear the sound of money chinking in a bag. Then a low dry laugh, as Levison chuckled over the word he had heard me utter in my sleep. "Cotopaxo—ha! ha!"

The Major gave the word, and we both rushed at the door. It shook, splintered, was driven in. Levison, revolver in hand, stood over the open box, ankle-deep in gold. He had already filled a huge digger's belt that was round his waist, and a courier's bag that hung at his side. A carpet-bag, half full, lay at his feet, and, as he let it fall to open the window bolt, it gushed forth a perfect torrent of gold. He did not utter a word. There were ropes at the window, as if he had been lowering, or preparing to lower, bags into the side alley. He gave a whistle, and some vehicle could be heard to drive furiously off.

"Surrender, you gallows-bird! I know you," cried the Major. "Surrender! I've got you now, old boy."

Levison's only reply was to pull the trigger of the revolver; fortunately, there was no discharge. I had forgotten to cap it.

"The infernal thing is not capped. One for you, Bobby," he said quietly. Then hurling it at the Major with a sudden fury, he threw open the window and leaped out.

I leaped after him—it was a ground floor room—raising a hue and cry. Arnott remained to guard the money.

A moment more and a wild rabble of soldiers, sailors, mongrel idlers, and porters, were pursuing the flying wretch with screams and hoots, as in the dim light (the lamps were just beginning to be kindled) we tore after him, doubling and twisting like a hare, among the obstacles that crowded the quay. Hundreds of blows were aimed at him; hundreds of hands were stretched to seize him; he wrested himself from one; he felled another; he leaped over a third; a Zouave's clutch was all but on him, when suddenly his foot caught in a mooring ring, and he fell headlong into the harbor. There was a shout as he splashed and disappeared in the dark water, near which the light of only one lamp moved and glittered. I ran down the nearest steps and waited while the gendarmes took a boat and stolidly dragged with hooks for the body.

"They are foxes, these old thieves. I remember this man here at Toulon. I saw him branded. I knew his face again in a moment. He has dived under the shipping, got into some barge and hid. You'll never see him again," said an old gray gendarme who had taken me into the boat.

"Yes we shall, for here he is!" cried a second, stooping down and lifting a body out of the water by the hair.

"Oh, he *was* an artful file," said a man from a boat behind us. It was Arnott. "Just came to see how you were getting on, Sir. It's all right with the money; Julia's minding it. I often said that fellow would catch it some day, now he's got it. He all but had you, Mr. Blamyre. He'd have cut your throat when you were asleep, rather than miss the money. But I was on his track. He didn't know me. This was my first cruise for some time against this sort of rogue. Well; his name is off the books; that's one good thing. Come, comrades, bring that body to land. We must strip him of the money he has upon him, which at least did one good thing while in his possession—it sent the scoundrel to the bottom."

Even in death, the long face looked craftily respectable when we turned it to the lamp-light.

Arnott told me all, in his jovial way, on my return to the hotel, where I loaded him and Mr. B. (another officer) with thanks. On the night I started, he had received orders from the London head office to follow me, and watch Levison. He had not had time to communicate with my partners. The driver of our train had been bribed to make the engine break down at Fort Rouge, where Levison's accomplices were waiting with carts to carry off the luggage in the confusion and darkness, or even during a sham riot and fight. This plan Arnott had frustrated by getting the police to telegraph from Paris for soldiers to be sent from Lyons, and be kept in readiness at the station. The champagne he spilt had been drugged. Levison, defeated in his first attempt, had then resolved to try other means. My unlucky disclosure of the mystery of the letter-lock had furnished him with the power of opening that one chest. The break-down of the steamer, which was accidental, (as far as could ever be ascertained,) gave him a last opportunity.

That night, thanks to Arnott, I left Marseilles with not one single piece of money lost. The journey was prosperous. The loan effected on very profitable terms. Our house has flourished ever since, and Minnie and I have flourished likewise—and increased.

VI.

TO BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT.

I have always noticed a prevalent want of courage, even among persons of superior intelligence and culture, as to imparting their own phsycological experiences when those have been of a strange sort. Almost all men are afraid that what they could relate in such wise would find no parallel or response in a listener's internal life, and might be suspected or laughed at. A truthful traveler who should have seen some extraordinary creature in the likeness of a sea-serpent, would have no fear of mentioning it; but the same traveler having had some singular presentiment, impulse, vagary of thought, vision, (so-called,) dream, or other remarkable mental impression, would hesitate considerably before he would own to it. To this reticence I attribute much of the obstinacy in which such subjects are involved. We do not habitually contribute our experience of these subjective things, as we do our experiences of objective creation. The consequence is, that the general stock of experience in this regard appears exceptional, and really is so, in respect of being miserably imperfect.

In what I am going to relate I have no intention of setting up, opposing, or supporting, any theory whatever. I know the history of the Bookseller of Berlin, I have studied the case of the wife of a late Astronomer Royal, as related by Sir David Brewster, and I have followed the minutest details of a much more remarkable case of spectral illusion occurring within my private circle of friends. It may be necessary to state as to this last that the sufferer (a lady) was in no degree, however distant, related to me. A mistaken assumption on that head, might suggest an explanation of a part of my own case—but only a part—which would be wholly without foundation. It cannot be referred to my inheritance of any developed peculiarity, nor had I ever before any at all similar experience, nor have I ever had any at all similar experience since.

It does not signify how many years ago, or how few, a certain Murder was committed in England, which attracted great attention. We hear more than enough of Murderers as they rise in succession to their atrocious eminence, and I would bury the memory of this particular brute, if I could, as his body was buried, in Newgate jail. I purposely abstain from giving any direct clue to the criminal's individuality.

When the murder was first discovered, no suspicion fell—or I ought rather to say, for I cannot be too precise in my facts, it was nowhere publicly hinted that any suspicion fell—on the man who was afterward brought to trial. As no reference was at that time made to him in the newspapers, it is obviously impossible that any description of him can at that time have been given in the newspapers. It is essential that this fact be remembered.

Unfolding at breakfast my morning paper, containing the account of that first discovery, I found it to be deeply interesting, and I read it with close attention. I read it twice, if not three times. The discovery had been made in a bedroom, and, when I laid down the paper, I was aware of a flash—rush—flow—I do not know what to call it—no word I can find is satisfactorily descriptive—in which I seemed to see that bedroom passing through my room, like a picture impossibly painted on a running river. Though almost instaneous in its passing, it was perfectly clear; so clear that I distinctly, and with a sense of relief, observed the absence of the dead body from the bed.

It was in no romantic place that I had this curious sensation, but in chambers in Piccadilly, very near to the corner of St. James'-street. It was entirely new to me. I was in my easy-chair at the moment, and the sensation was accompanied with a peculiar shiver which startled the chair from its position. (But it is to be noted that the chair ran easily on casters.) I went to one of the windows (there are two in the room, and the room is on the second floor) to refresh my eyes with the moving objects down in Piccadilly. It was a bright Autumn morning, and the street was sparkling and cheerful. The wind was high. As I looked out, it brought down from the park a quantity of fallen leaves, which a gust took, and whirled into a spiral pillar. As the pillar fell and the leaves dispersed, I saw two men on the opposite side of the way, going from West to East. They were one behind the other. The foremost man often looked back over his shoulder. The second man followed him, at a distance of some thirty paces, with his right hand menacingly raised. First, the singularity and steadiness of this threatening gesture in so public a thoroughfare, attracted my attention; and next, the more remarkable circumstance that nobody heeded it. Both men threaded their way among the other passengers, with a smoothness hardly consistent even with the action of walking on a pavement, and no single creature that I could see, gave them place, touched them, or looked after them. In passing before my windows, they both stared up at me. I saw their two faces very distinctly, and I knew that I could recognize them anywhere. Not that I had consciously noticed anything very remarkable in either face, except that the man who went first had an unusually lowering appearance, and that the face of the man who followed him was of the color of impure wax.

I am a bachelor, and my valet and his wife constitute my whole establishment. My occupation is in a certain Branch Bank, and I wish that my duties as head of a department were as light as they are popularly supposed to be. They kept me in town that Autumn, when I stood in need of change. I was not ill, but I was not well. My reader is to make the most that can be reasonably made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being "slightly dyspeptic." I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.

As the circumstance of the Murder, gradually unraveling, took stronger and stronger possession of the public mind, I kept them away from mine, by knowing as little about them as was possible in the midst of the universal excitement. But I knew that a verdict of Willful Murder had been found against the suspected Murderer, and that he had been committed to Newgate for trial. I also knew that his trial had been postponed over one Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, on the ground of general prejudice and want of time for the preparation of the defence. I may further have known, but I believe I did not, when, or about when, the Sessions to which his trial stood postponed, would come on.

My sitting-room, bedroom and dressing-room are all on one floor. With the last there is no communication but through the bedroom. True, there is a door in it, once communicating with the staircase; but a part of the fitting of my bath has been—and had then been for some years—fixed across it. At the same period, and as a part of the same arrangement, the door had been nailed up and canvassed over.

I was standing in my bedroom late one night, giving some directions to my servant before he went to bed. My face was toward the only available door of communication with the dressing-room, and it was closed. My servant's back was toward that door. While I was speaking to him I saw it open, and a man look in, who very earnestly and mysteriously beckoned to me. That man was the man who had gone second of the two along Piccadilly, and whose face was of the color of impure wax.

The figure, having beckoned, drew back and closed the door. With no longer pause than was made by my crossing the bedroom, I opened the dressing-room door, and looked in. I had a lighted candle already in my hand. I felt no inward expectation of seeing the figure in the dressing-room, and I did not see it there.

Conscious that my servant stood amazed, I turned round to him, and said: "Derrick, could you believe that in my cool senses I fancied I saw a ——." As I there laid my hand upon his breast, with a sudden start he trembled violently, and said, "O Lord yes, sir! A dead man beckoning!"

Now, I do not believe that this John Derrick, my trusty and attached servant for more than twenty years, had any impression whatever of having seen any such figure, until I touched him. The change in him was so startling when I touched him, that I fully believed he derived his impression in some occult manner from me at that moment.

I bade John Derrick bring some brandy, and I gave him a dram, and was glad to take one myself. Of what had preceded this night's phenomenon I told him not a single word. Reflecting on it, I was absolutely certain that I had never seen that face before, except on the occasion in Piccadilly. Comparing its expression when beckoning at the door, with its expression when it had stared up at me as I stood at my window, I came to the conclusion that on the first occasion it had sought to fasten itself upon my memory, and that on the second occasion it had made sure of being immediately remembered.

I was not very comfortable that night, though I felt a certainty, difficult to explain, that the figure would not return. At daylight I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened by John Derrick's coming to my bedside with a paper in his hand.

This paper, it appeared, had been the subject of an altercation at the door between its bearer and my servant. It was a summons to me to serve upon a Jury at the forthcoming Sessions of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. I had never before been summoned on such a Jury, as John Derrick well knew. He believed—I am not certain at this hour whether with reason or otherwise—that that class of Jurors were customarily chosen on a lower qualification than mine, and he had at first refused to accept the summons. The man who served it had taken the matter very coolly. He had said that my attendance or non-attendance was nothing to him; there the summons was; and I should deal with it at my own peril, and not at his.

For a day or two I was undecided whether to respond to this call, or take no notice of it. I was not conscious of the slightest mysterious bias, influence, or attraction, one way or other. Of that I am strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here. Ultimately I decided, as a break in the monotony of my life, that I would go.

The appointed morning was a raw morning in the month of November. There was a dense brown fog in Piccadilly, and it became positively black and in the last degree oppressive east of Temple Bar. I found the passages and staircases of the court-house flaringly lighted with gas, and the court itself similarly illuminated. I *think* that until I was conducted by officers into the Old Court and saw its crowded state, I did not know that the Murderer was to be tried that day. I *think* that until I was so helped into the Old Court with considerable difficulty, I did not know into which of the two courts sitting my summons would take me. But this must not be received as a positive assertion, for I am not completely satisfied in my mind on either point.

I took my seat in the place appropriated to Jurors in waiting, and I looked about the court as well as I could through the cloud of fog and breath that was heavy in it. I noticed the black vapor hanging like a murky curtain outside the great windows, and I noticed the stifled sound of wheels on the straw or tan that was littered in the street; also, the hum of the people gathered there, which a shrill whistle, or a louder song or hail than the rest, occasionally pierced. Soon afterward the Judges, two in number, entered and took their seats. The buzz in the Court was awfully hushed. The direction was given to put the Murderer to the bar. He appeared there. And in that same instant I recognized in him the first of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly.

If my name had been called then, I doubt if I could have answered to it audibly. But it was called about sixth or eighth in the penel, and I was by that time able to say "Here!" Now, observe. As I stepped into the box, the prisoner, who had been looking on attentively but with no sign of concern, became violently agitated, and beckoned to his attorney. The prisoner's wish to challege me was so manifest, that it occasioned a pause, during which the attorney, with his hand upon the dock, whispered with his client, and shook his head. I afterwards had it from that gentleman, that the prisoner's first affrighted words to him were, "*At all hazards challenge that man!*" But, that as he would give no reason for it, and admit that that he had not even known my name until he heard it called and I appeared, it was not done.

Both on the ground already explained, that I wish to avoid reviving the unwholesome memory of that Murderer, and also because a detailed account of his long trial is by no means indispensable to my narrative, I shall confine myself closely to such incidents in the ten days and nights during which we, the Jury, were kept together, as directly bear on my own curious personal experience. It is in that, and not in the Murderer, that I seek to interest my reader. It is to that, and not to a page of the Newgate Calendar, that I beg attention.

I was chosen Foreman of the Jury. On the second morning of the trial, after evidence had been taken for two hours, (I heard the church clock strike), happening to cast my eyes over my brother jurymen, I found an inexplicable difficulty in counting them. I counted them several times, yet always with the same difficulty. In short, I made them one too many.

I touched the brother-juryman whose place was next me, and I whispered to him, "Oblige me by counting us." He looked surprised by the request, but turned his head and counted. "Why," says he, suddenly, "we are thirt——; but no, it's not possible. No. We are twelve."

According to my counting that day, we were always right in detail, but in the gross we were always one too many. There was no appearance—no figure—to account for it; but I had now an inward foreshadowing of the figure that was surely coming.

The jury were housed at the London Tavern. We all slept in one large room on separate tables, and we were constantly in the charge and under the eye of the officer sworn to hold us in safe-keeping. I see no reason for suppressing the real name of that officer. He was intelligent, highly polite, and obliging, and (I was glad to hear) much respected in the city. He had an agreeable presence, good eyes, enviable black whiskers, and a fine sonorous voice. His name was Mr. Harker.

When we turned into our twelve beds at night, Mr. Harker's bed was drawn across the door. On the night of the second day, not being disposed to lie down, and seeing Mr. Harker sitting on his bed, I went and sat beside him, and offered him a pinch of snuff. As Mr. Harker's hand touched mine in taking it from my box, a peculiar shiver crossed him, and he said: "Who is this?"

Following Mr. Harker's eyes and looking along the room, I saw again the figure I expected—the second of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly. I rose, and advanced a few steps; then stopped, and looked round at Mr. Harker. He was quite unconcerned, laughed, and said in a pleasant way, "I thought for a moment we had a thirteenth juryman, without a bed. But I see it is the moonlight."

Making no revelation to Mr. Harker, but inviting him to take a walk with me to the end of the room, I watched what the figure did. It stood for a few moments by the bedside of each of my eleven brother-jurymen, close to the pillow. It always went to the right-hand side of the bed, and always passed out crossing the foot of the next bed. It seemed from the action of the head, merely to look down pensively at each recumbent figure. It took no notice of me, or of my bed, which was that nearest to Mr. Harker's. It seemed to go out where the light came in, through a high window, as by an aerial flight of stairs.

Next morning at breakfast, it appeared that everybody present had dreamed of the murdered man last night, except myself and Mr. Harker.

I now felt as convinced that the second man who had gone down to Piccadilly was the murdered man (so to speak) as if it had been borne into my comprehension by his immediate testimony. But even this took place, and in a manner for which I was not all prepared.

On the fifth day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution was drawing to a close, a miniature of the murdered man, missing from his bedroom upon the discovery of the deed, and afterward found in a hiding-place where the Murderer had been seen digging, was put in evidence. Having been identified by the witness under examination it was handed up to the Bench, and thence handed down to be inspected by the Jury. As an officer in a black gown was making his way with it across to me, the figure of the second man who had gone down Piccadilly, impetuously started from the crowd, caught the miniature from the officer, and gave it to me with its own hands, at the same time saying in a low and hollow tone—before I saw the miniature, which was in a locket—"*I was younger then, and my face was not then drained of blood.*" It also came between me and the brother juryman to whom I would have given the miniature, and between him and the brother juryman to whom he would have given it, and so passed it on through the whole of our number, and back into my possession. Not one of them, however, detected this.

At table, and generally when we were shut up together in Mr. Harker's custody, we had from the first naturally discussed the day's proceedings a good deal. On that fifth day, the case for the prosecution being closed, and we having that side of the question in a completed shape before us, our discussion was more animated and serious. Among our number was a vestryman—the densest idiot I had ever seen at large—who met the plainest evidence with the most preposterous objections, and who was sided with by two flabby parochial parasites; all the three impaneled from a district so delivered over to fever that they ought to have been upon their own trial, for five hundred Murders. When these mischievous blockheads were at their loudest, which was toward midnight, while some of us were already preparing for bed, I again saw the murdered man. He stood grimly behind them, beckoning to me. On

[Continued on Sixth Page.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, DEC. 24, 1865.

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To Advertisers.

Advertisers in the TIMES are requested to bring in their notices at as early an hour in the day as possible. If received after 8½ o'clock, it will be impossible to classify them under their proper heads.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

GENERAL NEWS.

Commodore VANDERBILT of New-York, T. R. PARKS of Bennington, Vt., and others, are planning a new railroad line from New-York to Montreal. By building a branch road, of eight miles, from the Housatonic Railroad at Kent, Conn., to the Harlem Railroad at Dover Plains, N. Y., a continuous line from New-York to Montreal will be secured, with the exception of a short distance between Hoosick, N. Y., and the Western Vermont Railroad. The proposed route is as follows: From New-York to Dover Plains on the Harlem road, thence to Kent by the new branch, from Kent to Pittsfield on the Housatonic Road, from Pittsfield to Adams on the North Adams Railroad, from Adams to Hoosick on the Troy and Greenfield Road, then intersect with the Western Vermont Road, and then on to Rutland, Burlington and Montreal. The cost of the branch from Kent to Dover Plains is estimated at $400,000, and the money is promised immediately for both the links which are needed to complete the line. While these are being built, the cars will be run over the Western Railroad from Pittsfield to Chatham, and thence on the Harlem Road to New-York. This latter arrangement will be entered upon in a few weeks.

The officers of the late New-Hampshire regiments propose to have a grand reunion levee in Concord on Monday evening, Jan. 1, 1866; a competent committee have the matter in charge, and the arrangements are fast approaching completion. The Invitation Committee is headed by Maj.-Gens. GRIFFIN and FOSTER, and includes eight brigadier-generals, twenty-four colonels, eleven lieutenant-colonels, seventeen majors, and a large number of captains and lieutenants. The hall is to be hung with the battle-stained flags of the old regiments, a sufficient decoration in itself, and the music will be furnished by the full Germania band of Boston. Gen. NATT HEAD is chief floor director, a fact sufficient to insure that everybody will be provided for. The gallantry, beauty and fashion of the Granite State will be there, and the affair will no doubt be one of unusual brilliancy.

The Secretary of War directs that in future settlements of the clothing accounts of volunteer soldiers discharged since March 3, 1865, the same amount of clothing will be allowed as in the case of regular soldiers. Each soldier will be credited with the amount of clothing due for the period of actual service from the date of enlistment or from the date of last settlement in case a prior settlement has been made, and will be charged with the amount during the same period.

The directors of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company left Newark on Thursday morning in one of their new and elegant cars, intending to make a trip over the whole length of the road to Phillipsburgh. They were unaccompanied by invited guests, but soon after the 1st of January a similar excursion will be made by the stockholders and others. Coal cars have commenced running over the road.

In Marlboro' district, South Carolina, at a planters' meeting, it was resolved "that we, the planters of the district, pledge ourselves not to contract with any freedman, unless he can produce a certificate of regular discharge from his former owner, and that under no circumstances whatsoever will we rent land to any freedman, nor will we permit them to live on our premises as employes."

A number of pickpockets reached Cincinnati on Saturday last from St. Louis. On the route several gentlemen were robbed. Among the victims was Dr. J. H. WRIGHT, of the United States Navy, who lost $868 in Treasury notes and $3,000 worth of railroad bonds. The purse containing this money and the bonds was taken while the Doctor was asleep in the sleeping-car.

Bishop GREENE, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has issued an address to his diocese in Mississippi, requesting his brethren of the clergy to offer the "Prayer for the President of the United States and all in civil authority," commending the action of the General Convention at Philadelphia, and expressing the opinion that all the dioceses will consent to a reunion with the General Convention.

At Philadelphia, on Friday evening, a service of silver plate was presented to WM. G. MOORHEAD, President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, by the Board of Directors. It was intended as a testimonial of appreciation of Mr. MOORHEAD's services in opening the first rail communication between the Atlantic and the lakes through Pennsylvania.

The third annual meeting of the New-York State Cheese Manufacturers' Association will be held in Utica on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10 and 11. The number of persons engaged in cheese dairying in New-York alone, and who are directly or indirectly connected with this association, is more than twenty thousand.

It is proposed to propel the street cars on the Albany and West Troy track by the use of compressed air, to be supplied to a reservoir in each car from a great reservoir at each terminus. It is said that a car can carry enough compressed air to move it ten miles at a proper rate of speed, and that it can be run at a cost of $2 50 per day.

The United States Surgeon-General has applied for Ford's Theatre, which had been intended as a depository of military archives, for the use of his department, and it is probable that it will be granted, in case Congress grants the appropriation for its purchase.

A telegram from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, reports extreme cold and heavy snow-storms through the Territory—mercury at 28 degrees below zero on the 22d inst. No coaches had arrived from Atchison for two days.

The steamer *Chamberlain*, from this port, arrived at Fortress Monroe yesterday. She had in tow the ship *Queen*, but became separated from her on the 21st. inst., and the ship has not been heard from since.

The Hartford people are to have a public meeting on the 27th inst. to consult about building a dyke along the Connecticut River, to prevent the annual flood. A handsome sum has been pledged for this purpose by private subscriptions.

The organization of the Home Guard in North Carolina, under the ordinance of the Constitutional Convention, is going on rapidly. Fifteen or eighteen full companies have been organized, and officers appointed. No arms have yet been received.

The Leland Brothers, of Union Hotel, Saratoga, have made a subscription headed by themselves for $1,000, toward securing the next State Fair in that village.

The mail train on the North Carolina Railroad ran off the track on Thursday, near Concord. Two men were instantly killed. No other details of the accident have been received.

The Newport (R. I.) people are burning coal which is mined upon their island. It costs them $8 60 per ton.

The Fishkill *Journal* states that on Friday, the 8th inst., ALEXANDER J. MILLIGAN, an old resident of Walden, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Mayor TOMPPERT, of Louisville, Ky., has been deposed by the Board of Aldermen, who sat as a court of impeachment.

The steamship *Hibernia* sailed from Portland last evening.

The Mills House in Charleston, S. C., was reopened on the 20th inst.

The Trenton (N. J.) *Monitor* is merged into the *State Gazette* of the same city.

LOCAL NEWS.

ANTONIO CURREO was tried by the Court of Special Sessions yesterday for keeping a gambling-house for children, at No. 32 Baxter-street. It was shown that children of from nine to fifteen years of age frequented the place to play billiards for money. One evening thirty of them were seen to leave the house. CURREO was fined $50 and sent to the Penitentiary for two months.

An agreement has at length been perfected in relation to the Wallabout Bay lands between the government and the City of Brooklyn. The city will now have a road to the Eastern District by which that section can be reached by a much shorter time than at present.

In the Court of General Sessions yesterday, FREDERICK FOGETY, guilty of an attempt at grand larceny, was sent to the Penitentiary for one year. The court then adjourned until the 30th.

Mr. STUART announces a grand dramatic entertainment at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Christmas night. *Paul Pry* will be personated by Mr. J. S. CLARKE.

We are indebted to Mr. A. S. FOSTER, Purser of the steamship *Neshannock*, from New-Orleans, for customary favors.

Christmas—Dickens.

We are sure our readers will be glad to get, in large and handsome letter, the CHRISTMAS STORY of CHARLES DICKENS, entitled "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions." It is given *entire* in this sheet, covering a little more than four of our broad pages, or over twenty-eight columns of minion type.

The Proposed Change in the Judiciary System of the United States.

The substance of the bill introduced by Senator HARRIS for the reorganization of the Federal Judiciary may be briefly stated by saying that it abolishes the Circuit Courts, gives the District Courts jurisdiction of all those actions of which the Circuit Courts now have original jurisdiction, and establishes a Circuit Court of Appeals in each circuit, composed of the District Judges of the Circuit and the Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to it, any three of whom may hold the court, which is to hear appeals from the District Courts, and from which an appeal is to lie on all questions of law to the Supreme Court at Washington.

The first question which suggests itself is as to the necessity or reason of any such change in our judiciary system. It has existed now about three-quarters of a century. Has any such defect been found in its working as to require the substitution of a new system? We are not aware that this is the fact. And we are led to surmise that this proposed change has its origin rather in the increase of judicial labor, especially upon the Judges of the Supreme Court, for we see that the main effect of this bill will be to relieve those Judges from almost all the work which they now have to do in the Circuit Courts.

But it must not be overlooked that this is not the only effect of the proposed change. In the first place it largely increases the business. Now there is but one appeal in actions commenced in the Circuit Courts, and for even this appeal the amount of two thousand dollars must be involved. The proposed change of system gives two appeals in every such case. And moreover, the bill in its present shape allows an appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington in every case, however small the amount, and from every order in a cause which involves a substantial right. Most of this increase in the business, it will be noticed, is thrown upon the District Judges. But whether the Supreme Court Judges have too much to do or not, no one ever claimed that the District Judges had too little to do, in this State at any rate. On the contrary, we do not hesitate to state, as our opinion, that it would be found impossible, under the proposed change, to transact the business of the Federal Courts in this city. Now we are able to have the Circuit and District Courts both open at the same time, by calling into one of them the services of a Judge from another district. But we cannot have two District Courts sitting in the same district at the same time, and to throw upon our District Court, in addition to its present heavy load, all the business now done in our Circuit Court would swamp it at once. If the proposed change of system is carried out some provision must be made for the business of this city, or there will be great injustice wrought. This provision might be made by authorizing the appointment of extra trial terms of the District Court in this district, to be held by other Judges to be called in for that purpose. With some such arrangement as that which would give us Judge BETTS and Judge SHIPMAN and Judge BENEDICT to sit as the necessities of the district might require, the business might, perhaps, be disposed of.

We cannot help doubting the wisdom of any change which shall remove the Judges of the Supreme Court entirely from the trial of causes. It was the idea upon which the present system was founded that they should not be exclusively judges of an Appellate Court, but that they would by going among the people and mingling somewhat in the strifes of jury trials be made, on the whole, better Judges, less apt to become hidebound, more sensitive to the human interests and feelings involved in the questions which come before them. The same idea lies, in a measure, at the bottom of our system in this State. We elect part of our Judges of the Court of Appeals as such, but we take part also directly out of the midst of the trials at the circuit. We believe that the idea is a good one, and that a change which should take a different one for the foundation of the judicial system, is not to be hastily made.

But if the change is to be made, the bill which is offered is by no means full enough. If all the laws in relation to the two courts are examined, it will be found that there are many matters which must be cared for, or the result will be inextricable confusion.

An editorial in the *World* some days since spoke of some of these defects in the bill, as for instance, the clause giving the District Courts jurisdiction over offences "committed within their respective districts or upon the high seas," which does not say in which district a crime upon the high seas shall be tried, and the lack of explicitness in relation to new trials in criminal cases. But the defects mentioned by the *World* are by no means the only ones. For instance, United States Commissioners are now officers of the Circuit Courts by which they are appointed. Of course some provision would have to be made with reference to them, if the Circuit Courts are abolished.

The bill also makes no distinction between admiralty cases and any others, whereas the difference between them is so great that any attempt to combine the two under one form, or to legislate for both under one mode of expression in the statute, will be impossible. The admiralty cases should be especially excepted and the admiralty practice retained in its present shape with as little modification as possible.

The *World* suggests that a clause should be put in the bill authorizing the District Courts "to appoint referees, after the practice of the State courts." We dissent most earnestly from this proposition, and we appeal to the experience of the bar in the State courts, whether that system has not proved itself burdensome, only tolerable when the pressure of business in the courts compels a resort to it, and in many respects a scandal. We have heard the referee system spoken of as "the judicial corruption fund," and we protest against the extension of it beyond its present limits.

The part of the *World's* article with reference to the inadequacy of the salaries of the District Judges we agree with in the main, though we notice an error in the statement that "the District Courts of Maine and Vermont probably have ten times the business of Michigan and Illinois," for the Illinois district is one of the heaviest in the United States. It is certainly discreditable to see the Judges of the United States courts working in this city on salaries of $2,000 to $3,750, while the judges of our petty ward courts receive from $5,000 to $6,000. The salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court are also shamefully small for men who have to reside for such a length of time at Washington, and who must everywhere keep up the dignity which belongs to members of the highest tribunal in the land.

We would suggest that possibly if Congress would increase judicial salaries to some amounts proportionate to the dignity and responsibility of the office, and perhaps take some measures to equalize the business among the several districts, such a course might be more satisfactory to the Judges themselves and more for the interests of the community at large, than by a change of system to set afloat some of the few matters which now have stability and permanence.

The Opposition Organs—The President and Congress.

The efforts of the Opposition organs to discover or create an antagonism between the President and the party which elected him are as persistent as they are futile, but they do not always culminate in such a flight as that which appeals to public admiration in the columns of the *World*, as follows:

> "But the real scene of reconstruction is not the mutilated ten miles square called the District of Columbia, but the great and magnificent States, where new governments are rising out of recent ruins, and exercising their sway over a proud, intelligent, public spirited, lately misguided but now loyal people. It is *there* that the buttresses and pediments, the supporting columns and protecting roof of the dismantled part of the great national edifice are rising in completeness and symmetry; and that work will stand in all its solidity when that factious congregation of fanatics and incapables, which we call a Congress, have been sent to their homes for their memory to rot, while more dutiful men replace them."

This may be very fine writing. Doubtless the *World* regards it as such. It has succeeded at once in giving indulgence to its peculiar style of eloquence, and in venting its ill-will to the ruling party. Fidelity to its reputation, however, did not require any daintiness in its utterances. The fortunes of the party with which it is connected are so desperate and so hopeless that neither are likely to suffer from its licentiousness.

And yet we think the above extract disgraceful *even to the World*. Not only is it very false and in very bad taste; not only is it conceived in a spirit so malevolent, and uttered in a style so gross and violent, as to disgust right minded men of every party—but it is a libel upon the American people and American institutions.

It is true the position of the Democratic organ and those it represents is a very trying one. They have completely failed in their opposition to the Union party. That party, in spite of their efforts, has saved the country, and now stands firm in the confidence and affection of the people. The ingenious device for robbing it of its principles and the President it elected, and transferring them to the Democracy, has proved futile. All this is naturally very disheartening, and not a little exasperating. But not even this can excuse such a display of rhetoric; much less can it justify the application of such language to Congress.

"That factious congregation, which we call a Congress," says the *World*. Is it not a Congress? Is it not the Congress of the United States? Is it not one of the great component branches of our government? Is it not the legitimate offspring of our representative system? Are not its members selected by the people? Do they not represent the people? Of this last fact it would seem the late elections might convince even the *World*. And this body—the great constitutional representative of the people—is spoken of by the oracle of a disappointed minority as "that factious congregation of fanatics and incapables, which we call a Congress." Its work is to perish. Its members are to be sent home for their memories to rot.

We have noticed this attack, not from any intrinsic importance which it possesses, but to protest against a violence and indecency which almost justifies the want of faith with which many good men regard the newspaper press. We do not propose to defend the present Congress. It needs no defence. It is recognized as embracing an aggregate ability which will compare favorably with that of any Congress that has existed for many years. The most tremendous issues are submitted to its decision. It has entered upon its work in no factious spirit. Its members, it is true, may not adopt without examination all the opinions or measures of the President. They would ill perform the great duty imposed upon them by the authority of the constitution and the suffrage of the people. They have an independent responsibility in this matter. But that the great majority of Congress earnestly desire to coöperate with the President in the complete restoration of the Southern States to the Union, and that they only wait till that independent examination of the subject, which they are bound to make, may justify them in such action, does not admit of a doubt. The *World* must either prepare itself for further disappointment, or at once dismiss all hope for the Democracy from any disagreement between the President and Congress.

Christmas.

It may be truly said that no Christmas morning in the history of this continent ever brought with it, both in its contrasts and its real mercies, such happiness as the present one. For four long years, the yearly birthday of Christianity has carried with it to our people anxieties, and fears, and sorrows.

The uncertainty whether the Republic, so much loved and for which so much had been sacrificed, would still survive the terrible shock of civil war; the fear for the permanency of this great structure of human liberty, the agony of the fearful struggle with brethren and kinsmen, filled all hearts. Through all the gayety of the Christmas season, the thought would press upon the minds of the reflecting that in distant portions of our common country war was desolating cheerful homesteads, and brother murdering brother, and hate and wrath were blazing fiercely between men of the same blood, and history, and religion.

The angelic song sung to us by choirs, of "Peace on earth and good will to men," seemed a mockery, heard, as it were, amid the groans of the wounded and the curses of the contending armies. Then by every fireside was a spectre on the Christmas morning. The son, or brother, or husband, was far away in the wintry camp, or fighting foot by foot on the bloody battle-field, or lying lonely in the hospital, or waiting hopelessly in the prison-pen.

No one knew when the fatal news would come over the crowded wires that his campaigning was all over and his place vacant henceforth. The morning, which in the feeling of all Christian nations, is the happiest of the year, brought here nothing but fear and anxiety to ten thousand households. In the camps, though the day was made cheerful by memorials from far-away homes, there was still the consciousness of war—of struggle with brethren—of hardships and danger and threatening death. To that vast body of ignorant but simple believers, the slaves, this day has always been the great day of the year—the possible day of jubilee and freedom. For four years they have celebrated it in fear and uncertainty, and in the midst of all calamities—driven from home, impoverished, outcast, but always faithful to the Union, and ever believing that the great Christmas Day—the jubilee of full liberty—should come even to them.

At length to us all—after four terrible years of such pain, and havoc, and disaster, and sorrow as the world never saw concentrated in so brief a period, with five hundred thousand of our noblest young men laid in bloody graves, and fire and desolation carried over our richest provinces—has come again a Christmas Day of PEACE and UNION and LIBERTY. To-day no traitor's hand is raised against brother, no rebel attacks his lawful government. The soil which is soon to be green with peaceful crops is not trampled by angry combatants. The pure snow of our fields is not reddened by the blood of kinsmen. The quiet farmhouse is not burned by the marauder, and master and children turned out to the Winter's cold. To-day no cannon-shot is fired in anger over the broad territory of the Union; there is no marching of contending armies, no leave-taking for the distant campaigns, no fear for the terrible telegram from the battle-fields, in dread of wounds and sickness, and on some death to beloved friends in the camps.

On this Christmas morning the returned soldier meets those who have so long watched for his coming about peaceful and happy tables, and if there be places vacant, there is the eternal consolation that the departed died gloriously for duty and fatherland. To-day there are no prison-pens to hear from, no messages of universal calamity to pass over the weary wires. The angel of Peace broods over the land. The Union and the Republic is safe. The most fearful storm of the century has not shaken a stone from her structure. Her foundations are surer than ever before.

Her sheltering protection will extend now from north to south, from sea to sea, for uncounted centuries, over a population the most prosperous and the most free which the world has yet beheld. The hopes of humanity will continue to find in her their fulfillment, as they have hitherto done, for the great defect and weakness in our prosperity is removed. This Christmas Day sees not a slave wherever the flag of the Republic floats. Every chain is broken. The great curse of the nation is removed, both by the stroke of war and the enactment of peace. Four millions of human beings are to-day legally freemen who were born slaves. To-day is the jubilee of the race in America.

This may well be a happy day to the whole country. Even the South, under all her calamities, is, in the eye of the philosopher and moralist, happier and more fortunate than she was four years ago. She is emancipated also. A new era begins with her.

With grateful hearts, then, we may all echo the angelic and prophetic song, which only many centuries hence shall be truly answered—but of which glad fulfillment we already see here the first and feeble glimmerings—"Peace on earth and good will to men!"

What are the Facts?

Everybody has heard the old story of the monarch who summoned all his *savants* to council and asked them to account for the phenomenon that a pail of water with a fish in it weighs no more than a similar pail without the fish. After every philosopher had "said his say," the youngest of the party, who had remained silent, but was now commanded to speak, replied, "May it please your majesty, I question the *fact*." Nobody had thought of this before.

It is always unsafe to prosecute an argument without having first made sure of your premises. Yet, in the old times of pro and anti-slavery discussion, people were always taking sides and forming their opinions on an assumed state of facts, derived in one instance, perhaps, from Mrs. STOWE's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in another from the letters of a patriarchal friend in Georgia, or from personal observation in that "negro's paradise." Reports about the sugar plantations and the rice swamps were tested by what the inquirer had seen or heard of in some "Old Kentucky Home," and Charleston and Louisville, Louisiana and Virginia, were all judged together, as though they were parts of a considerable village, and their men and manners entirely homogeneous. In those days and on this theme men would contend unweariedly, and finally cut each other's throats, and all for "conscience sake," and never pause to inquire if the *facts* on which their several arguments were predicated were the same; just as some bad logicians will strive together to the crack of doom, without defining the terms of the disputed proposition.

It is well, in the controversies which lie just before us, touching the relations of the two great classes of Southern people in these States with each other and with us, and our own duties, in view of these relations—controversies on whose practical decision the *facts of the case* as regards the spirit and behavior of the negroes and of their old masters have so important a bearing—that we should be made aware of the difficulty of getting at the truth without a long and patient induction, that we should take all reports and opinions with allowance, and so avoid the danger of hasty conclusions from *ex-parte* statements.

To illustrate this caution, we give what we regard as a fair example of these Southern statements of fact, taken from the letter of an apparently fair-minded correspondent of the London *Times*, and contrast it with a view from another source, which is, to say the least, as worthy of our confidence. The correspondent is writing from Wilmington, but refers to the state of things *in Georgia*, as follows:

> "The superintendent of the department in the State of Georgia addressed the convention a few days ago with reference to the freedmen, and said that numerous instances had come to his knowledge where the negroes not only refused to labor on the plantation, but also refused to leave it, and set at defiance the rightful authority of the owner. He assured the convention that this abuse would not be tolerated, and that wherever it might be necessary 'force should be used by the officers of the bureau to place the owner in peaceful possession of his property.' And, he added, 'I say frankly that from my experience I anticipate that much more difficulty will be found in inducing the ignorant freed people to become law-abiding, peaceful and industrious citizens than in compelling the white people to refrain from cruelty and injustice toward them.' *This anticipation is justified by the conduct of the negroes thus far since the conclusion of the war*, and it is of the last importance that all the officers engaged in the Freedmen's Bureau should be very careful how they side with the blacks against their masters. * * * I had a conversation here with a gentleman who has long been one of the foremost inhabitants of the town, and now holds a high position in it. He spoke with great depression of the position and prospects of the people. They were, he said, worse off than any one could suppose. There would be hopes of their recovering if they could get any one to work for them, but *the negroes were unmanageable*, and there was really no prospect that he could see of inducing them to enter into steady service."

The statement which we propose to set over against the foregoing has already been quoted in these columns. Our object in citing it again is to impress upon every man who loves the truth and desires to do right, (and we verily believe that this category includes a vast majority of the American people) the importance of scanning with unusual caution every report, whether with reference to the black or the white population of the South, and to inquire again and again before coming to a conclusion, "What are the facts?"

Says Gov. JENKINS, of Georgia, in his inaugural address to the Legislature, in speaking of the emancipated African: "Since the fiat of emancipation, although sometimes unsettled in his purposes and inconsistent in his services by contract, (the natural result of a transition so thorough and so sudden,) I take you all to witness that, in the main, *his conduct has been praiseworthy beyond all rational expectation*."

And again he avers that the "fidelity of the negroes in the past, and their decorum under the distressing influences of the present, are *without a parallel in history*, and establish for them a strong claim upon our favoring patronage."

Palmerston and the British Court.

The rumored intention of the Queen of England to open the next session of Parliament in person, has, we observe, been used by a certain class of British extremists to revive the subject of the supposed want of cordiality between herself and Lord PALMERSTON. The memorable letter in which her Majesty claimed the right to read all the foreign dispatches of that nobleman, and her emphatic request that they should not be altered after her assent to their contents, is matter of history. And the organ of the party we refer to, now asserts that her long retirement from public official life is at last terminated in consequence, to some extent, of the removal by death of one whom she imagined inimical to the claims and position of her late husband.

The circumstance out of which the disagreement between Lord PALMERSTON and his royal mistress arose, is well known to have been associated with the name of Prince ALBERT. And the unpopularity which the Prince suffered in consequence of his supposed desire, and in which the Queen was said to share, to increase the power of the Crown to something akin to what was known as the continental system, are well remembered. His name, spoken of with affection before the time we speak of, was received with signs of disapprobation in public assemblies; and it is said that a proposition that he should become a Freemason was negatived by the Order itself, not only because of his exacting the condition that he should be created Grand Master, but from his un-English course in political affairs, which was considered intrusive. It was certainly injudicious. All this had passed over however, and we should judge by the manner in which the Prince soon regained the affection of the mass of the people, that his mistake was speedily and willingly forgotten. But the position Lord PALMERSTON then asserted, and which he for the most part retained, could not pass into oblivion at the Court. And it is certain that the Queen never entertained that cordiality toward him which, for instance, she did for Lord MELBOURNE and does for Earl RUSSELL. To assert, however, that a lady of so true an instinct and so generous a nature could have cherished *animosity* against the Premier, or made his death the occasion of a slight upon his statesmanship, is an idea conceived in the spirit of mere political wantonness. We do not mean to defend Lord PALMERSTON, but we cannot view an attempt to traduce the Queen, who has been our steadiest friend, with any other feeling than that of contempt.

There is, however, in the very attempt to cast a slur upon Queen VICTORIA—for it is no less—a singular illustration of the source of the great popularity which PALMERSTON enjoyed to the day of his death. The English nation have, from the teachings of long and bloody wars, learned the lesson of what wars are. They have come to see that they are, if not unmitigated evils, often, at at least, of doubtful good. And at all events that contests in which they could not safely calculate upon certain success, are best not entered upon at all. Lord PALMERSTON knew this well. He knew the jealousy with which England is regarded by many governments who would gladly humiliate the haughty islanders, and he was well aware that she was more influential as a mere protestant in disputes wherein her military strength would be sorely taxed. And the people were content that, while other countries were distracted by agitations and torn by warfare, she should content herself with announcing her opinion, and thus avoiding the responsibility of appearing to favor wrong-doing. This was the case in respect to the Dano-German war. England protested, tried to keep the peace, and tried to restore peace. And although the ministry were fiercely assailed with accusations that the honor of the country had been sacrificed, the masses of the people had little desire that a British contingent should take the field against the immense available military strength of Austria and Prussia. We might multiply instances of this policy of Lord PALMERSTON, but it is unnecessary. There was a party, however—a small but restless party—who constantly averred that his action arose not from regard for, but from treachery toward, the honor and interests of his countrymen. And they neglected no opportunity, sought the slightest pretext, to damage his fame, until they appeared to have become infected with a species of Palmerston-phobia. They never succeeded in winning any considerable number of believers to their standard. They could not shake the position any more than they could disturb the equanimity of the "judicious bottle-holder," as *Punch* dubbed the dexterous Minister. And their persistent hostility was only a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen. Nor do we believe that the Court itself, though feeling a certain constraint toward him, which was, perhaps, under the circumstances, unavoidable, failed to recognize and appreciate his worth and value to their full extent.

Of course no loyal American can fail to be gratified at the prospect of Her Majesty's complete resumption of her royal duties. The Queen has, all through our contest for national existence, manifested a sympathy with, and regard for, the welfare of the Union, which have endeared her to us all. We know how far her direct interposition has been exerted in our behalf, and we have heard how prominent a place the works of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING hold in her library. The lady who by her domestic life has become a pattern to English women, and by her public career proved her wisdom and foresight, by her restoration to public life, gladdens the hearts of her subjects no less than of those of our countrymen who know her best.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.—The fact that application has been made to Parliament for the charter of eighteen new lines of subterranean railways in the City of London, sufficiently attests the practicability and utility of this method of transportation in large cities. Nearly all the great roads which have their termini in the suburbs of London, are preparing to extend their lines, underground, to the city itself. The safety and speed with which these roads can transport passengers and freight has been demonstrated beyond cavil. The relief it affords to a crowded population is undeniable, and it is just such relief as New-York needs. It doubles the capacity of overburdened avenues of travel. It saves valuable time to all classes of citizens. It will stimulate this metropolis to a healthful and symmetrical growth; and for the people themselves will prove the best sanitary measure that ingenuity can devise. With all these advantages, patent to the dullest thinker, it seems strange that a responsible company should have been delayed a year by vain efforts to obtain the Governor's signature to their charter. The present is a most propitious time to build the road. A subterranean survey of the entire city has just been completed by the Croton Aqueduct Department, and the knowledge thus obtained will be invaluable in the construction of the tunnel. The same department is about to commence a new system of sewerage, and their plans could be made to harmonize with the necessities of the new line, if the company felt warranted in completing their arrangement at once. Delay may cost us untold inconvenience, and cannot possibly prevent the eventual construction of so imperative a necessity as the underground railway has now become.

Presentation of Plate.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday, Dec. 22.

A service of silver plate was presented this evening to WM. G. MOORHEAD, President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, by the Board of Directors, at the Continental Hotel, in the presence of an assemblage of representatives of various railroads and other gentlemen.

The service was intended as a testimonial of appreciation of Mr. MOORHEAD's public services in opening the first railroad communication between the Atlantic and the lakes through Pennsylvania. The presentation address was made by Judge ELLIS LEWIS.

Cold Weather and Heavy Snow-storm on the Plains.

FORT KEARNEY, Friday, Dec. 22.

At 7 o'clock this morning the thermometer here stood at 28 degrees below zero.

Heavy snow-storms have fallen on the plains lately. It is drifted in the hollows between here and the Missouri River, to the depth of fifteen to twenty feet.

No coaches have arrived from Atchison for the last two days.

From San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, Dec. 22.

There is a better feeling in mining stocks. The sales to-day were at the following prices: Ophir, $320; Chollar Potosi, $140@$142; Yellow Jacket, $445@$450. Legal Tenders, 67c. Coal Oil, $1,12½.

Cleared, ship *Isaac Jeanes*, Boyling, for New-York.

The Ship Queen.

FORTRESS MONROE, Saturday, Dec. 23.

The steamer *Chamberlain* has arrived from New-York. She had the ship *Queen* in tow, but encountered heavy gales about the 21st inst., when she broke away from the ship off Abscecomb Light. The ship has not been heard from since.

Impeachment of the Mayor of Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Friday, Dec. 22.

Mayor TOMPPERT has been deposed from office by the Board of Aldermen, who sat as a Court of Impeachment. Ten of the Aldermen voted in favor of his impeachment, and two against it.

Opening of the Mills House in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Wednesday, Dec. 20.

The Mills House in this city was opened today for the first time since the commencement of the war.

Two Barks Ashore.

SANDY HOOK, Saturday, Dec. 23.

Two barks are ashore on the Upper Middle. One is a black one, and the other has painted ports. A tug is alongside of each.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Progress of Reconstruction in the South.

State Government Restored in North Carolina.

Provisional Governor Holden Relieved by Order of the President.

Letter of Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, to Secretary Seward.

He Expresses His Unalterable Purpose to Uphold the Laws of the Union.

Special Dispatches to the New-York Times.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 23.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Secretary of State has, by direction of President JOHNSON, addressed a letter to Provisional Governor HOLDEN, of North Carolina, relieving him from his trust, and expressing the President's acknowledgment of the fidelity, the loyalty and discretion which has marked his administration of affairs in that State. A copy of the letter has been sent to the Governor elect of North Carolina, with the tender of the co-operation of the Government of the United States wherever it may be found necessary in effecting the early restoration and the permanent prosperity and welfare of the State over which he has been called upon to preside.

These official communications are similar, with the exception of names, to those recently addressed to the Governors elect and Provisional Governors of other Southern States, with a similar purpose.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following response from Gov. ORR has been received by telegraph:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 22, 1865.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State:

The Legislature adjourned yesterday at noon. Gov. PERRY has returned to his home in Greenville. Your dispatch has been forwarded to him by mail.

It will be very gratifying to the people of South Carolina that her government has been intrusted to officers of their own selection.

In their name I thank you for the tender of co-operation of the Government of the United States when found necessary in effecting the early restoration and permanent prosperity and welfare of the State.

You may be assured of my unalterable purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States, and in advancing the honor, interest and prosperity of a common country.

JAMES L. ORR,
Governor of South Carolina.

SUIT AGAINST THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON.

LEWIS CLEPHANE, Collector of Internal Revenue; Z. C. ROBBINS, Register of Wills, and J. H. CROSSMAN have entered a suit in the District of Columbia Supreme Court against the Mayor of Washington, the members of the City Councils, and the Register of this city, to restrain them from paying out of the corporation funds the expenses of the recent election to take the sense of the citizens in relation to negro suffrage.

The complainants take the ground that there is no authority given in the municipal charter for the holding of elections of a political character, or to determine or ascertain the views of the residents in reference to the extension of the elective franchise to persons of color in this district.

Judge CARTER made an order that the respondents appear on Tuesday next, to show cause why an injunction should not issue as prayed for.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

A petition to Congress is in circulation to-day for signatures in favor of negro suffrage.

PARDON BUSINESS DULL.

The issuing of pardons has almost entirely ceased. About a dozen requisitions were made to-day for North Carolina cases—all of the twenty thousand dollars class.

RETURN OF SECRETARY STANTON.

Secretary STANTON returned to the city last evening from his visit to Ohio.

From the Pacific Coast.

MAXIMILIAN—REPORTED REVOLT IN MEXICO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, Dec. 23.

Advices from Mexico state that a revolution against MAXIMILIAN has taken place, and that Gen. LOPEZ and his officers have been driven from power.

The steamer *Constitution* has arrived, with the passengers who left New-York on the 1st inst. She left at Panama the United States steamer *Cyane*.

Fire in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Saturday, Dec. 23.

A fire on the corner of Main and Second streets, in Fon du Lac on Thursday night, destroyed between forty and fifty thousand dollars worth of property. Insurance $20,000.

Railroad Accident in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Saturday, Dec. 23.

The mail train on the North Carolina Road ran off near Concord yesterday, killing J. A. WHITE, Express Messenger, and Mr. OATS, the Baggage-master. Other particulars of the accident are unknown.

From Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, Saturday, Dec. 23.

The naval steamer *De Soto* left for Washington to-day.

The Eleventh Connecticut Regiment left for home last night.

The Boston Theatre.

BOSTON, Saturday, Dec. 23.

EDWIN BOOTH and J. S. CLARKE have leased the Boston Theatre for the ensuing year.

The Hibernian Outward Bound.

PORTLAND, Me., Saturday, Dec. 23.

The steamship *Hibernian*, Capt. DALTON, sailed for Liverpool and Londonderry at 7 o'clock this evening.

Fernando Wood and his Leases.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

Mr. WOOD, during the late city canvass, while preaching retrenchment and reform at Cooper Institute, belaboring everybody but himself and Mr. HECKER for corruption and extravagance, took particular pains to abuse the Board of Supervisors for its shortcomings in the way of "leases," &c. He forgot, however, to state that the Supervisors leased all the marble building, (above the first story,) of Nos. 71 and 73 Duane-street, near Broadway, for less than $4,000 per annum. This building is fifty feet front by eighty deep, and furnished up as court-rooms, jury rooms, offices, &c. WOOD's building in Nassau-street is about the same dimensions, one floor of which only he lets to the corporation for the trifling sum—having "retrenchment and reform" in his "single eye"—of $18,000.

Modest this, especially for a "reformer." This proceeding of the immaculate FERNANDO is very much on the principle of the rogue crying stop thief. He growls and barks at a shadow, but runs off with the biggest kind of a bone. Where will the impudence of this man find a resting place?

MARVINE.

Twenty-second Ward—Brady—Allen—Masterson.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

Our Alderman PETER, surnamed MASTERSON, quietly hints to you in his note of yesterday that the vote of the Seventh Election District of the Twenty-second Ward was influenced by the fact that Mr. BRADY resides there. "Jist so," PETER. Did it never occur to you that for this precise reason a man's vote might be terribly small? You know, PETER, that electors do not always appreciate candidates. In this case we have a better test than you suggest. It is this: O'BRYON run as School Trustee on the same ticket with BRADY. His vote is 100, while BRADY's is 111, giving him the advantage in popularity of 11 votes. SIMONSON run as School Trustee on the same ticket with ALLEN. His vote was 222, while ALLEN's was 210, giving SIMONSON the advantage in popularity of 12 votes. Now, PETER, I think this is a fair test, so far as analogy goes, but let me ask on what hypothesis, except of blunder, or something worse, Mr. BRADY could get more votes than HOFFMAN, HECKER and GUNTHER, all combined? Their united vote is 183, and ROBERTS' 197. 'Twont do, PETER. Facts and figures, and remembrances of the canvassing officers, are too plain and too unmistakable. BRADY *did not get 211 votes*.

A VOTER OF THE SEVENTH DISTRICT.

CHICAGO.—Great is Chicago, and the following incident related by the *Journal* illustrates the fact: Yesterday morning, a matronly lady, with a physiognomy indicating that she was strong-minded, was put on the witness stand at the city court to testify to a case on trial. Being pestered a little by the counsel for the defence, she exclaimed, raising herself up to her full height, and with a gleam of triumph in her eyes: "I ain't afraid of the whole of you; you can't scare me; I have lived in Chicago ten years, and any-one that has lived in Chicago ten years need not be afraid of the d—l!"

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Interesting Letters from Our London and Paris Correspondents.

The Fenian Convictions--British Mode of Punishing Conspirators.

Denunciation of Gov. Eyre's Course in Jamaica.

The Attempt of Europe to Reconquer the New World.

HOW THANKSGIVING DAY WAS KEPT IN PARIS.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

More Fenians Convicted—British Logic and Ferocity—The Jamaica Excitement—Gov. Eyre Denounced A Murderer—Three Great Powers Moving—What of the Fourth?—The Queen to Open Parliament—Poor Mrs. Yelverton.

LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 9, 1865.

No news of STEVENS. But, if we cannot catch the leader we mean to make clean work with his subordinates. JOHN O'LEARY, editor of the *People*, who has been allowed to go on for three years writing treason, is now tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years penal servitude. In sentencing him, the judge quoted from one of STEVENS' letters a denunciation of treason. The Fenian leader was willing to punish treason to the Fenians. Of course the government is quite as willing to punish treason against itself. It is a game that two can play at, this treason and its punishment. After all, it seems to amount only to a difference of opinion, with rather a strong penalty for disagreement. Englishmen have had too many successful and unsuccessful rebellions to look upon treason as involving moral guilt. It is like a race in which you win or lose—gain the prize or pay the penalty. STEVENS, for whom a reward of a thousand pounds is offered, and who, if caught, will get the severest punishment the law allows, if he were only a Frenchman, Italian, Pole, Hungarian, or Confederate American, would be treated in London as a hero and patriot. STEVENS and JOHN MITCHELL find plenty of sympathy in New-York or Paris, just as Lieut. MAURY and Capt. SEMMES did in London. In fact, we men of the world—we people of enlarged views and liberal sympathies—like all rebels and traitors except those that threaten our own henroosts. Ireland is our henroost, and those who wish to see old CROMWELL over again, or Irishmen treated like the negroes of Jamaica, had better get up an insurrection. They would not fail to see the worst horrors of the last three centuries repeated. English officers and soldiers to-day are quite as brutal as they were a hundred years ago. It is because the bishops and priests of Ireland know what would come to their flocks, to the women and children, that they dread any act which may unchain the tiger.

After LUBY and O'LEARY had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, one of the lesser offenders was tried, the blacksmith, arrested for making pikes. His trial was short, and his sentence in proportion to his offence. He gets ten years, and being a good workman, he can serve his Queen and country to some advantage. If a man gets ten years imprisonment here for hammering out a few pike-heads, what, by the same rule, should be the punishment of those who have fought four years against the government in America? Certainly there is a difference. There is also a difference between Irishmen and negroes. In Jamaica the suspicion of treason is punished by giving a man a hundred lashes first and hanging him afterward.

LUBY, on being sentenced, recognized the guilt of treason toward one's friend, or king, or country, "but," said he, "England is not my country, and I have betrayed no friends or benefactors. HAMPDEN and SIDNEY were traitors, and JEFFREYS and NORBURY were loyal men. I leave my case with my countrymen and posterity."

They sentenced the Irish HAMPDEN to twenty years' penal servitude; and were quite right, according to the logic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is remarkably luminous on this subject. It says:

> "Mr. LUBY's view, that his legal guilt did not involve his moral guilt, is perfectly intelligible. There have been cases in which high treason was a moral duty. We venerate the memory of the traitors—for such they undoubtedly were—who overthrew JAMES II. The great bulk of the English people said, 'Well done!' when GARIBALI revolutionized Naples. The moral guilt of treason depends entirely upon the presence or absence of a sufficient cause for rebellion, and of a reasonable chance of success; and treason against ourselves ought, for all moral purposes, to be viewed in the light of this principle, although for legal purposes it must of course be treated in this, as in every other country, as one of the greatest of crimes."

But who is to judge of the sufficiency of cause for rebellion—those who rebel, or those who are rebelled against—or is it to be referred to "the just judgment of mankind?" The *Gazette* says:

> "There would have been no sort of inconsistency in applauding GARIBALDI for rightfully attacking the King of Naples, and hanging STEPHENS for rightfully attacking the Queen of England. You kill the wolf that springs at you, but you do not think the worse of him. You hang a rebel, although you may be inclined to say, 'I would have done the same in his place.' You shoot a French invader through the head, and you would have thought him an infamous coward if he refused to invade you."

There seems a slight confusion here. You shot an invading Frenchman no doubt, in opposing his landing, but you do not hang him. On the contrary, when he is taken prisoner, and has given his parole, you invite him to dinner, and treat him with every courtesy. The moment an enemy is acknowledged as a belligerent, he may be opposed to the death in fair fight, but he cannot be hanged when defeated or a prisoner.

And while quoting this most respectable authority of Pall Mall, let us confirm it by an opinion of English character, which I have once or twice hinted, and and which some J. B. in New-York, enjoying his bitter beer or bottled stout, in some congenial shades, may have thought a piece of Yankee prejudice. The *Gazette* says:

> "India and Jamaica have shown, what had been been proved before upon a hundred fields of battle, that Englishmen raised to a white heat of fury are about the fiercest, the most terrible, and the most relentless enemies—so long as resistance, or any suggestion of it continues—with whom any human creature need wish to deal, If the Fenians had succeeded in getting up a civil war, they and all Europe would have seen a sight in Ireland which would not have been forgotten for generations, perhaps for centuries."

The fight over the Jamaica rebellion grows stronger day by day. The Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society says Gov. EYRE is a butcher and a murderer, who ought to be hanged. HENRY KINGSLEY says he is a brave and humane man who has always taken the part of the negroes against the whites. CHARLES BUXTON denounces his conduct, and demands his removal and trial. MARY EYRE, the sister of the Governor, writes a letter to the *Star* in his defence, and gets anonymous letters and telegrams, telling her that her brother ought to be hanged. Miss EYRE is a clever and plucky woman, who has written books of travel in the South of France and the Pyrenees. BEDFORD PYNE gives his account of the laziness, insolence and immorality of the Jamaica negroes, and the bad conduct of their religious teachers. The public, as I have before said, divides into two violent parties on the subject, the tories, conservatives, and what may be called the aristocratic party, taking one side, and the liberal, progressive and philanthropic party the other. But there are embarrassing circumstances, and curious exceptions. Gov. EYRE, himself, belongs to the liberal and philanthropic party. HENRY KINGSLEY, who defends his character, is a writer of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the actual government is composed of men who have taken pretty extreme views of the rights of the negroes.

The Peace Society has memorialized the government respecting the Jamaica business. Mr. JOHN STUART MILL has written from the continent, approving of a general meeting. The elements of fight are gathering strongly, and of course the peacemakers and philanthropists are in the van of the battle. The sharpest move I have seen, so far, however, is the very practical one of the Directors of the Star Insurance Company, with whom the life of Mr. GORDON, who has just been hanged in Jamaica, was insured for £2,500, who have unanimously resolved to pay over the amount at once to his widow. This is what Englishmen call backing their opinions, with a vengeance! It is probably the first case of the kind that ever happened in the world's history. Will not the Fenians take the hint and insure their lives for the benefit of their families, in some friendly and sympathetic company?

There is a question which may interest Americans during the next ten years, and which it might be well enough to to think of now. It is the question of a route across the continent to the Pacific, and so on to Japan, China and India. It is, in fact, the old question of the northwest passage, only lower down. Some years ago, when JEFFERSON DAVIS was Secretary of War, he came to the opinion that the best railroad route across the Rocky Mountains was in what is now considered British territory. English engineers have come to the same conviction, and also that the quickest and cheapest route from Liverpool to Kong Kong, and to that vast empire which they mean to subjugate commercially, if in no other way, is across North America, and that it lies through Canada, and British Columbia—through a region, which, west of Lake Superior, is mild and fertile, and which will be one day the seat of a great empire.

On the other hand, the Emperor of the French means to have a much shorter route to his East Indian possessions across Mexico, where his railways are now being built, while the lines of steamers will be ready at Acapulco, from whence, in the old times, sailed the Manila galeons, loaded with the silver of the New World.

Thus we have, on this side of the ocean, three great powers, all striking for that garden of the world, Southeastern Asia—England, France and Russia—and each Power is striving for commercial and military conquest. Russia has crossed the Caucasus, and stands now on the borders of India and China, ready to advance. The Russian system is one of incorporation or colonization. Become Russians if you will; but if not, give place to the Cossacks. When there is resistance it is only to fight, and a war of twenty or thirty years, a continual eating war along the frontiers, is a matter of no consequence. It is a mode of growth, a sort of prickly outer bark, like that of the locust tree, or some cacti. The Russian Commander calls his Cossacks around him, and says, "Advance, my little boys, and all the land you take from the enemy shall be yours;" and they advance accordingly—take the land, settle on it in military colonies, always ready to fight for ti, while other landless "little boys," advance further and take more land, for themselves and their children. This is the Russian style—the style in which the northern hordes overran the Roman Empire. One of these days, England, France and Russia will stand face to face, where neither can advance without stepping on the toes of the other; and where an irresistible force meets an immovable body, every body knows what happens.

But there happens to be another great Power in the world, which may be inconvenient. Two might unite against a third, but a fourth makes the game even again. England and France hoped a little while ago that the great Power that threatened to dominate one-half the world and hold the other in check had fallen in pieces. The best hope now is that its almost severed fragments may not firmly unite. The Philadelphia correspondent of the London *Times* has given new hope to those who dread the cordial reunion of the North and South—hope to those who would have the country weakened by its own divisions. This hope comes from the test-oath adopted by Congress, which is published in yesterday's paper. Of course, no man likely to be chosen as a Representative of any Southern Congressional District can take the oath, and if it is retained, what is called restoration or reconstruction is impossible. The Union is a sham, and they who feared it are comforted. However, their comfort may be of short duration. A single act of Congress, or a decision of the Supreme Court, would remove every difficulty, and "E Pluribus Unum" would glitter as brightly as ever on the western horizon.

Parliament is to meet on the 1st day of February, and to be opened by Her Majesty in person, after a fashion. That is to say, Her Majesty will be in mourning, and will not wear her royal robe and crown. She thinks her widow's cap—a precious ugly head-dress to my thinking—more becoming to her than the crown jewels. So the robes will be brought in and laid on the throne. She will not read the speech, as formerly, which is of no consequence, for it is never worth reading. And instead of the great humbug gewgaw, the State coach, she will use a dress carriage. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a sovereign is better than no money, but Englishmen, who believe in ceremonies, and keep up all sorts of fusty old humbugs, like the Lord Mayor's procession, do not like to abandon one tittle of the ancient observances—not a single horsehair of their judges and lawyers' wigs, not a form of circumlocution, be it ever so absurd and ever so costly.

But I rejoice to think that when the ceremony of the opening is over, there will be merry work in the House of Commons. No PALMERSTON to bully them into submission by the sheer force of an audacious will. GLADSTONE will be bated like a bear. JOHN BRIGHT will ride the liberal whirlwind and direct the radical storm. The newspapers fight about Gov. EYRE, and the negroes will be fought over in the House, and on this very rock the liberal government may go in pieces. RUSSELL depends upon the reform and abolition support. He is gathering information on which to base a suffrage extension. He will probably try to gain time by appointing a commission. The radicals will not wait. They have got all the information they want. What they ask now is not statistics, but votes. Give them the bill they demand and they would have a majority in Parliament, and with that everything else to suit them. Is it at all likely that the actual govering class in England will resign its power into the hands of an entirely different class? I do not see the remotest probability of such a surrender. Nor do I believe that the common people—the great mass of the working millions—wish for political power, or have any definite idea of what they would do if they had it. However that may be, the men who own England, whose revenues are drawn from the labor of England, and who now govern it in their own fashion, are not in the least likely to give their power into the hands of an entirely different set of men. Not if they know it.

Pending the Fenian trials in Dublin, the Irish members are holding their council, and the four Roman Catholic Archbishops have been in London conferring with Sir GEORGE GREY, and settling with him the establishment of an Irish Catholic University. The government is well disposed, and as there is no knowing how long its good dispositions or itself may last, these venerable prelates have lost no time in securing what might not be granted at another time or by another administration. The governmant wants all the strength it can gain from any quarter, and the conservatives are very willing that the liberals should settle such matters, seeing that their own party in Ireland is of the strongest stripe of ultra Protestant Orangism.

Among the other subjects which will be submitted to the coming Parliament will be several of a religious character. There will be a strong assault upon the Irish Church Establishment, of course. There will be an effort to put down Puseyism, with its candles, crosses, vestments, incense, and all the "mummeries," lately adopted by these "English Catholics," which seem to an old-fashioned Romanist somewhat like the honors conferred on GOLDSMITH when he was scribbling so hard for bread and butter. Give him honors, he said, was like bestowing ruffles on a man who had no shirt.

Then Mr. GRANT DUFF is to move for a royal commission to make a new authorized translation of the New Testament, the present one having some errors, which ought not to be upheld by act of Parliament. Somebody will offer an amendment including the Old Testament in the scope of the commission, and recommending Bishop COLENZO as one of the Commissioners. There will be a great debate on the cattle plague, with eloquent speeches by Mr. DISRAELI and Sir FITZROY KELLEY. Possibly the great Oxford bread and butter question will come up for settlement, and university morals will be attacked and defended.

Poor Mrs. YELVERTON has met with another defeat. Never had romantic heroine more reverses. She sued the *Saturday Review* for libel. The jury were six to six, and declared that there was no likelihood of agreeing, but as the Judge would not let them off, they asked for, and got some refreshments, and after what may be supposed to be a strong fight, three were brought over. In a Scotch court, nine to three carries a verdict, and the nine in this case were against the lady. The audience hissed the verdict, and hissed the jury as it left the court. There is still an appeal to the House of Lords pending—an appeal for leave to put Maj. YELVERTON upon his oath as to the fact of their marriage. And she has an idea that he would swear that he is guilty of bigamy. He went on his knees in church, and swore to be her husband—but the church was a Roman Catholic one, in Ireland, and, according to English law, a Protestant can get married every day in the week without incurring any penalty.

The new Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. MANNING, is very active—writing, publishing, preaching. Of course he draws crowds everywhere, for he is one of the clearest-headed men who can be heard in England, where pulpit eloquence is of the rarest. Among the great works he has undertaken is that of building a new cathedral, which will be a monument to the late Cardinal, and a fitting center for the Church in England. It is to be built on the site of Cambridge House, the late residence of Lord PALMERSTON, on the finest point of Piccadilly, overlooking Green Park, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. I do not know its dimensions, but if it should be as large as St. Peter's, the good Anglicans will all call it a "chapel."

The Mormons are holding a conference at Bristol, at which BRIGHAM YOUNG junior is the chief attraction. The west of England and Wales supply the greater portion of Mormon converts and emigrants from this country. It is the newest and the most living thing in the way of a religion that they know of. Then it offers to take them out of England and into a far-off paradise before they die, which is an inducement. The heavy surplus of women in this country, who are condemned to celibacy, is also, no doubt, an element in the success of the saints, and the prospect of a vulgar fraction of a husband is something to those whose desolation here is hopeless. The Mormons are very earnest, the people are very ignorant. They have no religion, and work for eight shillings a week. With a hard chance in this world, and no hope of another, they are in a fit state for missionary effort. The Mormon preacher comes, and in his rough, homely, sympathizing, enthusiastic eloquence, tells them of a land of plenty, flowing with milk and honey, where every woman can have at least her fair share of a husband, and every man as many wives as the patriarchs, with paradise in the prospective. Is it strange that they succeed—that ship-loads of Mormon emigrants leave English seaports regularly to cross the Atlantic, and that Mormon conferences are held in the oldest towns in England?

The Argosy, the new sixpenny magazine of SAMPSON, LOW & CO., is said to have had a sale of 20,000 copies on the first day of publication—a great success for this country, considering the number of cheap periodicals. It comes, however, from a solid house, and its bill of fare is quite up to the shilling standard. Literature generally is more successful in England now than at any former period. It is almost the sole form of intellectual life. Of society, as it existed a century ago, there is very little. Of public teaching in lectures, speeches, or sermons, very little. The drama is mostly borrowed from the French, and is of the lightest character of mere fun and farce, or sensational rather than intellectual. A hundred years ago, English tragedies and comedies were produced in abundance, and there were English actors of the highest excellence. To-day we have neither authors nor actors. I do not forget the BOUCICAULTS, nor the dramatic versions of the novels of CHARLES READE and Miss BRADDON, nor the adaptations of TOM TAYLOR, nor the very exceptionrl cleverness of Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS. Still, on the whole, we rely on the periodical press and the circulating libraries. We are better off for music, and that is about all that can really drag a man from his club or his chimney corner.

The United States Consul at Dublin has published a proclamation of great interest in the old country. He calls upon the next of kin of all Irishmen who have died in the American military service to come forward and claim arrears of pay, prize money and pensions. Thousands of pounds, he says, are lying in the treasury, which the government is anxious to pay over to the proper claimants. This will carry a gleam of comfort to many a desolate hearth in that not too happy country.

The actual news, you see, is not much this week. We are in a general state of expectancy. Christmas is coming, with plumb puddings and pantomimes, and as much roast beef as the state of the market will allow. The holiday festivities will just land us safely at the opening session of Parliament, by which time all the Fenians will be tried, and we shall know all about Jamaica. Until February, our most important news must come from Washington.

MONADNOCK.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanksgiving Day in the French Capital—Splendid Dinner and Abundance of Patriotism.

PARIS, Friday, Dec. 8, 1865.

We had a tremendous Thanksgiving celebration last night at the Grand Hotel. The finishing touch in the conversion of this famous rebel wigwam must have been given by this demonstration. The owners of the hotel must have found out by this time who the "American people" really are. On a certain occasion, before the fall of Vicksburgh, when a group of loyal men were gathered together in this hotel for a Fourth of July breakfast, they were obliged to submit to the lowering of their flag by the employes of the hotel at the order of the Secessionist lodgers in the house, and that too under the nose of the American Minister, who was of the party of loyal men. Like many other people, they had imbibed the doctrine so loudly and so carefully inculcated abroad by the Secessionists and their friends, the enemies of the republic, that all the worth, the respectability, and the value of America, even from a hotel-keeper's point of view, came from the South, and the people of the North were treated accordingly. The sudden termination of the war gave a singularly rude and unwelcome shock to the beclouded senses of the keepers of the hotel, and their conversion, which commenced at once, must, we think, have been clinched by last night's performance. It is to be hoped that hereafter, here or elsewhere, there will be no distinction between North and South, and that all may enjoy alike the rights which pertain to neutral ground.

Something like 300 ladies and gentlemen, exclusively Americans, and exclusively I believe Northern people, sat down to this Thanksgiving Dinner. The people of the hotel did the handsome thing, both in prices and in decorations, for the price of the dinner was fixed so low as to suggest an atonement for past sins, and as for the decorations, they were all that was required for a hall already so magnificently adorned.

Mr. CHARLES BOWLES was the active man in the management of the affair, aided, however, by other active men: Mr. Monroe, Mr. Richards, Mr. Hoe, Dr. Evans, Mr. Patridge, Mr. Cleghorn, Mr. Du Flon, Col. Hay, and others, whose names I do not now recollect.

The chair was occupied by the Hon. JOHN JAY, of New-York, supported on the right by His Excellency JOHN BIGELOW, and on the left by Major-Gen. SCHOFIELD, of the United States army. Brig.-Gen. SCHOFIELD and Gen. WERRY, aid to Major Gen. SCHOFIELD, also occupied places on the platform.

The opening prayer was made by Rev. Dr. CANFIELD, of Western New-York. The President, before reading the first toast, spoke in a manner which called out the most enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience, of the happy termination of the war, of the progress of reconstruction, and especially of the eminent qualities of the present Chief Magistrate of the United States. The first toast was to the President of the United States—(there appears to have been no discussion here, contrary to what always takes place in England, as to whether the President of the United States or the monarch of the country ought to be toasted first)—and was received with so many rounds of cheers that we lost all memory of their number. Decidedly ANDY JOHNSON is a popular man.

The toast to the Emperor NAPOLEON was also loudly applauded. The toasts to the memory of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN were drank silent and standing.

The next toast was to the Diplomatic and Consular representatives of the United States abroad, and was responded to first, by Mr. BIGELOW, who, in the course of a felicitous speech, made the significant and important declaration that "the policy of the American Government was peace with all mankind; and that, at the present moment, as far as the eye of any statesman could penetrate into the future, there was no probability of a rupture of the good relations which exist between the United States and every other country." It was hard to tell whether this good news was received generally by, the audience in a pleasant temper or not, for above the din of applauding voices was heard the voice of at least one irrepressible individual, who put in a protest of "Mexico! Mexico!" whenever NAPOLEON or the foreign policy of the United States was referred to. The audience were probably all anti-Maximilian, but they were willing that all public acts in that sense on foreign soil be performed by their diplomatic representatives, and in the regular way.

Mr. NICOLAY, American Consul at Paris, was also called upon and responded, declaring that as Consul he had become a man of figures; that if he should tell them of the amount of goods he "manifested" for the United States, and especially of fine silks, that they would be frightened. But he appeased the audience, and threw it into an uproarious cheer, by declaring that he knew the ladies of America to be worthy of wearing all the silks and fineries Europe could send them.

The next toast was to the Army and Navy of the United States, and was responded to by Major-Gen. SCHOFIELD. We have no need to tell you who Gen. SCHOFIELD is. His history and exploits are recorded with those of GRANT, and SHERMAN, and the rest of the brilliant general officers, who, at last, as the war progressed, pierced through and above the heads of the other brave and patriotic men who were fighting for their country. We thank you for sending him to us, for those of us who live abroad were thirsting to look upon the men we had read so much about, and admired so much, and had so often wished God-speed. The ladies say the General is a handsome man, the gentlemen say he looks like a hard nut to crack, in war or in peace, and from the speech he made we should say the General was a big-brained man, take him where you will. He was applauded vociferously.

The next toast was to the clergy of the United States, and was responded to by Rev. Dr. SUNDERLAND, Pastor of the American Chapel in the Rue de Berry. The Doctor, who is a natural orator, was never more happy than on this occasion, and his colleagues at home may rest assured that he did the toast in their honor ample justice. The Doctor is noted for his hatred of the rebellion, and when asked for the secret of this hatred, he limits himself to the statement that he lived four years in Washington. That tells, in fact, the whole story.

The press was then toasted, and some kind things were said of the TIMES and of its correspondent, for which the latter returned thanks. Mr. BUFFUM, of the *Herald*, was also called for, and made the best dinner speech of the evening. He said that after all the gentleman at his right, Col. HOE, was the Nestor of the press, and the man who ought to be toasted. He charged Mr. HOE, a good Union man, with the crime of furnishing the press on which the London *Times* had been able to print its millions of lies against America—a "soft impeachment" which the Colonel was not looking for, and which, being called to his feet, he backed out of the best way he could. At any rate he furnished the London *Daily News* and *Star*, with presses which neutralized those of the *Times*, and moreover the *Times'* presses were made before the war and before that paper had fallen into its deplorable habits.

The toast to the ladies was replied to by Col. HAY, Secretary of Legation at Paris, in a speech sparkling with wit from beginning to end, and which suggested the idea that however good a soldier the Colonel may have been, he must certainly be ranked with the men capable of "thinking well on their feet."

Mr. BRIAN, of Chicago, was called upon and made an excellent volunteer speech.

Rev. Mr. BROOKS, of New-Haven, recited some patriotic verses of his own, and others written by Miss REDDEN, and then, after singing some verses written by Mr. BOKER, to the tune of "Old Hundred," the vast audience broke up, delighted with the evening's performances.

WANTEUFFEL's famous band made the music for the occasion, and was not by any means the smallest attraction of the evening. Only, after getting the hang of "Yankee Doodle," and finding that the audience laughed, as they thought approvingly, at their frequent recurrence to it, the rebel halls of the Grand Hotel got a surfeit of it, and for those of us who knew how much need those halls had of such sanitary application, there was no fault to find with M. WANTEUFFEL's mistake.

MALAKOFF.

The New-York and Galveston Steamship Line.

SAILING OF THE NEW STEAMSHIP SARAGOSSA—REVIVAL OF TRADE IN TEXAS.

The fine new steamship *Saragossa*, of Mr. A. LEARY's line, sailed from Pier No. 50, North River, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, for Galveston, under command of Captain GIFFORD. She took out a large freight of general merchandise for the Texan market, and about a dozen passengers. This ship is a consort of the *Charles C. Leary*, a steamer that Capt. BURSLEY has run between this port and Galveston six months or more, but the *Saragossa* is a larger and swifter craft, and is expected to make the trip in about nine days and a half, or two days short of the *Leary's* passages. Since the close of the war a considerable trade has sprung up in Texas, and not only all the old lines of coasters have been uniformly well freighted both to and from Galveston but Mr. LEARY's steamship business has increased until it has become necessary to build new steamers. Hereafter, until another ship can be built, the *Leary* and *Saragossa* will make fortnightly trips between New-York and Galveston, taking cabin passengers for $75, steerage passengers for $45, and freight at usual rates.

It is represented that there are large quantities of cotton in the interior of Texas that the owners, who have just begun to place confidence in United States Treasury notes, are now hurrying forward to market. Further inland, in Texas, the inhabitants do not to this day understand the value of the United States currency, and they hold their cotton to await the arrival of purchasers who will pay them in gold. A city firm that recently sent an agent to buy cotton in Galveston, Houston and Austin, recently missed realizing $150,000 profit by failing to send specie in season to close their agent's contract.

It is furthermore represented that in Galveston there is a fine opening for Northern young men of enterprise and small capital—just now particularly for carpenters and builders. Capt. GIFFORD says that when he last arrived at Galveston he was constrained to keep his passengers on shipboard until the vessel sailed, because they could not find lodgings in the city. Property-holders in Galveston are looking hopefully forward to the completion of a new railway line from their city, due north, nine hundred miles, to the Pacific Railway line, striking that road at either Lawrence or Emporia, in Kansas, and cutting off a vast western traffic that now flows four thousand miles through the perilous channels of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. About 150 miles of this railroad have been built, and Congress has guaranteed aid in constructing the remainder; so that there seems to be little doubt that the road may be finished within five years. With the finest port on the gulf, and with a railway through Texas, Western Arkansas and Kansas, taking passengers and freight to the gulf in less than half the time and at much less expense than by the river routes, the inhabitants of Galveston may well look forward to a great future for their city.

Skating Yesterday at the Fifth-avenue Pond.

Those disappointed skaters who looked anxiously but in vain all day yesterday for the significant and inviting "ball up," will probably be gratified by its appearance in its most brilliant color on Christmas day, when, if we may trust present indications, there will be good ice at the Park, good weather, and a fair field for all comers. Yesterday, however, although the frost was encouragingly severe, it was thought prudent to give it undisturbed opportunity for another day's work. But at the Fifth-avenue Pond matters were quite otherwise. There was excellent skating, and from an early hour in the morning the ice was thronged by a constant succession of merry visitors, who seemed, with hardly an exception, to enjoy themselves quite as heartily as they could possibly have expected. Major OATMAN this season far outdoes even his own past efforts, and has even attained to the dignity of cold goose; so that inexperienced and shaky skaters, and those who doubt the endurance of their lower limbs, can take the precaution of fortifying themselves for the ordeal by indulgence in an additional *leg*, and thus, no doubt, come out, not merely with credit, but triumphant.

GENERAL CITY NEWS.

THE MARKETS LAST EVENING.—The rookeries wherein New-Yorkers do their marketing are on any Saturday evening scenes of absorbing interest, particularly if the person who visits them can find anything interesting in a jam. Yesterday and last evening they were literally packed, and hence charmingly amusing to everybody that had nothing to do but lounge at their portals. Their alleys were blockaded by long lines of housewives preparing for the dual Christmas dinners of to-day and to-morrow, not an individual of whom would buy so much as the wing of a turkey until she had squeezed through the panting crowd and cheapened everything and selected precisely the luxuries that hit her fancy, and of course not one of these housewives found a farthing's discrepancy in the vender's prices, or a particle of difference in the flesh and fruit that the marketmen exposed for sale. The merchants were uncommonly amiable; and well they might be; for they delight in large margins of profit, and these they realized to their heart's content last evening. In Washington Market one dealer, entering into the spirit of the Christmas season, and fully enjoying the per cents that he was accumulating, thrust a turkey's wing into his hat, after the manner of the misses' who wear feathers in their jockeys, and after the business of the day had been closed he danced a hornpipe on the floor of his empty stall with $100 clear profit in his pocket. In Centre Market the beef kings, the opulent Lalors and Lawrences, took their gains with greater gravity; nevertheless, a merry twinkle in the hearty LALOR's eye indicated no little gratification at the result of his sales; BRYAN LAWRENCE, ditto. The crush was greatest in Union Market at about 8 o'clock, and between 8 and 9 locomotion was hardly possible in any of the markets; but by 9:30 nearly every dealer had closed out his stock. Before 10 the gas was turned off, and the marketmen, following the example of their customers, went home to prepare for a merry Christmas day.

EXERCISES AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 19.—A very pleasant and interesting entertainment was given last evening in Grammar School No. 19, situated in Houston-street, near Essex-street. On the platform, which was neatly decorated with the American flag, were seated School Commissioner JAMES L. MILLER, School Trustees JAMES L. SLOTE, GEORGE H. NEANDER, N. SEGAR and GEORGE STUTZMAN. Mr. WILLIAM LITCHFIELD occupied the chair, and opened the exercises in a few preliminary remarks. The programme was rich and varied, and was well received by a large and respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, that filled the large room to overflowing. Mr. HERMAN D. WEAGE presided at the piano during the evening, and performed his part with great ability. The opening address, by WILLIAM H. KANE, reflected credit on that young gentleman. A very concise and well-edited paper was then read by the editor, DAVID LEGARE, and received the hearty laughter and applause of the audience. Mr. CHARLES T. SCHONDELIMER read an original and well-written essay on "Modern Ethnology." An able debate on the question, "Was the execution of Major ANDRE justifiable?" followed; and the decision of the question being left to the school officers, they, after due deliberation, decided in favor of the affirmative side, which received the hearty approval of all present. The declamation on "ADAMS and JEFFERSON," and recitation, "Jeriah Jobonus's Oration," were both finely delivered by CHARLES KREIZER and JULIUS KORNFIELD. Short and impressive addresses were made by JAMES L. MILLER, ROBERT FETIGREW, and GEORGE F. STIENBRENNER, after which the audience retired.

HOME FOR FALLEN WOMEN.—The Home, which is located at No. 22 West Houston-street, will be opened on New Year's Day. Religious services will be held in the building on Wednesday next, the 27th inst., at 3½ P. M. The special objects of the gentlemen who have the institution under their charge is to serve that large class of young girls who have been led astray, but who, having just entered upon a life of vice, most of them through artful temptations of various kinds, and many by the pressure of poverty, are hopeful subjects of Christian and philanthropic effort. The committee are desirous, if possible, to secure sufficient funds to purchase or erect a building, and thus make it a permanent institution. In the meantime, they need money to sustain it from day to day. Contributions of any amount, large or small, are urgently solicited, and may be sent to any of the undersigned members of the committee: A. R. Wetmore, No. 81 Vesey-street; Rev. E. D. G. Prime, No. 37 Park-row; R. N. Havens, No. 15 Nassau-street; Stephen Cutter, No. 128 East Twelfth-street; M. Allison, No. 307 Bleecker-street; H. K. Bull, No. 177 Water-street; R. L. Murray, No. 35 Broadway; Walter Edwards, No. 49 William-street; E. L. Trowbridge, No. 35 West Twenty-fifth-street; J. W. Hayes, No. 40 Water-street; James Donaghe, Ashland House, Fourth-avenue; Z. S. Ely, Treasurer, No. 101 Front-street.

LAUNCH OF THE EASTERN STAR.—The splendid steamer *Eastern Star*, built by Messrs. ENGLIS & SON, was successfully launched from their yard, foot of Tenth-street, East River, at 1:15 o'clock yesterday. The *Eastern Star* is a side-wheel steamer of 1,000 tons burden, is 250 feet long, 34 feet beam and 11 feet depth of hold. Her engines were built at the Morgan Iron Works, of this city, and are of the walking-beam style. The cylinders are 56 inches in diameter, with 11 feet stroke of piston. The *Eastern Star* is owned by ISAAC RICH, of Boston, and is intended to run between Boston and Gardiner, on the Kennebec River.

CHRISTMAS SOLDIERS' FESTIVAL.—To-morrow the ladies connected with the Soldiers' Home, Nos. 50 and 52 Howard-street, will hold a festival for the benefit of those returning veterans who have not yet succeeded in reaching home to participate in the family reunions. The festival will comprise a substantial dinner, addresses and singing. Those who take an interest in the welfare of our brave veterans, will derive peculiar pleasure from attending the Soldiers' Chrismas Festival at the Home.

CARMAN KILLED.—JOHN MEAD, a carman, residing in One Hundred and Twenty-eighth-street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, while leading his horse yesterday, slipped and fell. Before he could rise from the ground the wagon wheels passed over him, inflicting serious injuries. He was conveyed to the Twelfth Precinct Station-house, where he died from the injuries thus received. The remains were taken to his late residence at 6 P. M.

MASONIC.—Greenwich Lodge, No. 467, F. & A. M., held their annual election last evening, when the following officers were elected: Daniel Carpenter, Master; Chas. L. Chapin, Senior Warden; S. T. Brow, Junior Warden; Wm. H. Lefferts, Treasurer, and Wm. B. Shore Secretary. Complimentary resolutions were presented to John Merry, Esq., the retiring Senoir Warden, and the lodge, after election, proceeded to Ittners Hotel, and sat down to a banquet, where toasts were drank and speeches made.

RETURNED.—The United States revenue cutter *Cuyahoga*, Capt. JOHN FAUNCE commanding, which left this port on the 14th inst., on a cruise to the Delaware Breakwater, has returned, and is laying off Staten Island.

NEW-YORK HOSPITAL.—In this institution, yesterday, there were 244 patients. During the week 44 were admitted, 41 were discharged as cured or relieved, and 6 died.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

THE WALLABOUT BAY LANDS—EXCHANGE OF PROPERTY BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND CITY AUTHORITIES.—An agreement has at length been perfected in relation to the Wallabout Bay lands, between the government of the United States and the City of Brooklyn, by which an exchange and arrangement of property in that secton has been made which will be mutually advantageous to the city and the naval authorities. The land exchanged by the two parties is as follows:

The government gives to the city all that piece of land situate in the City of Brooklyn, comprising Washington-avenue, from Flushing-avenue in the Western District, to Clymer-st., in the Eastern District, and the land situated on the west of Washington-avenue, extending to the channel of the East River. The government also agrees that the city shall have and retain the right to the Clinton-avenue, from Flushing-avenue to the East River, for three years from the date hereof to complete Washington-avenue, and to remove during that time all the pavements, curb-stones, &c., now on that avenue, with the understanding that the city shall erect no houses on the property so acquired, but shall use it as a public thoroughfare and landing, and that the United States shall always have free access thereto.

The city gives to the government, the pieces or parcels of land situate and being portions of Vanderbilt and Clinton-avenues, which lie north of Flushing-avenue, and that portion of the street or lane called Hospital Lane, or the old Williamsburg Road, situate between the U. S. Hospital and the Hospital Cemetery and lying north of the northerly line of River-street, in said city.

This agreement has been signed by both contracting parties. The city will now have a road to the Eastern District by which that section can be reached by the cars, fifteen minutes sooner than at present.

BURGLARIES.—The residence of Mr. HENRY HUGHES, No. 200 Atlantic-street, was feloniously entered on Friday evening, and clothing and bedding to the value of $70 taken. The entrance was effected by means of false keys. ..The house of Mr. THOMAS KETCH, No. 137 Elliott-place, was entered by burglars on Friday afternoon, and clothing, lace curtains, &c., stolen, valued at $300. The front basement door had been forced open with a jimmy.... The house of Mr. E. ROHNS, in Pearl-street, near High-street, was entered some time last night, and robbed of clothing and money to the value of $30.

FOUND DROWNED.—The body of a man was found drowned at Fulton-ferry dock, on Saturday morning. Deceased was five feet six inches in height, fifty years of age, gray hair and had no whiskers. Was dressed in soldier's clothing. The remains were taken to the dead house for identification.

BROOKLYN MORTALITY.—The total number of deaths in this city last week was 121. The principal diseases were typhus fever, 5; croup, 9; scarlet fever, 7; bronchitis, 5; diphtheria, 3, &c. Under one year of age 30; natives of the United States 80, Ireland 24, other countries 14.

NEW-JERSEY.

ALLEGED FENIAN OUTRAGE—A CITIZEN KIDNAPPED, CHARGED WITH BEING A BRITISH SPY, AND ARRAIGNED BEFORE A CIRCLE.—A respectable appearing and intelligent young man named CHARLES W. NEWMAN, residing at No. 40 York-street, Jersey City, recounts the particulars of an outrage which he alleges to have been perpetrated on him on Friday night, by members of the Fenian Brotherhood, at Washington Hall, corner of Newark and Jersey avenues, which seem almost incredible. NEWMAN's story is, that desiring to find some friends residing in the upper part of the city, and not being acquainted in the locality, he asked a man standing on the corner of Jersey-avenue and South Eighth-street, near the entrance to the Hall, to direct him to the place he wished to find. The stranger, instead of giving the information, asked NEWMAN who he wanted to see, what his business was with them, together with other questions, and then suddenly seizing him by the collar, said that he was a detective; that there had been a number of burglaries recently committed in that locality; that he had his photograph in his pocket, and then dragged him into the hall. NEWMAN supposing the man to be a detective who had mistaken him for some one he was in search of, offered no resistance, and allowed himself to be taken up to the top floor where the pretended officer knocked at a door which was unlocked, and he was then thrust into the room; when the man said: "Gentlemen, I introduce to you a British spy," by which the captured man came to the conclusion that he was in a Fenian Circle. A court was at once organized, and the man told to state his case, when he said that he had seen his prisoner often in New-York, and knew him to be what he had stated. Mr. NEWMAN told them that he was a machinist, employed at the Delamater Iron-works, in New-York; that he had no knowledge of their organization, nor did he wish to have. In the meantime exclamations of "Smash him," "Kick him down stairs," "He's a regular Johnny Bull," &c., were freely uttered by those who surrounded him. The President or Centre, however, decided to let him go, whereupon the man who took him into the hall seized him by the throat, saying he should not get away from him. The others in the room then crowded around, some taking sides with their brother Fenian and some with the prisoner, when a struggle ensued, during which NEWMAN got clear, and one of the members opening the door, he rushed out and made his escape. The above is an ex parte statement of the transaction, but when an account of the affair is given by the persons alleged to have committed the outrage, the facts may possibly appear quite different.

HOMICIDE IN JERSEY CITY.—On the 9th of the present month, as is alleged, two men named PATRICK DALEY and MICHAEL MURPHY, while engaged at work on the roof of a building in course of erection on Snake Hill, got into a dispute which resulted in a fight, but which was finally put a stop to by the interference of some of their fellow workmen. Subsequently the fight was renewed on the ground, when DALEY was beaten and kicked about the head and chest in the most shocking manner until he was rendered helpless. The injured man was removed to his residence, No. 228 Railroad-avenue, Jersey City, where he continued gradually to sink from constant internal hemorrhage until yesterday afternoon, when he expired. It being evident yesterday morning that DALEY could not long survive, the Coroner, Dr. KIRSTEN, was notified, and proceeded at once to the house of the injured man for the purpose of taking his dying deposition. Upon arriving there, however, the Doctor found the man so feeble that he was unable to speak, and consequently the facts in the case could not be arrived at. Last evening the Coroner took steps to cause the arrest of MURPHY, to await the result of the investigation.

SUICIDE BY HANGING.—A man named FLYNN, a native of Ireland, about 35 years of age, committed suicide about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, by hanging himself in the garret of the house No. 8 Grand-street, Jersey City, where he had boarded for two weeks. Deceased partook of his breakfast as usual, and subsequently went up to his room, and an hour later the servant girl, on going to the upper floor, discovered deceased hanging by the neck by means of a cord attached to a beam over the hallway, and with one foot resting upon a chair, upon which he stood for the purpose of adjusting the cord. There were no papers found on the person of deceased or in his satchel, by which any information respecting him could be obtained. FLYNN told one of the boarders in the house that he resided in Pittsburgh about eight years since, and that he came from the West about three weeks ago. He also acted rather strangely, and it was the impression of some of the boarders that he was not in his right mind. Coroner KIRSTEN held an inquest yesterday afternoon, and the above were all the facts elicited. A verdict of death by strangulation, by his own hands, was rendered.

ATTEMPTED POISONING CASE.—A woman named BRIDGET LOGAN, wife of PATRICK LOGAN, residing at No. 54 Newark-avenue, Jersey City, on Thursday night, as is alleged, attempted to poison her brother-in-law, THOMAS LOGAN, by placing in a pot of tea intended for him a quantity of arsenite of copper, (Paris green,) a deadly poison. LOGAN, the intended victim, who boarded with his brother, is a hack-driver in the employ of J. M. MERSELES & Co., and on that night was out all night, and during his absence the tea was prepared by the sister-in-law, under the supposition that he would readily drink it on his return. The scheme was frustrated by a young sister of LOGAN's, who saw the woman put something into the teapot in a suspicious manner, and informed other members of the family. Upon examination, a small quantity of the poison was found strewed on the stove and table, and that, together with the tea, was secured as evidence against the would-be murderer. Finding that her designs had been frustrated, BRIDGET disappeared, and has not since been seen or heard of.

FINE SKATING IN JERSEY CITY.—The last "cold snap" has frozen the Morris Canal from the Basin in the lower part of Jersey City to the Lock near Bull's Head Hotel, a distance of about one mile and a half. The ice is perfectly smooth, and in finer condition than has been known for ten years past. A large number of people of both sexes embraced the opportunity yesterday and last evening of enjoying themselves in this healthy and delightful exercise.

Miss Lucille Western will Appear As Miami, The Wild Huntress of the Mississippi, in Buckstone's Delightful Drama, Entitled Green Bushes; or Ireland and America 100 Years Ago at Niblo's Garden, Christmas Night and During Next Week.

A Most Valuable Gift by Mail.

Two three-cent stamps is the postage on a box of DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF, to your friend in California or any part of the United States.

Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per box.

The Christmas Love-Token, in fashionable circles, this year, will be PHALON'S NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS, which is put up in beautiful cut-glass bottles, most daintily adorned, expressiv for Christmas and New-Year's presents.

Your Last Chance.

GIFTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

The subscribers are offering their large stock of American and Swiss Watches AT RETAIL this week only, AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

QUINCHE & KRUGLER, Importers, No. 8 John-st., up stairs.

Batchelor's Hair Dye.

The best in the world, the only reliable and perfect dye known. Instantaneous and harmless. The genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR. Sold by all druggists and perfumers. Factory No. 81 Barclay-st.

Holiday Presents.

A choice stock of Fashionable Furs at the lowest figures consistent with self-protection. The assortment consists of every description of furs worn by ladies, from the rarest to the cheapest, and have been manufactured expressly for the current season. It also includes a great variety of sleigh and carriage Furs, among which are some of the handsomest Arctic Fox and Black Bear ever offered in this market.

GENIN, No. 513 Broadway.

The Universal Clothes Wringer, with cogs. The best in use. R. C. BROWNING, 347 Broadway.

Trusses, Abdomen Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Silk Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets, Crutches and Suspensory Bandages. A lady attendant. MARSH BROS., No. 542 Broadway.

MARRIED.

LOTT—MOORE.—At Bath, New-Utrecht, L. I., on Thursday, Dec. 21, by Rev. R. O. Currie, at the residence of the bride's parents, WILLIAM LOTT and ANNIE M., eldest daughter of Jacob P. Moore, Esq.

DIED.

FREDERICKS.—Suddenly, at Summit, N. J., on Friday, Dec. 22, PATRICK, eldest son of Sarah and the late John Fredericks.

HANNA.—On Thursday, Dec. 21, of measles, MARY LEONORA, daughter of John and Anna Hanna, aged 2 years, 4 months and 7 days.

The funeral will take place from the residence of her parents, No. 306 Sackett-st., Brooklyn, on Sunday, the 24th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

NOBLE.—At Irvington, N. Y., on Friday, Dec. 22, JOHN WILLIAM, only son of John and Sarah Noble, aged 10 years, 11 months and 22 days.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, this day, (Sunday,) at 9½ A. M. The remains will be taken to New-Rochelle for interment.

THOMPSON.—On Friday, Dec. 22, MARY ELIZABETH, infant daughter of Geo. V. and Maggie Thompson, aged 2 years, 4 months and 12 days.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her grandfather, William Pitbladdo, 25th-st., near 5th-av., Brooklyn, this day, (Sunday,) the 24th inst., at 3 o'clock.

TRUDEAU.—In this city, on Saturday, Dec. 23, FRANCIS RENE TRUDEAU, in the 22d year of his age.

His friends, and those of his father, Dr. Trudeau, and of his grandfather, Dr. F. E. Berger, are invited to attend his funeral services, at the Church of the Ascension, on Monday afternoon, (Christmas,) at 3 o'clock. His remains will be taken on Tuesday to Nyack for interment.

WEEKES.—In Brooklyn, on Friday evening, Dec. 22, V. D. W. WEEKES, in the 46th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, at 1 o'clock, from St. George's Episcopal Church, Hempstead, L. I. Cars leave James-slip Ferry, New-York, at 9 and 11 A. M.; returning at 4:12 P. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SEE THE JANUARY NUMBER OF
HOURS AT HOME
For "The Child on the Judgment Seat:" A Poem by the Author of Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family.
For sale by all Newsdealers.
C. SCRIBNER & CO., Publishers.

THE TWO PATHS OF LIFE—HOW TO RISE, and How to Fall. Effects of Temperance and of Dissipation. Useful for young men. See Jan. No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 20cts. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

SEE THE JANUARY NUMBER OF
HOURS AT HOME
For "The Child on the Judgment Seat:" A Poem by the Author of Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family.
For sale by all Newsdealers.
C. SCRIBNER & CO., Publishers.

MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
That sumptuous and beautiful volume,
THE TRIBUTE BOOK.
Price $20.
DERBY & MILLER, Publishers, No. 5 Spruce-st.

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For "The Child on the Judgment Seat:" A Poem by the Author of Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family.
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C. SCRIBNER & CO., Publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERY LARGE AND CHOICE SELECTION
of the following line of goods now opening for
FALL AND HOLIDAY SALES.
REAL BRONZES.
COMPOSITION BRONZES.
MARBLE, ORMOLU AND GILT-MOUNTED
CLOCKS AND MANTEL SETS.
FANCY GOODS.
PARIAN AND BISQUE STATUARY.
STERLING SILVER AND FINE PLATED WARE.
FRENCH CHINA, both white and decorated.
GLASSWARE, engraved, cut or plain.
CHANDELIERS AND GAS FIXTURES,
in bronze, cut glass and fire gilt, from original designs.
WEDDING AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS
in sterling silver, and other goods.
Undoubtedly, the largest and best assortment now in market.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
Nos. 488, 490 and 492 Broadway,
Corner of Broome-st.

BROWNE & SPAULDING,
JEWELERS,
METROPOLITAN HOTEL BUILDING,
NO. 570 BROADWAY,
HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND ARE NOW OPENING large additions to their stock of CLOCKS, BRONZES, MUSIC BOXES and FANCY GOODS, suitable for Bridal Presentations and Holiday Gifts. In their stock will be found a well-selected variety of
MEDALLION and choice patterns of Solid Silver.
American, Swiss and English WATCHES.
Black Marble and Cuckoo CLOCKS.
2, 4, 6 and 8 tune MUSIC BOXES.
Classic designs of JEWELRY.
Artistic BRONZES and
FANCY GOODS.
Desirable in design and moderate in price.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT,"
HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the House of Representatives,
AT COOPER INSTITUTE,
THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 28.
Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor elect, in the chair.
For other particulars, see under head "Lectures."

3,500 PAIRS GENTLEMEN'S HEAVY canton flannel drawers at [illegible] by SMITH & FOWLER, 2 Park-row, opposite Astor House; also at 379 Broadway. Cheapest men's furnishing stores in America.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

SPIRITS DISCOURSE THROUGH MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.—"*Jesus the Hope of Christendom; an Inspired Poem.*" 7½ o'clock; 20 cents; morning free. Also, 7½, WEDNESDAY EVENING, the important subject, "*What Constitutes a Human Being? By what Process was the Race Outwrought? What are the Attributes of an Immortal Being? Is Man Immortal? What is His Destiny?*" Pertinent questions from clergymen will be replied to by the spirit. Admission, 20 cents. Hope Chapel, No. [illegible] Broadway.

THE EDIFICE JUST ERECTED ON Montrose-av., between Union-av. and Lorimer-st., Williamsburgh, for the use of colored persons of the Eastern District, will be open for divine worship on SUNDAY. Opening sermons by Rev. Dr. DOWLING, of New-York, and Rev. R. LOWERY, of Hanson-place, Brooklyn, in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. BACKUS at 7½ P. M. Please countenance the enterprise by your presence.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS AT THE "TEMPLE OF TRUTH," No. 814 Broadway, above 11th-st.—SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M., a spirit through a lady will deliver an address. At 3, a free discussion—*Which is the Most Almighty Spirit and Best Friend to Humanity—the Orthodox God, or Orthodox Devil?* The clergy invited. 7½ P. M., a lecture on *Spiritualism and Public Convincing Tests through Christian Mediums*, which Mr. FAY is invited to expose.

A MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE EVANGELIZATION of the French on this continent and the establishment of a French religious paper in this city, will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, corner of 34th-st., on SUNDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock. Rev. J. P. THOMPSON, D. D., and Rev. THOS. S. HASTINGS, D. D., and Rev. Messrs. CYR and BEAUBIEN and others, will address the meeting.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—Services in the Chapel on SUNDAY, at 3 P. M.; singing by 300 children. On Christmas, services at 11½ o'clock; singing Christmas carols, &c.; dinner for 500 children at 1½ o'clock; at 3 o'clock, the gifts will be distributed from the tree.
S. B. HALLIDAY, Superintendent.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of St. Paul's M. E. Church, will be held in the church corner of 4th-av. and 22d-st., on SUNDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock. Sermon by Rev. ALFRED H. KELLOGG, Pastor of University-place Presbyterian Church. Young men are invited.
L. H. FOWLER, Secretary.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, 18TH-ST.—ON SUNDAY, Rev. EASTBURN BENJAMIN will preach at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., and Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M., the latter service for deaf mutes. Christmas Day, morning service with the Communion, at 7½ and 10½ A. M.; the sermons at both services to be interpreted for deaf mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF THE NEW CHURCH (SWEDENBORGIAN.)—Lecture by Rev. J. C. AGER, SUNDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock, at the Polytechnic Institute, Livingston-st., near Court. Subject—*How the Word was Written—the Books of the Word.* Seats free. Regular morning service at the same place at 11 o'clock.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION—SITE OF the old Brewery.—The original mission at the Points. Rev. J. N. SHAFFER, Superintendent. The principal Sunday School at 2 o'clock P. M. Visitors will make short addresses. It is the delight of visiting friends to hear these children sing.

NEW-YORK PORT SOCIETY'S MARINERS' CHURCH AND MISSIONS.—Preaching corner Catharine and Madison sts., 24th inst., by the Pastor, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; also, preaching corner Dover and Water sts. at 3 P. M., and at No. [illegible] Greenwich-st., at 3 P. M. All seats free.

MADISON-AVENUE.—THE SECOND IN THE series of Sunday evening sermons on *The Church* will be preached on SUNDAY EVENING at the Madison-av. Church, corner of 31st-st., by Rev. Dr. FISH, of Newark. Subject—*Fidelity to the Truth.*

GREENE-ST. M. E. CHURCH, BETWEEN Broome and Spring sts.—Rev. GEO. S. HARE, of Newburgh, will preach on SUNDAY, at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. The annual Missionary Collection will be taken up. Strangers and others are invited. Seats free.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS festival of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Sands-st. M. E. Sunday-school, Brooklyn, will be held on Christmas day at 10½ o'clock A. M. Address by Rev. T. F. HILDRETH, and appropriate exercises by the children.

SECOND ADVENT AND FUTURE LIFE FOR THE RIGHTEOUS ONLY.—Preaching, SUNDAY, at Dodworth's Hall, No. 806 Broadway, by Elder JOSEPH T. CURRY, at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M. All interested in the above themes are cordially invited to attend. Seats free.

GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.—Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., who recently returned from abroad, will deliver an address, by special request, on *Germany in its Attitude and Relations to America*, TO-MORROW (Sunday) EVENING, at Rev. Dr. Adams' Church, on Madison-square.

FREE EPISCOPAL CHAPEL—THIRD-av., between 76th and 77th sts.—Rev. J. TUTTLE SMITH, Pastor. Services on SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M. and 3½ P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Service on CHRISTMAS MORNING, at 10½ o'clock.

REV. C. D. W. BRIDGMAN, PASTOR of Pearl-st. Baptist Church, Albany, will preach in Strong-place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, on SABBATH, Dec. 24, morning and evening. Services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

DISCUSSIONS ON SUNDAY—AT METROpolitan Hall, No. 95 6th-av. At 3 P. M.—*The Future Life.* Opening address by Mrs. FINNILEY. At 7½ P. M., addresses by Prof. DANIEL BOONE and Mrs. MILLS, upon temperance, with vocal and instrumental music.

THIRTY-SEVENTH-STREET M. E. CHURCH, between 2d and 3d avs.—Rev. W. H. BOOLE, Pastor, will preach at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School Anniversary at 2 P. M. Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jr., and Prof. C. U. GARDNER will deliver addresses.

BLEECKER-ST. UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, corner of Downing-st.—Rev. DAY K. LEE, Pastor.—Services on SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject for the evening—*Christmas and the Children.*

REV. E. G. BROOKS REPEATS HIS Thanksgiving sermon on *The Death of Slavery*, at the 20th-st. Universalist Church, west of 6th-av., on SUNDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 24, at 3 o'clock. Christmas sermon at 10½. All are invited.

JOHN-ST. M. E. CHURCH—PREACHING SUNDAY at 10½ A. M., and at 7 P. M., by Rev. R. C. PUTNEY, Pastor. Sabbath-school at 9 A. M., and at 2 P. M. Class meeting at 9 A. M., and strangers' class at 12 M. Seats free. Strangers welcome.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' TRAINING CLASS will meet at the Mission Chapel, No. 112 West 29th-st., on SATURDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock. All Superintendents are invited.

THE THREE SCHOOLS CONNECTED with the New-York Juvenile Guardian Society will hold their Christmas celebration at 2 o'clock on CHRISTMAS DAY, at No. 207 Bowery. Friends of the institution invited.

HEAVEN.—LECTURE BY REV. CHAUNCEY GILES. Subject—*Time and Space in Heaven*; in the New-Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) house of worship, 35th-st., between 4th and Lexington avs., SUNDAY EVENING at 7½ o'clock. Seats free.

MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE SPEAKS for the Progressive Spiritualists at Ebbitt Hall, corner of Broadway and 33d-st., SUNDAY, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock. N. B.—Miss LIZZIE DOTEN is engaged for January. Seats free to the public.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM WILL preach in his church, on 40th-st., between 4th and 5th avs., on SUNDAY MORNING AND EVENING. Services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject for the morning—*The Living Incarnation.*

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.—ELDER S. S. BREWER will preach at No. 18 Cooper Institute on SUNDAY, 24th, at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M. Subject—*The Signs of the Times.*

FORTIETH-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—40th-st. and Lexington-av.—Rev. CHAS. E. HART, Pastor. Services SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

SEVENTEENTH-ST. M. E. CHURCH, between 1st and 2d avs.—SUNDAY, 24th inst., Rev. G. R. CROOKS, D. D., will preach morning and evening. Christmas sermon in the morning. Seats free.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, HAMMOND-ST., corner Waverley-place.—Rev. W. T. TRACY will preach. Services at 10½ A. M., 3½ and 7½ o'clock P. M. Seats free.

REV. W. H. MILBURN, THE BLIND preacher, will preach in St. Stephen's Church, corner of Broome and Chrystie sts., on SUNDAY MORNING. Service to commence at 10½ o'clock.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH, TWENTY-EIGHTH-street, near Broadway.—Services LORD'S DAY, Dec. 24, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Preaching by the pastor, URBAN C. BREWER. Baptism in the evening.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY—84th-st., between 3d and 4th avs. Rev. WM. DYMOND, Minister. Services every SUNDAY at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free. Sunday-school at 2 P. M.

REV. W. H. PENDLETON WILL PREACH every SABBATH (D. V.) in the new Baptist Church Lecture Room, 53d-st. and 7th-av., at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Lecture TUESDAY EVENING.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF ST. GEORGE'S Mission Chapel, in 19th-st., near 1st-av., will hold their "Christmas Festival" on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 26, at 7 o'clock.

FRENCH CHURCH DU ST. ESPRIT, 22d-st., between 5th and 6th avs., Rev. DR. VERREN, Rector. Divine service on SUNDAY and CHRISTMAS MORNINGS, at 10½ o'clock.

DR. MARSH WILL ADDRESS ST. George's Mission-school, 19th-st., near 1st-av., Christmas festival, on *Temperance*, on TUESDAY EVENING, at 6½ o'clock.

REV. C. C. GOSS WILL PREACH IN the First Free Will Baptist Church, 17th-st., on SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject in the morning—*Christmas.* For the evening—*The Neglected Children.*

REV. S. A. COREY, D. D., WILL PREACH in the Murray Hill Baptist Church, corner of Lexington-av. and 37th-st., on SUNDAY, at 10½ A. M. and at 7½ P. M.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, 15th-st., between 2d and 3d avs.—Rev. A. C. WEDEKIND, pastor, will preach SUNDAY, Dec. 24, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Also, Christmas, at 11 A. M.

TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, 34TH-ST.—Preaching in the morning (Christmas sermon) at 10½ o'clock and at 7½ o'clock in the evening, by Rev. T. F. HILDRETH. Strangers invited.

PILGRIM BAPTIST CHURCH.—PREACHing on SUNDAY, Dec. 24, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. HENRY E. ROBBINS, of Newport, R. I., one of the most esteemed clergymen of New-England.

REV. J. C. K. MILLIGAN WILL PREACH in the Presbyterian Church in [illegible]-st., between 9th and 10th-avs., SUNDAY EVENING, 24th inst. Services commence at 7½ o'clock.

THE WORLD'S GREAT CRISIS.—BISHOP SNOW, of Mount Zion, will preach in Jones' Hall, No. 656 Broadway, on SUNDAY, at 3 o'clock P. M. Seats free. Subject—*The Harvest and the Vintage*, Rev. xiv.

SPIRITUAL MEETING—LAMARTINE Hall, corner 29th-st. and 8th-av.—*Relation of Facts*, 3 P. M; *Trance Speaking*, 7½ evening.

SEVENTH REGIMENT.
NATIONAL GUARD.

The Seventh Regiment will give a reception at the Academy of Music, on the EVENING of Jan. 31, 1866, in honor of those members who have served in the regular or volunteer army and navy during the late rebellion, and all members, whether active or exempt at the time of entering the service, as well as those who served with the regiment during either of the three campaigns and then entered the United States service, are requested to send their address immediately, with rank and the number of the company in the Seventh to which they belonged, to Capt. GEORGE MOORE SMITH, Chairman of the Committee on Invitations, Box No. [illegible] New-York Post-office.

PURE, UNADULTERATED WINES, Brandy, &c., for the Holidays, direct from the vineyards, in small or large quantities, delivered throughout the city and suburbs, at half the usual prices, from the agency of the vineyards, No. [illegible] Broadway, under the St. Nicholas Hotel.
JAMES J. LYONS, Sole Agent.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE

Continued from Third Page.

my going toward them, and striking into the conversation, he immediately retired. This was the beginning of a separate series of appearances, confined to that long room in which *we* were confined. Whenever a knot of my brother jurymen laid their heads together, I saw the head of the murdered man among theirs. Whenever their comparison of notes was going against him, he would solemnly and irresistibly beckon to me.

It will be borne in mind that down to the production of the miniature on the fifth day of the trial, I had never seen the Appearance in Court. Three changes occurred, now that we entered on the case for the defence. Two of them I will mention together, first. The figure was now in Court continually, and it never there addressed itself to me, but always to the person who was speaking at the time. For instance. The throat of the murdered man had been cut straight across. In the opening speech for the defence, it was suggested that the deceased might have cut his own throat. At that very moment, the figure with its throat in the dreadful condition referred to, (this it had concealed before,) stood at the speaker's elbow, motioning across and across its windpipe, now with the right hand, now with the left, vigorously suggesting to the speaker himself the impossibility of such a wound having been self-inflicted by either hand. For another instance. A witness to character, a woman, deposed to the prisoner's being the most amiable of mankind. The figure at that instant stood on the floor before her, looking her full in the face, and pointing out the prisoner's evil countenance with an extended arm and an outstretched finger.

The third change now to be added, impressed me strongly, as the most marked and striking of all. I do not theorize upon it; I accurately state it, and there leave it. Although the Appearance was not itself perceived by those whom it addressed, its coming close to such persons was invariably attended by some trepidation or disturbance on their part. It seemed to me as if it were prevented by laws to which I was not amenable, from fully revealing itself to others, and yet as if it could, invisibly, dumbly and darkly, overshadow their minds. When the leading counsel for the defence suggested that hypothesis of suicide and the figure stood at the learned gentleman's elbow, frightfully sawing at its severed throat, it is undeniable that the counsel faltered in his speech, lost for a few seconds the thread of his ingenious discourse, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and turned extremely pale. When the witness to character was confronted by the Appearance, her eyes most certainly did follow the direction of its pointed finger, and rest in great hesitation and trouble upon the prisoner's face. Two additional illustrations will suffice. On the eighth day of the trial, after the pause which was every day made early in the afternoon for a few minutes' rest and refreshment, I came back into Court with the rest of the Jury, some little time before the return of the Judges. Standing up in the box and looking about me, I thought the figure was not there, until, chancing to raise my eyes to the gallery, I saw it bending forward and leaning over a very decent woman, as if to assure itself whether the Judges had resumed their seats or not. Immediately afterwards, that woman screamed, fainted, and was carried out. So with the venerable, sagacious, and patient Judge who conducted the trial. When the case was over, and he settled himself and his papers to sum up, the murdered man entering by the Judges' door, advanced to His Lordship's desk, and looked eagerly over his shoulder at the pages of his notes which he was turning. A change came over His Lordship's face; his hand stopped; the peculiar shiver that I knew so well, passed over him; he faltered, "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a few moments. I am somewhat oppressed by the vitiated air;" and did not recover until he had drunk a glass of water.

Through all the monotony of six of those interminable ten days—the same Judges and others on the bench, the same Murderer in the dock, the same lawyers at the table, the same tones of question and answer rising to the roof of the court, the same scratching of the Judge's pen, the same ushers going in and out, the same lights kindled at the same hour when there had been any natural light of day, the same foggy curtain outside the great windows when it was foggy, the same rain pattering and dripping when it was rainy, the same footmarks of turnkeys and prisoner day after day on the same sawdust, the same keys locking and unlocking the same heavy doors—through all the wearisome monotony which made me feel as if I had been Foreman of the Jury for a vast period of time, and Piccadilly had flourished coevally with Babylon, the murdered man never lost one trace of his distinctness in my eyes, nor was he at any moment less distinct than anybody else. I must not omit, as a matter of fact, that I never once saw the Appearance which I call by the name of the murdered man, look at the Murderer. Again and again I wondered, "Why does he not?" But he never did.

Nor did he look at me, after the production of the miniature, until the last closing minutes of the trial arrived. We retired to consider at seven minutes before 10 at night. The idiotic vestryman and his two parochial parasites gave us so much trouble that we twice returned to court, to beg to have certain extracts from the Judge's notes re-read. Nine of us had not the smallest doubt about those passages, neither, I believe, had any one in court; the dunderheaded triumvirate, however, having no idea but obstruction, disputed them for that very reason. At length we prevailed, and finally the jury returned into court at ten minutes past 12.

The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the jury-box, on the other side of the court. As I took my place, his eyes rested on me, with great attention; he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict, "Guilty," the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty.

The Murderer being asked by the Judge, according to usage, whether he had anything to say before sentence of Death should be passed upon him, instantly muttered something which was described in the leading newspapers of the following day as "a few rambling, incoherent, and half-audible words, in which he was understood to complain that he had not had a fair trial, because the Foreman of the Jury was prepossessed against him." The remarkable declaration that he really made was this: "*My Lord, I knew I was a doomed man when the Foreman of the Jury came into the box. My Lord, I knew he would never let me off, because, before I was taken, he somehow got to my bedside in the night, woke me, and put a rope round my neck.*"

VII.

TO BE TAKEN AND TRIED.

There can hardly be seen anywhere, a prettier village than Cumner, standing on the brow of a hill which commands one of the finest views in England, and flanked by its broad breezy common, the air of which is notorious for clearness and salubrity. The high road from Dring, for the most part shut in by the fences of gentlemen's seats, opens out when it reaches this common, and, separating from the Tenelms road, ascends in a north-westerly direction till it comes in sight of Cumner. Every step is against the collar, yet so gradual is the ascent, that you scarcely realize it until, turning, you behold the magnificent panorama spread around and beneath.

The village consists chiefly of one short street of somewhat straggling houses, among which you observe its little post-office, its police-station, its rustic public-house, (the Dunstan Arms,) whose landlord also holds the general shop across the way; and its two or three humble lodging-houses. Facing you as you enter the street, which is a cul-de-sac, is the quaint old church, standing not more than a bow-shot from the Rectory. There is something primitive and almost patriarchal in this quiet village, where the pastor lives surrounded by his flock, and can scarcely move from his own gate without finding himself in the midst of them.

Cumner Common is skirted on three sides by dwellings, varying in size and importance, from the small butcher's shop standing in its own garden, and under the shadow of its own apple-trees, to the pretty white house where the curate lodges, and the more pretentious abodes of those who are or consider themselves, gentry. It is bounded on the east by the low stone wall and gateway of Mr. Malcolmson's domain; the modest dwelling of Simon Eade, that gentleman's bailiff, half covered with creepers, the autumnal hues of which might rival the brightest specimens of American foliage; lastly, by the high brick wall (with its door in the centre,) which completely shuts in Mr. Gibbs' "place." On the south side runs the high road to Tenelms, skirting the great Southanger property, of which Sir Oswald Dunstan is proprietor.

Hardly could the pedestrian tourist, on his way from Dring, fail to pause at the rustic stile nearly opposite the blacksmith's forge, and, resting upon it, gaze down on the magnificent prospect of wood and water spread at his feet—a prospect to which two ancient cedars form no inappropriate foreground. That stile is not often crossed, for the footpath from it leads only to the farm called the Plashetts; but it is very constantly used as a resting-place. Many an artist has sketched the view from it; many a lover has whispered tender words to his mistress beside it; many a weary tramp has rested his or her feet on the worn stone beneath.

This stile was once the favorite resort of two young lovers, inhabitants of the district, and soon to be united. George Eade, the only son of Mr. Malcolmson's bailiff, was a stalwart, good-looking young fellow of some six-and-twenty, who worked for that gentleman under his father, and was in the receipt of liberal wages. Honest, steady, and fond of self-cultivation, he was capable, if not clever—persevering, if not rapid—an excellent specimen of an honest English peasant. But he had certain peculiarities of disposition and temper which served to render him considerably less popular than his father. He was reserved; feeling strongly, but with difficulty giving expression to his feelings; susceptible too, and not easily forgiving injuries; singularly addicted to self-accusation and remorse. His father, a straightforward open-hearted man of five-and-forty, who had raised himself by sheer merit from the position of a laborer to that of the trusted manager of Mr. Malcolmson's property, was highly respected by that gentleman, and by the whole country-side. His mother, feeble in health, but energetic of spirit, was one of the most excellent of women.

This couple, like many of their class, had married imprudently early, and had struggled through many difficulties in consequence; burying, one after another, three sickly children in the little churchyard at Cumner, where they hoped one day themselves to lie. On the one son that remained to them their affections were centred. The mother, especially, worshiped her George with an admiring love that partook of idolatry. She was not without some of the weaknesses of her sex. She was jealous; and when she discovered the flame which had been kindled in the heart of her son by the soft blue eyes of Susan Archer, her feelings toward that rosy-cheeked damsel were not those of perfect charity. True, the Archers were people who held themselves high, occupying a large farm under Sir Oswald Dunstan; and they were known to regard Susan's attachment as a decided lowering of herself and them. That attachment had sprung up, as is not unfrequently the case, in the hop-gardens. The girl had been ailing for some time, and her shrewd old doctor assured her father that there was no tonic so efficacious as a fortnight's hop-picking in the sunny September weather. Now there were but few places to which so distinguished a belle as Susan could be permitted to go for such a purpose; but her family knew and respected the Eades, and to Mr. Malcolmson's hop-grounds she was accordingly sent. The tonic prescribed produced the desired effect. She lost her ailments; but she lost her heart too.

George Eade was good looking, and up to that time had never cared for woman. The love he conceived for the gentle, blue-eyed girl was of that all-absorbing character which natures stern and concentrated like his are fitted to feel, and to feel but once in a lifetime. It carried all before it. Susan was sweet tempered and simple hearted, of a yielding disposition, and, though not unconscious of her beauty, singularly little spoilt by the consciousness. She gave her whole heart to the faithful earnest man whom she reverenced as her superior in moral strength, if not in outward circumstances. They exchanged no rings on the balmy evening which witnessed their plighted faith, but he took from her hat the garland of hops she had laughingly twisted around it, and looking down upon her sweet face with a great love in his brown eyes, whispered, "I shall keep this while I live, and have it buried with me when I die!"

But, there was a certain Geoffrey Gibbs, the owner of the "Place" on Cumner Common, who had paid, and was still paying, marked attention to the beautiful Susan. This man, originally in trade, had chanced, some years before, to see in the newspapers a notice that if he would apply to a certain lawyer in London, he would hear of something greatly to his advantage. He did so, and the result was, his acquisition of a comfortable independence, left him by a distant kinsman whom he had never so much as seen. This windfall changed his whole prospects and manner of life, but not his character, which had always been that of an unmitigated snob. In outward circumstances, however, he was a gentleman living on his income, and, as such, the undoubted social superior of the Archers, who were simply tenant-farmers. Hence their desire that Susan should favor his suit. Some people were of opinion that he had no serious intention of marrying the girl; and Susan herself always encouraged this notion; adding, that were he ten times as rich and a hundred times as devoted as he represented himself to be, she would die rather than accept the cross-grained monster.

He was frightful; less from defects of feature than from utter disproportion of form, and a sinister expression of countenance, far worse than actual ugliness. His legs were as short as his body and hands were long, while his head would have been well suited to the frame of a Hercules; giving him a top-heavy appearance that was singularly ungraceful. His eyebrows were shaggy and overhanging, his eyes small and malicious-looking, his nose was beak-shaped, his mouth immense, with thick sensual lips. He wore huge false-looking chains, outrageous shirt-pins and neckcloths, and cutaway sporting coats of astounding colors. He was a man who delighted in frightening inoffensive females, in driving within an inch of a lady's pony-carriage, or in violently galloping past some timid girl on horseback, and chuckling at her scared attempts to retain her plunging steed. Like all bullies, he was of course a coward at heart.

Between this man and George Eade a keen hatred existed. George despised as well as detested Gibbs. Gibbs envied as much as he abhorred the more fortunate peasant, who was beloved, where he met with nothing but coldness and rebuffs.

Susan's heart was indeed wholly George's, yet it was only when her health had again begun to fail, that her father was frightened into a most unwilling consent to their union; which consent no sooner became known to Mr. Malcolmson, than he voluntarily raised the young man's wages, and undertook to put in repair for him a cottage of his own, not far from that of Simon Eade.

But, when the news of the approaching marriage reached the ears of Gibbs, his jealous fury was aroused to the utmost. He rushed down to the Plashetts, and, closeting himself with Mr. Archer, made brilliant offers of settlement on Susan, if she would consent even now to throw over her lover and become his wife. But he only succeeded in distressing the girl, and tantalising her father. Willingly, indeed, would the latter have acceded to his wishes, but he had passed his solemn word to George, and Susan held him to it. No sooner, however, was Gibbs gone than the old man burst into loud lamentations over what he called her self-sacrifice; and her eldest brother coming in, joined in reproaching her for refusing prospects so advantageous. Susan was weak, and easily influenced. She was cut to the heart by their cruel words, and went out to meet her lover with her spirits depressed, and her eyes red and swollen. George, shocked at her appearance, listened with indignation to her agitated recital of what had passed.

"Keep your carriage, indeed!" he exclaimed, with bitter scorn. "Does your father make more count of a one-horse shay than of true love such as mine? And a fellow like Gibbs, too! that I wouldn't trust a dog with!"

"Father don't see it so," the girl sobbed out. "Father says he'd make a very good husband, once we was married. And I'd be a lady, and dress fine, and have servants! Father thinks so much of that!"

"So it seems; but don't you be led by him, Susan darling! 'Tisn't riches and fine clothes that makes folks' happiness—'tis better things! See here, my girl—" He stopped short, and faced her with a look of unutterable emotion. "I love ye so true, that if I thought—if I thought it'd be for your good to marry this fellow—if I thought ye'd be happier with him than with me, I'd—I'd give ye up, Susan! Yes—and never come near ye more! I would indeed!"

He paused, and raising his hand with a gesture that had in it a rude solemnity very impressive, repeated once more, "*I would indeed!* But ye'd not be happy with Geoffrey Gibbs. Ye'd be miserable—ill-used, perhaps. He ain't a man to make any woman happy—I'm as sure o' that as that I stand here. He's bad at heart—downright cruel. And I!—what I promise, I'll act up to—O! steady. I'll work for you, and slave for you, and—and love you true!"

He drew her towards him as he spoke, and she, reassured by his words, nestled lovingly to his side. And so they walked on for some moments in silence.

"And, darling," he added, presently, "I've that trust—that faith—in me—that once we're married, and you're mine—safe—so's no one can come between us, I'll get on; and who knows but ye may ride in your carriage yet. Folks do get on, when they have a mind to, serious."

She looked up at him with fond admiring eyes. She honored him for his strength, all the more because of her own weakness.

"I don't want no carriage," she murmured; "I want nothing but you, George. 'Tisn't I, you know, that wish things different—'tis father——"

The moon had risen, the beautiful bright September moon, nearly at the full; and its light shone on the lovers as they retraced their steps through the silent Southanger woods—how solemn and lovely at that hour!—toward Susan's home. And before they had reached the gate of the Plashetts, her sweet face was again bright with smiles, and it had been agreed between them that to avoid a repetition of such attempts on the part of Gibbs, and such scenes with her father, she should propose to go to her aunt's, Miss Jane Archer's, at Ormiston, for a fortnight of the three weeks that yet remained before the marriage should take place.

She acted on this idea, and George took advantage of her absence to attend a sale on the other side of the country, and procure certain articles of furniture required for their new home. Once away, he obtained leave to prolong his stay with a friend till the time of Susan's return. It was pleasanter for him not to be at home at this period. His mother seemed to grow more averse to his marriage, the nearer it approached; declaring that no good could possibly come of union with a girl who had been too much waited upon and flattered, to make a good wife for a plain hard-working man. These remarks, indescribably galling to the lover because not wholly without foundation, had given rise to more than one dispute between his mother and him, which had not tended to diminish the half-unconscious dislike the good woman felt toward her future daughter-in-law.

When George returned home, after his fortnight's holiday, he found, instead of the expected letter from his betrothed announcing her arrival at the Plashetts, one addressed to him in a strange hand, and containing the following words:

"George Eade, you are being done. Look to G. G. "A WELL-WISHER."

Perplexed at so mysterious a communication, he was somewhat annoyed to find that Gibbs had quitted Cumner from the very day after his own departure, and was still absent. This struck him as remarkable; but Susan had written him only a week before, a letter so full of tenderness that he could not bring himself to entertain a single doubt of her truth. But on the very next morning, his mother handed him a letter from Farmer Archer, inclosing one from his sister, informing him that her niece had left her house clandestinely two days before, to be married to Mr. Gibbs. It appeared that the girl had gone, as on previous occasions, to spend the day with a cousin, and that not returning at night, it was concluded she had settled to sleep there. The next morning had brought, instead of herself, the announcement of her marriage.

On reading this news, George was at first conscious of but one feeling. Utter incredulity. There must be some error somewhere; the thing could not be. While his father, with tears in his honest eyes, exhorted him to bear up like a man under this blow, and his mother indignantly declared that a girl who could so conduct herself was indeed a good riddance, he sat silent, half stupified. Such a breach of faith seemed, to his earnest and loyal nature, simply impossible.

Another half-hour brought confirmation that could not be doubted. James Wilkins, Mr. Gibbs' man-servant, came grinning and important, with a letter for George, which had been inclosed in one from his master to himself. It was from Susan, and signed with her new name.

"I know," it said, "that for what I have done, I shall be without excuse in your eyes—that you will hate and despise me as much as you have hitherto loved and trusted me. I know that I have behaved to you very, very bad, and I don't ask you to forgive me. I know you can't. But I do ask you to refrain from vengeance. It can't bring back the past. Oh, George! if ever you cared for me, listen to what I entreat now. Hate and despise me—I don't expect no other—but don't you revenge my ill conduct on any one. Forgot all about me—that's the best thing for both of us. It would have been better if we had never beheld one another."

Much more followed in the same strain—weak, self-accusing, fearful of consequences—wholly unworthy of George.

He gazed at the letter, holding it in those strong, sinewy hands, that would have toiled for her so hard and so faithfully. Then, without a word, he held it out to his father and left the room. They heard him mount the narrow stairs, lock himself into his little garret, and they heard no more.

After a while his mother went to him. Although personally relieved at her son's release, that feeling was entirely absorbed in tender and loving pity for what she knew must be his sufferings. He was sitting by the little casement, a withered branch of hops upon his knee. She went and laid her cheek to his.

"Have patience, lad," she said, with earnest feeling. "Try—try—to have faith, and comfort 'll be sent ye in time. It's hard to bear, I know—dreadful hard and bitter—but for the poor parents' sakes who loves ye so dear, try and bear it."

He looked up at her with cold tearless eyes. "I will," he said, in a harsh voice. "Don't ye see I *am* trying?"

His glance was dull and hopeless. How she longed that tears would come and relieve his bursting heart.

"She wasn't worthy of ye, my boy. I always told ye——"

But he stopped her with a stern gesture.

"Mother! Not a word o' that, nor of her, from this hour. What she's done ain't so very bad after all. *I'm* all right—*I* am. Father and you shan't see no difference in me, leastways, not if you'll forbear naming of her ever, ever again. She's turned my heart to stone, that's all! No matter!"

He laid his hand on his broad chest and heaved a great gasping sigh. "This morning I had a heart o' flesh here," he said; "now it's a cold, heavy stone. But it's no great matter."

"Oh, don't ye speak like that, my lad!" his mother cried, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms around him. "It kills me to hear ye!"

But he gently unwound those arms, and kissing her on the cheek, led her to the door. "I must go to work now," he said; and descending the stairs before her, he quitted the cottage with a firm step.

From that hour no one heard him speak of Susan Gibbs. He never inquired into the circumstances of her stay at Ormiston; he never spoke of them, nor of her, to her relations or to his own. He avoided the former; he was silent and reserved with the latter. Susan appeared to be, for him, as though she had never been.

And from that hour he was an altered being. He went about his work as actively, and did it as carefully, as ever; but it was done sternly, doggedly, like an imperative but unwelcome duty. No man ever saw a smile upon his lips; no jocular word ever escaped them. Grave and uncompromising, he went his ungenial way, seeking for no sympathy and bestowing none, avoiding all companionship, save that of his parents—a sad and solitary man.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gibbs' "Place" on Cumner Common was advertised as to be let; strangers hired it, and for nearly three years nothing was seen of him or of his wife. Then news arrived one day that they were to be expected shortly, and quite a ferment of expectation was created in the little village. They came, and certain rumors that had reached it from time to time were found to have only too much foundation in truth.

For it had oozed out, as such things do ooze, that Gibbs shamefully ill used his pretty wife, and that the marriage, which on his side had been one of love, had turned out miserably. Her father and brothers, who had been to see them more than once, had been strangely reserved on the subject of those visits, and it was generally understood that the old farmer lamented his daughter's marriage now as much as he had formerly longed for it. No one wondered when they saw her. She was the shadow of her former self; still lovely, but broken, cowed, pale; all the bloom faded; all the spirit crushed out of her. No smile was ever seen upon those pretty lips now, except when she played with her boy, a fair-haired little fellow, the image of herself. But even in her intercourse with this child she was sternly restricted, and her tyrant would not unfrequently dismiss him with an oath, and forbid her to follow him to his nursery.

In spite of their being such near neighbors, the Gibses had been some time in the place before George met his former love. He never went to Cumner church (nor anybody, indeed,) and she never quitted her own house except to drive with her husband, or walk through the Southanger Woods to her father's. George might have beheld her driving past her father's door with a high-stepping horse that always seemed on the point of running away; but he never looked at her, nor replied to his mother's remarks respecting her and her smart turn-out. Yet though he resolutely kept the door of his own lips, he could not close the lips of other people, or his own ears. Do what he would, the Gibbses and their doings pursued him still. His master's laborers gossiped about the husband's brutality; the baker's boy had no end of stories to tell, of the oaths he had heard, and even the blows he had witnessed, when "Gibbs was more than usual excited with drink." The poor frightened wife was understood to have declared that but for her dread of what he might be driven to do in his fury, she would go before a magistrate and swear the peace against him. George could not close his ears to all this; and men said that the expression of his eyes on those occasions was not good to look upon.

One Sunday, the Eades were sitting over their frugal one o'clock dinner, when they heard the sound of a carriage driving furiously past. Mrs. Eade caught up her stick, and, in spite of her lameness, hobbled to the window.

"I thought so!" she cried. "It's Gibbs driving to Tenelms, and drunk again, seemingly. See how he's flogging of the horse. And he's got the little lad, too! He'll not rest till he've broken that child's neck, or the mother's. Simmons declares——"

She stopped, suddenly aware of her son's breath upon her cheek. He had actually come to the window, and now, leaning over her, was gazing sternly at the figures in the carriage, flying down the hill towards Tenelms road.

"I wish he might break his own neck!" George muttered between his teeth.

"Oh, George! George! don't name such things," Mrs. Eade cried, with a pale shocked face. "It ain't Christian. We've all need of repentance, and our times is in His hand."

"If ye frequented church, my lad, 'stead of keeping away, as I grieve to see ye do," his father said, severely, "ye'd have better feelings in your heart. *They'll* never prosper ye, mark my words."

George had returned to his seat, but he rose again as his father said this. "Church!" he cried, in a loud harsh voice—"I was going there one, and it wasn't permitted. I'll go there no more. D'ye think," he continued, while he white lips trembled with uncontrollable emotion—"d'ye think because I'm quiet, and do my work reg'lar, d'ye think I've forgotten? *Forgotten!*" He brought his clenched fist down upon the table with startling violence. "I tell ye when I forget, I'll be lying stark and stiff in my coffin! Let be—let be!" as his mother tried to interrupt him: "ye mean well, I know, but women haven't the judgment to tell when to speak and when to hold hard. Ye'd best never name that scoundrel 'fore me again, nor yet church." With that he went from the room and from the house.

Mrs. Eade fretted sadly over these evidences of George's rancorous and ungodly disposition. To her he seemed to be on the high road to perdition, and she ended by sending to Mr. Murray, the rector, to beg he would be pleased to look in upon her some morning soon, as she was greatly troubled in her mind. But Mr. Murray was at that time ill, and nearly a fortnight elapsed before he was able to answer her summons. Meanwhile other events occurred.

It was notorious that one of Mrs. Gibbs' greatest trials was about her boy, whom her husband persisted in driving out, at the risk, as every one thought, of his life. Fearful had been the scenes between the parents on this account; but the more she wept and implored, the more he resisted her entreaties. One day, to frighten her still more, he placed the little fellow, with the whip in his hand, on the carriage-seat alone, and stood at his door himself, loosely holding the reins, and jeering at his wife, who in an agony of terror kept beseeching him to get in, or to let her do so. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard in a neighboring field; the horse took fright, and started off wildly, jerking the reins from the hands of the half-intoxicated Gibbs; the whip fell from the hands of the child on the animal's back, still further exciting it; and the boy, thrown with violence to the bottom of the carriage, lay half stunned by the shock.

George was close by when this occurred. He threw himself on the flying horse, and, seizing the bearing-rein with his whole strength, held on like grim death, in spite of being half dragged, half borne, along in its headlong flight. At last the animal, getting its legs entangled in the long trailing reins, fell with fearful violence, and lay stunned and motionless. George was thrown to the ground, but escaped with a few trifling bruises. The child at the bottom of the carriage, though frightened and screaming, was altogether uninjured. In less than five minutes half the village was collected on the spot, inquiring, congratulating, applauding; and Susan, with her rescued child clinging to her bosom, was covering George's hands with passionate tears and kisses.

"Bless you! Bless you a thousand times!" she cried, sobbing hysterically. "You've saved my darling's life! He might have been killed but for you! How can I ever——"

But a rough hand shoved her aside. "What are you after now?" Gibbs' furious voice was heard to cry, with a shocking oath. "Leave that fellow alone, or I'll——! Are you making a fool of yourself this way, because he's lamed the horse so that he'll have to be shot?"

The poor thing sank down on the bank and broke into a fit of hysterical weeping; whilst a murmur of "Shame, shame!" rose among the bystanders.

George Eade had turned coldly from Susan when she rushed up to him, and had striven to withdraw his hands from her grasp; but now, confronting Gibbs, he said, "It'll be a good deed done, whoever shoots that brute of yours, and it'd be a better still to shoot *you* as a man would a mad dog!"

All heard the words. All trembled at his look as he uttered them. The whole of the pent-up rage and resentment of the last three years seemed concentrated in that one look of savage and unutterable hatred.

Mr. Murray found poor Mrs. Eade very suffering, when, two mornings after, he called to congratulate her on her son's escape. She had not closed her eyes since the accident. George's look and words, as they had been described to her, haunted her. The good clergyman could give her but scant comfort. He had tried again and again to reason with and soften her son, but ineffectually. George answered him, with a certain rude aspect, that as long as he did his work properly, and injured no man, he had a right to decide for himself in matters concerning only himself; and one of his fixed decisions was never again to see the inside of a church.

"It's a hard trial, my friend," said Mr. Murray, "a hard and mysterious trial. But I say to you, *have faith.* There is a hidden good in it, that we can't see now."

"It'd be strange if I wasn't thankful for his being spared," Mrs. Eade replied. "It'd be worse thou anything to have the dear lad took, revengeful and unforgiving as he is now. But you see, Sir ——"

She was stopped in her eager speech by a knock at the door. The son of Mr. Beach, the neighboring butcher, peeped in. He scraped a bow on seeing the clergyman sitting with her, and looked from one to the other with a doubtful demeanor.

"I don't want nothing this morning, thank you, Jim," Mrs. Eade said. Then, struck with the peculiar expression of the young man's face, she added: "Ain't Mr. Beach so well this morning? You lock all nohow."

"I'm—I'm a bit flustered," the youth replied, wiping his steaming forehead; "I've just been seeing *him*, and it gave me such a turn!"

"Him! who?"

"Sure! Haven't ye heard, Sir? Gibbs have been found dead in Southanger Woods—murdered last night. They say—"

"Gibbs murdered!"

There was a pause of breathless horror.

"They've been carrying his corpse to the Dunstan Arms, and I see it."

Mrs. Eade turned so deadly faint that the clergyman called out hurriedly for Jemima, the servant girl. But Jemima had run out wildly on hearing the appaling intelligence, and was now midway between her master's house and the Gibbs', listening to a knot of people, all wondering, surmizing, gazing with scared eyes at that door in the high wall, the threshold of which its master would never cross again, except feet foremost.

The Eades' parlor was soon full to overflowing. Most of the dwellers on the Common had congregated there—why, perhaps none would have cared to explain. Simon Eade came in among the first, and was doing his best to soothe and restore the poor fainting woman, who could hardly as yet realize what had occurred. In the midst of the confusion—the questioning, the describing of the position of the body, the rifled pockets, the dreadful blow from behind, the number of hours since the deed was done—in the midst of all this, steps were heard outside, and George came into tha midst of them.

Then a sudden hush succeeded to the Babel of sounds, which he could not but have heard as he crossed the threshold. There was something ominous in that silence.

No need to ask if he knew. His face, pale as death, haggard, streaming with perspiration, proved all too plainly he was aware of the ghastly horror. But his first words, low, and uttered half unconsciously, were long after remembered:

"I WISH I'D BEEN FOUND DEAD IN THAT WOOD, 'STEAD OF GIBBS!"

Various circumstances arose, one after another, that united to surround George with a kind of network of suspicion. Simon Eade sustained himself like a man, with a proud confidence in the innocence of his boy, touching even those who could not share it, and with a pious trust that Providence would yet see that innocence proved. But the poor feeble mother, shaken by ill health, half crazed by the remembrance of words and looks she would give the world to forget, could do little but weep, and utter broken supplications to Heaven.

George offered no resistance on his apprehension. Sternly, but without eagerness, he declared his innocence, and from that moment he kept entire silence. His features worked convulsively when he wrung his father's hand on parting, and gazed on the pale face of his mother, who had swooned away on seeing the police; but he soon recovered his self-possession, and accompanied the officers with a steady step, and a fixed, though gloomy countenance.

The body of the deceased ad been discovered about ten A.M. by a farmer going to the Plashetts, who had been attracted to the spot by the howls of Gibbs' dog. The corpse lay among the underwood, at a short distance from the footpath leading from the stile so often mentioned, through the wood to the Plashetts, and had apparently been dragged that short distance. Evidences of a fierce struggle were visible on and around the footpath, and some blood also; which appeared to have flowed from a wound in the back of the head of the deceased, who must have been struck from behind by some heavy, though not blunt, instrument. When found, he had been dead, according to the medical testimony, some eleven or twelve hours. The pockets were turned inside out, and the watch and a purse had been taken, as well as a seal ring.

Gibbs's two servants, James and Bridget Williams, deposed that their master had quitted his own house on the night of the murder, at twenty minutes past eight, being unusually sober; that he had set his watch, the last thing, by the kitchen clock, and had observed that he should go to the Dunstan arms first, and afterward to the Plashetts. That his not returning that night had occasioned no uneasiness, as he was in the habit of frequently absenting himself until morning, and had his latch-key always with him.

On the other hand, Simon Eade, his wife and servant girl, all deposed that George returned home on the night of the murder, at 9 o'clock, having been out since tea-time; that there was nothing unusual in either his manner or appearance; that he supped, and afterwards remained with his parents till 10, when the whole family retired to bed; and that he came down next morning in the sight of Jemima, who had herself risen somewhat earlier than usual.

On his left wrist was found a recent cut, which he stated had been caused by his clasp-knife slipping, as he was cutting his bread and cheese. In the same manner he sought to account for certain marks of blood on the inside of his coat sleeves and on his trousers. The only article belonging to the deceased that was found in his possession was a small lead pencil, marked with the initials "G. G.," and three notches; these Job Brettle, the blacksmith, swore Gibbs had handed him the pencil to cut, on the afternoon of the murder. He (Brettle) noticed both notches and initials at the time, and could swear that the pencil in the prisoner's possession was the pencil he had cut. George maintained that he had picked it up on the Common, and that he had no idea to whom it belonged.

It came out in cross-examination that a more desperate quarrel than ever had taken place on the morning of the murder between Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs; after which, she had been heard to declare that she could support that life no longer, and would apply for help to one who would not refuse it. That she had sent a letter soon after to George Eade, by the son of a neighboring cottager, and had gone out herself at night, a few minutes after her husband, returning again in a quarter of an hour, more or less, when she had retired to her bedroom, and had not again quitted it until news was brought next morning of the discovery of the corpse.

When questioned by the coroner as to where she had been overnight, no reply could be elicited from her; but she fainted so frequently while under examination, that her evidence was singularly broken and incoherent.

George admitted having gone to the Southanger Woods at about twenty minutes to eight on the night of the murder; but he refused to assign any special reason for going there, declaring that he had not remained there more than a quarter of an hour at most. He stated that, as he was recrossing the stile, he saw Gibbs and his dog at a distance, making directly for it. The moon shone almost as bright as day, and he recognized him distinctly. To avoid meeting him, he took the Dring road, and walked nearly as far as the turnpike, when he turned about, and so reached home at nine o'clock without having met a soul.

The following were (briefly) the points in the prisoner's favor:

1. The evidence of three credible witnesses that he returned home at nine o'clock, and sat down to supper without any appearance of hurry or agitation.

2. The shortness of the time in which to commit such a deed, and effectually to conceal the property taken from the deceased.

3. The high moral character borne by the prisoner up to that time.

The points against him were:

1. The cut on his wrist, and marks of blood on his clothes.

2. Gibbs' pencil, found upon him.

3. The absence of testimony corroborative of his own account of his doings during the thirty minutes that intervened between Gibb's leaving the Dunstan Arms (where he had gone straight from home) and his (George's) own return to his father's.

4. The bitter animosity he was known to cerish aginst the deceased, and certain words he had been heard to utter respecting him, indicating a desire for his life.

By the evidence of the landlord of the Dunstan Arms, it appeared that Gibbs had left his place to proceed to the Plashetts, at a few minutes' before half-past eight o'clock. Now, it would take some four or five minutes' moderate walking for one leaving the public house to reach the spot where Gibbs' body was found; thus reducing the period for the murder to be committed in (if committed by George at that time) to three or four and twenty minutes, if he ran home at his full speed, or to nineteen or twenty minutes, if he walked at an average pace.

The demeanor of the prisoner before the magistrates was stern, and even defiant; but he betrayed no emotion. He was fully committed for trial at the approaching assizes.

Meanwhile, opinion respecting him was greatly divided in Cumner. He had never been a popular man, and his extreme reserve during the last three years had alienated many who, at the period of his great trouble, had been disposed to sympathise with him. And, although he had always held a high place in public esteem, the impression that he was a man of unusually fierce passions, and implacable resentment, had gained ground of late. In short, not a few of those who knew him best, believed that, worked up to savage fury by the sufferings of the woman he had once so fondly loved, and by long brooding over his own wrongs, he had revenged both himself and her by taking the life of his enemy. He might, it was thought, have easily slipped out of his father's house in the dead of night, have waylaid and murdered Gibbs as he was returning from the Plashetts, and have secreted or destroyed the property in order to throw suspicion off the right scent.

His trial will long be remembered in those parts, as well from the intense excitement it occasioned in that particular locality, as from the strong interest manifested about it throughout the kingdom. The most eminent counsel were engaged on his behalf; and Mr. Malcolmson, who never could believe in his guilt, spared neither pains nor expense to aid his cause. He was perfectly calm when he stood in the dock, the one object on which countless eyes were eagerly riveted, but the change that had taken place in his outward seeming, struck even the most indifferent beholder with compassion, and possibly did more to impress the jury in his favor than even the eloquence of his counsel, wonderful as that proved. For, his sufferings must have been intense. He had grown years older during the last few weeks. His hair had thinned, his clothes hung upon his attenuated frame. He, once so ruddy and vigorous, stood there wan, haggard, drooping. Even the expression of his countenance had altered; it was stern no more.

A sound like one vast sobbing sigh went through the crowded court when the verdict, Not Guilty, was heard, but no applause, no public mark of joy or gratulation. And silently, with downcast eyes, like a doomed man. George Eade returned with one parent to the home where the other sat praying for his release.

It had been expected that, if acquitted, he would leave Cummer, and seek his fortunes elsewhere. But it was consistent with the character of the man, to brave the opinion of his fellows, and he did so in this instance. On the first Sunday, to the surprise of all, he made his appearance in church, sitting apart from the rest of the congregation, as though unwilling to obtrude himself upon them; from that time his attendance was invariable. Nor was this the only change observable in his conduct. His moroseness had passed away. He had become subdued, patient, manifesting a touching gratitude to those who treated him with common civility, as though he felt himself unworthy of their notice: unremitting in his devotion to his parents; working hard all the day; sometimes puzzling over a book at night: never alluding to the past—never forgetting it; melancholy—more melancholy than ever; but no longer bitter or resentful. Such had George Eade become; and when men srw him at a distance, they followed him with their eyes, and asked one another in a whisper, "Did he do it?"

He and Susan never met. She long lay dangerously ill at her father's house, whither she had removed after the tragical event. And the old farmer was fitly punished for his sordid coveting of Gibbs' wealth, when it was found that the latter had settled only fifty pounds a year upon his wife, to be forfeited altogether if she should make a second marriage.

It was about a twelvemonth after these events that, one bright moonlight night, as Mr. Murray was sitting in his library alone, his servant entered to inform him that a stranger, who gave his name as Luke Williams, desired to speak with him. It was past ten o'clock, and the clergyman's hours were early and regular.

"Tell him to call to-morrow morning," said he; "this is not a fit hour for business."

"I did tell him so, Sir," the man replied; "but he declared his was a business that would not wait an hour."

"Is he a beggar?"

"He didn't beg, Sir; but he looks shocking, quite shocking——"

"Show him in."

The man entered; truly a shocking object. Pale, hollow-eyed, cadaverous, with a racking cough that caused him to pant and gasp for breath, he looked like one in the last stage of consumption. He gazed at Mr. Murray with a strange and mournful expression, and Mr. Murray gazed at him.

"Well?"

The stranger glanced at the servant.

"Leave the room, Robert."

Robert did so, but remained in close proximity outside.

"This is a strange hour at which to disturb me. Have you something to say?"

"It *is* strange hour, Sir, for coming; but my reason for coming is stranger."

The man turned to the window, the curtains of which were not drawn, and gazed at the full October moon, which lighted up the quaint old church hard by, the humble gravestones, the quiet home scene, and shed a solemn glory over all.

"Well?" Mr. Murray asked once more.

But the man's eyes were fixed on the sky.

"Yes," he said, shuddering, "it shone like that—like that—the night of the murder. It did indeed. It shone on his face—Gibb's—as he lay there—it shone on his open eyes—I couldn't get them to shut; do what I would, they would stare at me. I've never seen moonlight like that since, till to-night. And I'm come to give myself up to you. I always felt I should, and it's better done and over. Better over."

"You murdered Gibbs? You?"

"I did. I've been there to-night to look at the place. I felt I must see it again, and I saw his eyes, as plain as I see you, open, with the moonlight shining on them. Ah, a horrible sight!"

"You look very wild and ill. Perhaps——"

"You doubt me. I wish *I* could doubt. See here."

With a trembling emaciated hand he drew from his pocket the watch, seal ring and purse that had belonged to Gibbs, and laid them on the table. Mr. Murray knew them.

"I used the money," said the man, faintly. "There were but a few shillings, and I was in great want."

Then he sank down on a chair with a dreadful groan.

Mr. Murray gave him a restorative, and after a time he rallied. With his hollow eyes still gazing at the moonlight, and with that ever-recurring shudder, he faltered out at intervals the following story:

He and Gibbs had been formerly associated in disreputable money transactions, which had ended in his own ruin. Being in abject distress, he had, on the promise of a considerable bribe, agreed to aid Gibbs in a plot to obtain possession of Susan's person. When she and George had separated for the fortnight previous to their contemplated marriage, the two confederates had followed her to Ormiston, and, concealing themselves in a low part of the town, had kept close watch upon her movements. Ascertaining that she was to spend the day with a cousin, they sent a woman, a creatnre of their own, to waylay her on her road, with a message purporting to come from George Eade, imploring her to hasten to him immediately, as he was injured by an accident on the railroad, and might have but a few hours to live. Appalled by such intelligence, the poor girl hurried to the place where the woman led her, entered without a shadow of suspicion a lonely house in the suburbs, and found herself in the presence of Gibbs and Williams, who, instantly securing the door, informed her that this subterfuge had been resorted to in order to get her into the power of the former. They told her that she was now in a place where screams would not be heeded, even if heard, and whence she would find it impossible to escape, and that she would not be quitted night or day by them or their female assistant, until she should consent to become the wife of Gibbs. Who added, with furious oaths, that had her union with George Eade taken place, he would have shot him down on his way from church.

With wild terror and astonishment, helpless, bewildered, the girl resisted longer than might have been expected in one naturally weak. But finding herself incessantly watched, trembling, too, for her life, (for Gibbs stood over her with a loaded pistol and the most furious threats,) she was frightened at last into writing, at his dictation, the letters to her aunt and lover, announcing her marriage; though that event did not really take place till nearly three weeks later, when, worn out, and almost stupified with acquiescence, she was married in due form. Even then, Williams declared that she would have resisted still, but for her fears of her lover's safety. His life seemed to be dearer to her than her own happiness, and Gibbs had sworn so vehemently that his life should be the immediate forfeit of his union with her, that she felt that union would be impossible. She married, therefore, offering herself up as a kind of ransom for the man she loved. Then Williams claimed his reward.

But his worthless confederate was not one to fulfil honestly any promise involving the sacrifice of money. He paid the first three instalments agreed upon; but constantly shirked the payment of the others, until at last, Williams, finding himself in immediate danger of arrest, made his way down to the neighborhood of Cumner, and lurking about the Southanger Woods, the deep recesses of which were well calculated for concealment, watched his opportunity, and accosted Gibbs one eveding as he was driving home from Tenelms alone. That worthy, though, as usual, half drunk, recognized him at once, and swearing at him for an impudent begger, did his best to drive his horse over him. Infuriated by such treatment, Williams wrote him a letter, declaring that if he failed to bring, on a certain night to a certain spot in Southanger Woods, every shilling of the sum he had promised to pay, he (Williams) would the very next morning go before the nearest magistrate and reveal the whole plot of Susan's abduction and marriage.

Alarmed by this threat, Gibbs answered the appointment, but without bringing the money; indeed, it soon became clear that he had no more intention of paying it than before. Williams, exasperated beyond endurance by these repepeated disappointments, and rend desperate by want, swore he would at least possess himself of whatever money or valuables the other had about him. Gibbs resisted with fury, and a fierce struggle ensued, during which he repeatededly endeavored to stab his opponent with his clasp-knife. At length Williams prevailed, and throwing all his strength into one supreme effort, hurled Gibbs to the ground, the back of whose head striking with fearful violence against a tree, he was killed by the force of the blow. Appalled by his own act, and by the probable consequences to himself, Williams hastily dragged the body from the footpath, rifled the pockets, and hurried away from the scene. The church clock struck ten as he emerged from Southanger Woods. He walked all that night, rested the next day in an old outhouse, and succeeded in reaching London undiscovered. But he was, almost immediately afterward, arrested for debt, and had remained in prison until within the last few days, when he was released, chiefly because he was believed to be dying of consumption. And he *was* dying, he added, despairingly. For, since that fearful night, the victim's upturned eyes had followed him everywhere—everywhere—and his life had been a burden to him.

Such was the tale, told in broken whispers in the dead of night, to the clergyman, by that miserable man: a tale impossible to doubt, and triumphantly proving the innocence of one who had been too long suspected. Before twelve o'clock next day the whole village was ringing with the news of Williams' confession, which spread like wild-fire.

George bore his triumph, as he had borne unjust suspicion. The man's character had been strangely purified in the furnace of that affliction. The awful fate of his enemy, overtaking him with the suddenness of a chastisement from Heaven, had struck George at the time with a strange compassion, as well as self-upbraiding. For, though guiltless of Gibb's death, he was not guiltless of many and eager longings for it; and he would have given worlds to have forgiven him, as he hoped himself to be forgiven. Hence his first sad and self-accusing words in his father's house, after hearing of the murder.

It may be mentioned, by the way, that the object of the letter he had received from Susan on the morning of the fatal day had been to implore him to call upon her father that very afternoon, and induce him to take immediate steps for effecting her separation from her husband, of whom she went in fear of her life, and by whom she was watched too closely to be able to assist herself. And as her letters were liable to be opened, she entreated George to meet her in Southanger Woods that night, in order to inform her of the result of his negotiation (which was never even entered into, as the farmer happened to be from home.) Finding, however, that Gibbs was bound to the Plashetts from the public-house, she had rushed out hastily to warn George of the circumstance, and so prevent a meeting between the two, which was very near taking place.

Susan fully confirmed the testimony of Williams as to the circumstances of her abduction. That wretched man survived his confession little more than a week, and died in prison, penitent.

And once more George and Susan met. At that interview he took from his bosom a little silken bag, in which was a bunch of withered hops, so dried by time, that they almost crumbled beneath his touch. And he held them up to her.

There is a cottage on Cumner Common, not far from Simon Eade's, the walls of which are covered with roses and clematis. There you may see Susan, if not as beautiful as of yore, still fair; and happy now, with her brown-eyed baby in her arms; and, if you choose your hour, yau may catch George, too, coming in to dinner or to tea, stalwart, handsome, with a bright cheery look on his honest English face, that will do you good to look upon.

VIII.

TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE.

Sophy read through the whole of the foregoing several times over, and I sat in my seat in the Library Cart (that's the name we give it) seeing her read, and I was as pleased and as proud as a pug-dog with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party and his tail extra curled by machinery. Every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped.

But I had left something out of my calculations. Now, what had I left out? To help you to a guess, I'll say, a figure. Come. Make a guess, and guess right. Nought? No. Nine? No. Eight? No. Seven? No. Six? No. Five? No. Four? No. Three? No. Two? No. One? No. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll say it's another sort of a figure altogether. There. Why then, says you, it's a mortal figure. No, nor yet a mortal figure. By such means you get yourself penned into a corner, and you can't help guessing an immortal figure. That's about it. Why didn't you say so sooner?

Yes. It was a immortal figure that I had altogeter left out of my calculations. Neither man's, nor woman's, but a child's. Girl's or boy's? Boy's. "I says the sparrow, with my bow and arrow." Now you have got it.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business (though I cannot in honor recommend them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Mim's traveling giant, otherwise Pickelson, happened at th self-same time to be a trying it on in th town. The genteel lay was adopted with him No hint of a van. Green baise alcove leading u to Pickelson in an Auction-room. Printed poste "Free list suspended, with the exception of tha proud boast of an enlightened country, a fre press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious." Mim swearing most horrible and terrific in a calico pay-place at the slackness of the public. Serious handbill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David, without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the Auction Room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red drugget. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpunten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add, that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for his going in as a conwerted Indian Giant worked upon by The Dairyman's Daughter. This, Pickleson, having no acquaintance with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gag with his serious views, had declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the unfortunate young man's beer. All o which, during the whole of the interview, wa confirmed by the ferocious growling of Mim down below in the pay-place, which shook th giant like a leaf.

But what was to the present point in the re marks of the traveling giant otherwise Pic son, was this: "Doctor Marigold"—I give hi words without a hope of conveying their feebleness—"who is the strange young mun that hang about your carts?"—"The strange youn *man?*" I gives him back, thinking that h meant her, and his languid circulation ha dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, wi a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet a that I don't know my words. I repeat then Doctor. The strange young man." It then ap peared that Pickleson being forced to stretch h legs (not that they wanted it) only at times whe he couldn't be seen for nothing, to wit, in th dead of the night and toward daybreak, ha twice seen hanging about my carts, in that sam town of Lancaster where I had been only tw nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. What it mea as to particulars I no more foreboded then tha you forebode now, but it put me rather out sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickl son, and I took leave of Pickleson advising hi to spend his legacy in getting up his stamin and to continue to stand by his religion. Towa morning I kept a lookout for the strange youn man, and what was more—I saw the stran young man. He was well-dressed and well-look ing. He loitered very nigh my carts, watchi them like as if he was taking care of them, a soon after daybreak turned and went away. sent a hail after him, but he never started looked round, or took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, our way toward Carlisle. Next morning at da break I looked out again for the strange you man. I did not see him. But next morning looked out again, and there he was once mo I sent another hail after him, but as before gave not the slightest sign of being anywa disturbed. This put a thought into my hea Acting on it, I watched him in different mann and at different times not necessary to ent into, till I found that this strange young ma was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I kn that a part of that establishment where she ha been was allotted to young men, (some of th well off,) and I thought to myself, "If she f vors him, where am I, and where is all that have worked and planned for?" Hoping— must confess to the selfishness—that she migl *not* favor him. I set myself to find out. last I was by accident present at a meeting b tween them in the open air, looking on leani behind a fir-tree without their knowing of It was a moving meeting for all the three pa ties concerned. I knew every syllable th passed between them as well as they did. listened with my eyes, which had come to be quick and true with deaf and dumb conversati as my ears with the talk of people that can spea He was a going out to China as clerk in a me chant's house, which his father had been befo him. He was in circumstances to keep a wi and he wanted her to marry him and go alo with him. She persisted, no. He asked if didn't love him? Yes, she loved him dea dearly, but she never could disappoint her loved, good, noble, generous, and I don't-kn all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in t sleeved waistcoat,) and she would stay with hi Heaven bless him, though it was to break heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and th made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled st about her favoring this young man, I had that unreasonable toward Pickleson, that it w well for him he had got his legacy down. F often thought "If it hadn't been for this sa weak-minded giant, I might never have come trouble my hed and wex my soul about young man." But, once that I knew she lo him—once hat I had seen her weep for him was a different thing. I made it right in mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I sh myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly w shook together,) and the young man was leani against another of the fir-trees—of which th was a cluster—with his face upon his arm. touched him on the back. Looking up and se ing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk. " not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your frie Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Lib ry Cart, and I went up alone.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A head-ache."

"Not a heart-ache?"

"I said head-ache, father.

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that he ache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, a held it up with a forced smile; but seeing keep stil and look earnest, she softly laid it do again, and h r eyes were very attentive.

"The Prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put h hand in his, and my only further words to b of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's l prescription. To be taken for life." After wh I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a c (blue, and bright buttons,) for the first and l time in all my days, and I give Sophy away w my own hand. There were only us three and t gentleman who had had charge of her for th two years. I give the wedding dinner of fo in the Library Cart. Pigeon-pie, a leg of pickl pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden-st The best of drinks. I give them a speech, a the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jo told, and the whole went off like a sky-rock In the course of the entertainment I explain to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart my living-cart when not upon the road, and th I shouln keep all her books for her just as th stood, till she came back to claim them. So s went to China with her young husband, and was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got boy I had another service, and so as of old wh my child and wife were gone, I went ploddi along alone, with my whip over my shoulder the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote many letters. About the end of the first y she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dear father, not week ago I had a darling li daughter, but I am so well that they let write these words to you. Dearest and b father, I hope my child may not be deaf a dumb, but I do not yet know." When I w back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy ne answered that question, I felt it to be a sad o and I never repeated it. For a long time letters were regular, but then they got irregul through Sophy's husband being moved to other station, and through my being alwa the move. But we were in one anoth thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no ters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Su went away. I was still the King of the Ch Jacks, and a greater heighth of popularity t ever. I had had a first-rate Autumn of it, on the 23d of December, 1864, I found mys Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I ged up to London with the old horse, light easy, to have my Christmas-Eve and Christm Day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, then to buy a regular new stock of good round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve di in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beef pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen ters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. a pudding to put a man in good humor everything except the two bottom buttons o waistcoat. Having relished that pudding cleared away, I turned the lamp low, an down by the light of the fire, watching it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I pped off dozing by the fire. This may be a son why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all rough my nap. I was on the road, off the ad, in all sorts of places, North and South and est and East, Winds liked best and winds liked ast, Here and there and gone astray, Over the lls and far away, and still she stood silent by o, with her silent child in her arms. Even hen I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, s if she had stood by me in that very place only gle instant before.

had started at a real sound, and the sound as on the steps of the cart. It was the light urried tread of a child, coming clambering up. hat tread of a child had once been so familiar o me, that for half a moment I believed I was a oing to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off he mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips and said in a pretty voice:

"Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cries out, "She can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

THE END.

SHIPPING.

ONLY LINE OF BRITISH STEAMERS carrying passengers direct to Great Britain.

ANCHOR LINE.

Steam to Liverpool, Glasgow and the Irish ports.

BRITANNIA..........SATURDAY, Dec. 30.
CALEDONIA..........SATURDAY, Jan. 13.

Cabins, $90, $80, $70. Steerage, $30, in currency.

FRANCIS MACDONALD & CO.,
No. 6 Bowling-green.

Passengers will please come direct to the office, as this company do not employ runners.

STEAM TO LONDON.—THE SPLENDID BRITish iron steamship BELLONA, 2,500 tons, Capt. E. Dixon, will sail as above, from Pier No. 3 North River, on THURSDAY, Dec. 28. For passage at the lowest rates, apply to CHAS. A. WHITNEY, No. 26 Broadway. For freight apply at No. 54 South-st.

HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, Agents.

FOR HAVANA DIRECT.

The United States mail side-wheel steamship
MORRO CASTLE,
R. ADAMS, Commander,
will leave Pier No. 4 North River, on WEDNDSDAY, Dec. 27, at 3 o'clock, P. M., precisely, for Havana direct.
For freight or passage apply to
SPOFFORD, TILESTON & CO.,
No. 29 Broadway.

P. S.—The favorite steamship EAGLE will succeed the MORRO CASTLE, and leave on Jan. 3.

UNITED STATES MAIL LINE FOR RIO DE JANEIRO, calling at St. Thomas, Para, Pernambuco, and Bahia every trip.

THE UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

will dispatch regularly on the 29th of each month, at 3 P. M., from Pier No. 43 North River, one of their new first-class steamships.

THE HAVANA,
M. R. GREENE, Commander,
will leave
ON FRIDAY, THE 29TH DECEMBER.

An experienced Surgeon is attached to each steamship.
All letters must pass through the Post-office.
Large lots of heavy freight, at low rates.
For freight or passage apply to
THOMAS ASENCIO & CO.,
No. 17 Broadway.

FOR SAVANNAH DIRECT.

STAR LINE.

Connecting with railroad throughout Georgia and Florida.

The first-class United States mail steamships
CONSTITUTION..........GREENMAN, Commander,
AMERICA..........LINDT, Commander,
NEVADA..........CARPENTER, Commander,
WEYBOSSET..........PARISH, Commander.

THE
CONSTITUTION
will sail from Pier No. 13 North River, foot of Cedar-st., on SATURDAY, Dec. 30, at 3 P. M.
For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to
WAKEMAN, GOOKIN & DICKINSON,
No. 17 Broadway.
Agent in Savannah, BRIGHAM, BALDWIN & CO.
Freights received on our covered Pier No. 13 North River, at all times during the day.

FOR SAVANNAH.

PIONEER LINE.

Cabin Passage..........$25 | Deck Passage..........$10

The new and first-class steamship HUNTER, Capt. M. L. ROGERS, will leave Pier No. 4, North River, on THURSDAY, Dec. 28, at 3 o'clock P. M.
For freight or first-class passage, apply to
LEWIS L. JONES, No. 17 Broadway.
For deck passage apply on board.
Agents in Savannah, HUNTER & GAMMELL.

NEW-ORLEANS DIRECT.

WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.—The New-York Mail Steamship Company's steamship CHAMPION will leave on SATURDAY, Dec. 23, at 3 P. M., from the Company's Pier, No. 46 North River.
For freight or passage apply to
JAMES A. RAYNOR, No. 10 Barclay-st.

FOR NEW-ORLEANS, VIA HAVANA.

The elegant steamship
CREOLE,
N. ANDERSON, Commander,
will sail from Pier No. 21 North River, foot of Fulton-st., for the above ports, on THURSDAY, Dec. 28, at 3 o'clock P. M.
All bills of lading signed at the wharf.
For freight or passage, with superior accommodations, apply to G. HEINEKEN & PALMORE,
No. 115 Broadway.

FOR NEW-ORLEANS, DIRECT.

The new and first-class steamship NESHANNOCK, Capt. J. H. WINCHESTER, will leave Pier No. 9, North River, SATURDAY, Dec. 30, at 3 P. M.
Passage, with most luxurious accommodations, $60.
For freight or passage apply to
H. B. CROMWELL & Co.,
No. 86 West-st.

FOR NEW-ORLEANS—DIRECT.

The first-class fast sailing steamship R. R. CUYLER, Capt. S. H. DOLLARD, will sail from Pier No. 13, North River, on SATURDAY, Dec. 30, at 3 P. M. This line is now prepared to receive freight at all times during business hours, upon the pier No. 13 North river.
For freight or passage, having elegant accommodations, apply to R. LOWDEN, Agent,
No. 54 Wall-st.
GEO. A. FOSDICK, Agent at New-Orleans.

FOR CHARLESTON, S. C.

PEOPLE'S MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
EMILY B. SOUDER..........Capt. H. LOCKWOOD
MONEKA..........Capt. WM. MARSHMAN

The above splendid steamships will leave every THURSDAY, at 3 P. M., from Pier No. 36 North River, invariably landing cargo at Charleston on Monday morning.
The new and elegant sidewheel steamship
HERMAN LIVINGSTON,
sails on THURSDAY, Dec. 28, at 3 o'clock P. M.
For freight or passage, with unsurpassed accommodation,
Apply to
LIVINGSTON, FOX & CO., No. 141 Broadway.
Consignees at Charleston, ARCHIBALD GETTY & CO. All bills of lading signed on board the ship.

FOR MOBILE—MERCHANTS' LINE

Goes to the wharf with all her cargo. To sail on SATURDAY, 30th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M.
The fine A 1 fast-sailing side-wheel steamship DAKOTAH, WM. JONES, Master, now loading at Pier No. East River, will sail as above.
For freight or passage apply to
MURRAY & NEPHEW, No. 62 South-st.,
or, JAMES W. ELWELL & CO., No. 51 South-st.
A. J. INGERSOLL & CO., Agents, Mobile.

PORTLAND STEAMSHIPS—CHANGE OF PIER.—The business of the New-England Steamship Company's Portland line of steamers, will be removed on Jan. 1, 1866, from Pier No. 9, North River, to Pier No. 38, East River, foot of Market-st. This new wharf is covered with a substantial water-proof building, affording thorough protection to inward and outward cargoes. H. B. CROMWELL & CO, No. 86 West-st.

UNITED STATES PASSPORT OFFICE, No. 41 CHAMBERS-ST.—Passports from the Department of State, indispensable to travelers, issued by A. C. WILLMARTH, Room No. 28.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BEST HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

HANDSOMELY BOUND ENGLISH BIBLES.
AMERICAN EPISCOPAL PRAYER BOOKS
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FANCY LEATHER GOODS, AS TOURISTS' CASES, POCKET-BOOKS, DESKS, ALBUMS, &c.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,
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Branch of London establishment.

HOLIDAY BOOKS CHEAP.
10,000 ALBUMS, Cheap.
1,000,000 CHILDREN'S BOOKS, Cheap.
ILLUSTRATD BOOKS, Cheap.
Complete sets of "HARPER'S," in all styles of binding, at half the publishers' prices, at
CHAS. A. MILLER'S, No. 76 Nassau-st.

DEMOREST'S HOLIDAY PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER, with splendid Christmas and New-Year's stories, poems and engravings. A splendid treat to take home for children of all ages. Sold everywhere.

A BOOK ON STRICTURE, PILES, FISTULA, and thirty other diseases, mailed for 25 cents. HENRY A. DANIELS, M. D., Consulting and Operative Surgeon, No. 2 Union-square.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS.—The horse is a free, stylish driver and a splendid saddle animal. Can be seen at Ryerson & Brown's Livery Stable, corner of 13th-st. and University-place.

FOR SALE—A LIGHT SHIFTING-TOP WAGON, one express wagon. Also, three sets harness and one black mare. For particulars, apply to WM. A. READ, butter-stand, Nos. 51 and 55 Centre Market, New-York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARBLE MANTELS.—THE BEST PLACE in the city to purchase Marble Mantels of the latest designs at very low prices, is at A. KLABER'S Marble Works, No. 109 East 18th-st., near 3d-av., New-York. Mantels put up in the country. Cut this out.

WASHING AND IRONING NEATLY DONE AT No. 135 6th-av. Inquire on the fourth floor.

ASTROLOGY.

NO. 165 BOWERY.—MADAME WIDGER, clairvoyant, tells all you wish to know. Losses, diseases, numbers, &c.

FINANCIAL.

" 3-10 CURRENCY COUPONS,
DUE DEC. 15.
1881 GOLD COUPONS,
DUE JAN. 1, 1866,
cashed by
MANN & BRUNDAGE,
No. 38 Pine-st."

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
THIRD NATIONAL BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 6, 1865.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of this bank, for the election of directors, will be held at their banking-house on the second TUESDAY in January next. By order of the board.
J. C. MARSELLUS, Assistant Cashier.

NOTICE.

The holders of the Railroad Bonds of Scioto County and State of Ohio are hereby notified that an authorized agent will attend in the City of New-York, on the 1st day of January ensuing, at the banking-house of WINSLOW, LANIER & CO., for the purpose of paying the January interest on said bonds, and to make other arrangements in regard to their liquidation.
By order of the Board of Commissioners, Scioto County, State of Ohio.
PORTSMOUTH, Dec. 11, 1865.

FOR SALE.

Dry-Dock, East Broadway and 34th-st Railroad; do. 42d-st.; do. 7th-av. and Broadway; do. Fulton Ferry and Bleecker-st. Railroad Stocks and Bonds at a liberal discount. Apply to S. R. JACOBS, No. 1 New-st.

HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD COMPANY.—Agreeably to the provisions contained in the Indenture of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company, dated April 1, 1863, sealed proposals (indorsed proposals for Bonds) addressed to Wm. H. Swift, at Ward, Campbell & Co.'s, No. 56 Wall-st., New-York, or to R. S. Watson, Treasurer, Boston, will be received until noon of TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1866, to the undersigned, for the sale of $44,008 of the Land Bonds of said company.
The bids will be opened at the office of the company, in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, at 12 o'clock noon, and the accepted bids declared.
SIDNEY BARTLETT, NATHANIEL THAYER, WILLIAM H. SWIFT, } Trustees.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1865.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN COAL COMPANY, ROOM NO. 29 TRINITY BUILDING, NO. 111 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1865.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the American Coal Company of Allegany County, Md., for the election of a Board of Directors, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at this office on THURSDAY, the 28th inst., at 12 o'clock M. The polls will be opened from 12 o'clock M. to 1 o'clock P. M. The transfer book will be closed from the evening of the 16th to the morning of the 29th of December. G. P. LLOYD, Vice-President.

OFFICE DOUGLASS MINING COMPANY OF MICHIGAN, No. 22 WILLIAM-ST., NEW-YORK.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN assessment of $. per share has been levied upon the Capital Stock of the Douglass Mining Company, payable on Dec. 30, inst., at the office of the Company. All assessments not promptly paid will be charged interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. No transfer of stock will be allowed after the above date, unless the assessment shall have been paid thereon. By order of the Board of Directors. S. J. EDWARDS, Secretary.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1865.

OFFICE OF THE TRUSTEES OF CREDITORS AND STOCKHOLDERS OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD COMPANY, (EASTERN DISTRICT,) No. 88 WALL-ST., NEW-YORK, DEC. 18, 1865.
THE INTEREST DUE 1ST JANUARY, 1866, on the preferred certificates issued by this trust, will be paid on and after the 2d day of January, at this office, to those in whose name said certificates stand registered on the 23d inst.
The transfer books, both of common and preferred certificates, will be closed at 2 P. M. on the 23d inst., and opened Jan. 8, 1866, at 10 A. M.
ALLEN CAMPBELL, Chairman.

OFFICE OF CENTRAL PETROLEUM COMPANY, No. 8 PINE-ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1865.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of the CENTRAL PETROLEUM COMPANY, for the election of trustees, will be held at the office of the company on TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1866, at 12 o'clock M., (the first Monday in January, the regular day of meeting, being a holiday.)
Polls will be open from 12 to 1 o'clock.
Transfer books will be closed from Dec. 30 to Jan. 2, both days inclusive. AUSTIN STEVENS, Secretary.

NOTICE.—THE TRUSTEES OF THE FIRST Mortgage Bondholders of the Vermont Valley Railroad Company will pay the coupons of April 1, 1860, on and after Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1866, upon presentation of the same at the office of the Treasurer, in Bellows Falls, Vt. For the convenience of bondholders in New-York and elsewhere, the coupons will be paid for the space of one month, viz., from the 2d day of January to the 2d day of February, at the National Park Bank, in the City of New-York, and thereafter will only be paid at the office of the Treasurer, in Bellows Falls.—Dated, Dec. 18, 1865.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 51 WALL-ST., COR. WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, Dec. 14, 1865.
THE BOOKS OF THIS COMPANY WILL close on the last day of the year, preparatory to its annual statement. Persons holding policies on risks which shall have terminated during the year, prior to 1st January next, are requested to furnish an account of the premiums thereon, and a statement of all claims for return of premiums, to prevent discrepancies in the accounts. J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NOS. 27 AND 29 PINE-ST.
THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of this bank for the election of nine Directors and three Inspectors of Election, to serve for one year, will be held at their banking-house, as above, on the second TUESDAY of Janurry next, (9th prox., at 12 o'clock noon, and closing at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day. B. SEAMAN, Cashier.
NEW-YORK, 8th December, 1865.

THE NATIONAL MECHANICS' BANKING ASSOCIATION OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 8, 1865.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of this bank, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the banking-house No. 38 Wall-st., in this city, on MONDAY, the 8th day of January next, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock P. M. F. CHANDLER, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, TRINITY BUILDING, NO. 111 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
THE BOOKS OF THIS COMPANY WILL close on the 31st inst., preparatory to its annual statement. Persons holding policies on risks which shall have terminated during the year are requested to furnish an account of the premiums thereon, and a statement of all claims for return of premium, to prevent discrepancies in the accounts. THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE METROPOLITAN GAS-LIGHT COMPANY, CORNER BROADWAY AND 42D-ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1865.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of this company, for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of other business, will be held at the office of the company, on MONDAY, Jan. 8, 1866. Poll open from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. The transfer book will be closed from Dec. 23 to Jan. 9, both days inclusive. WM. G. HART, Secretary.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH BONDS.—THE undersigned, in behalf of the City of Portsmouth, (State of Ohio,) would ask the holders of the bonds of said city, falling due Jan. 1, 1866, at Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, to meet him at the Astor House, Dec. 26 and 27, 1865, to pay the interest and part of the principal then due, and negotiate with them for an extension of the balance due on said bonds.
GEO. JOHNSON.
ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK CITY, Dec 22, 1865.

NATIONAL BROADWAY BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.
ELECTION.—THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR directors of this bank, and for inspectors of the next ensuing election, will be held at the banking-house on TUESDAY, the 9th day of January proximo, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 o'clock P. M.
J. L. EVERITT, Cashier.

THE BANK OF NEW-YORK, NATIONAL BANKING ASSOCIATION, NEW-YORK, Dec. 8, 1865.
AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF this bank will be held at the banking room on TUESDAY, the 9th of January next, from 12 M. until 1 o'clock P. M. W. B. MEEKER, Cashier.

MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 25 William-st. NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1855.
THE TRANSFER BOOKS OF THE MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, will be closed on December 25, 1865, preparatory to a dividend. They will be reopened Jan. 10, 1866. By order of the Directors.
CHARLES P. GILPIN, Transfer Agent.

THE CHATHAM NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 6, 1865.
AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF this association will be held at the banking-room, on TUESDAY, the 9th day of January next, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M. By order of the board.
O. H. SCHREINER, Cashier.

METROPOLITAN NATIONAL BANK, No. 108 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.
ELECTION.—THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR Directors of the Metropolitan National Bank will be held on TUESDAY, 9th January proximo.
The poll will open at 12 M. and close at 1 P. M.
GEORGE I. SENEY, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL CITIZENS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF this Bank will be held at the Banking-room, on TUESDAY, the 9th day of January next. Polls open from 12 to 1 o'clock, P. M.
W. H. OAKLEY, Cashier.

AN ELECTION FOR SEVEN TRUSTEES for the PHELPS AND GILLMORE GOLD MINING COMPANY will be held at their office, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau-st., New-York, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon. The transfer books will be closed from the 8th to the 12th of January.
W. H. STURDEVANT, Acting Secretary.

TENTH NATIONAL BANK, NO. 240 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 8, 1865.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION OF DIRECTORS of this Bank will be held at the banking-house on the second TUESDAY of January next, (9th proximo,) between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M.
J. H. STOUT, Cashier.

EIGHTH NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 6, 1865.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at the banking-house, No. 650 Broadway, on TUESDAY, Jan. 9, 1866, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M.
CHARLES HUDSON, Cashier.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of the Southwestern Iron Company will be held at the office of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., No. 52 Wall-st., on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27, at 2 o'clock P. M.
JAMES H. PULLMAN, Secretary.

THE CROTON NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, 17 Nassau-st., NEW-YORK, Dec. 9, 1865.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this Bank will be held at the banking rooms on Tuesday, January 9, 1866, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M. R. M. HEDDEN, Cashier.

NATIONAL BUTCHERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1865.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank and for three inspectors of the next election will be held at the banking-house, No. 124 Bowery, on TUESDAY, Jan. 9 next. The poll will open at 1 o'clock and close at 2 P. M. By order of the board.
R. P. PERRIN, Cashier.

GROCER'S NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 11, 1865.
AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF this Bank, will be held at the Banking-House, on TUESDAY, 9th day of January, 1866, from 12 to 1 o'clock.
SAMUEL B. WHITE, Cashier.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW-YORK—DIVIDEND.—A semi-annual Dividend of Five per cent., free from government tax, has been declared on the capital stock of this bank, payable on and after Jan. 8. H. F. VAIL, Cashier.

LOST—A CERTIFICATE FOR 100 SHARES QUICKSILVER MINING COMPANY, No. 4,134, in the name of Isaac H. Reed. Notice is hereby given that cause must be shown why a new certificate should not be issued therefor.
GEO. W. RYERSON, Jauncey Court.

FINANCIAL.

LHERBETTE, KANE & CO.,
AMERICAN BANKERS AND GENERAL FORWARDING AGENTS,
No. 8 Place de la Bourse, Paris.
Travelers in Europe can have their letters sent to the above address.

COMMISSIONER FOR MASSACHUSETTS and other States—No. 5 Beekman-st., Room No. 8, first floor over Park Bank

DIVIDENDS.

BROADWAY SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
No. 237 BROADWAY, ENTRANCE ON PARK-PLACE.
DIVIDEND.—The trustees of this institution have directed that the usual dividend on deposits entitled thereto, for the six months ending Dec. 31, at the rate of six per cent. per annum on sums not exceeding $500, and five per cent. over $500 (free from Government tax), will be paid on and after Monday, January 15, 1866.
FRANCIS P. SCHOALS, President.
WADE B. WORRALL, Sec'y. PETER CUMMING, Acc't.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
No. 96 Warren-st.
DIVIDEND.—The Trustees of this institution have directed that the usual interest on deposits, for the six months ending Dec. 31, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on sums entitled thereto, (free of government tax,) will be paid on and after MONDAY, Jan. 15, 1866.
WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,
NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
A Dividend of Five per Cent., free of tax, will be paid on and after the 2d of January next.
By order of the Board.
J. C. MARSELLUS, Assistant Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE MORRIS CANAL AND BANKING CO., JERSEY CITY, Dec. 18, 1865.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE FEBRUARY DIVIDEND OF 1866 TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.—The Board of Directors have this day declared, from the earnings of the canal, a semi-annual Dividend of Five per Cent. upon the amount of the Preferred Stock, and a Dividend of Six per Cent. upon the amount of the Consolidated Stock—free of government tax—payable on the 10th day of January next, at the office of the Company in Jersey City, or to Stockholders resident in and near Philadelphia, at the Banking House of E. W. Clark & Co., in that city.
This Dividend is in anticipation, and in lieu of that which would otherwise be paid in February, 1866.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th inst. until the 10th of January, inclusive.
JOHN RODGERS, Secretary.

"THE INSTITUTION FOR THE SAVINGS OF MERCHANTS' CLERKS AND OTHERS"—No. 516 Broadway, has, by its Trustees, declared a dividend, free from Government tax, on deposits entitled thereto, for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1865, on sums of $5 and not exceeding $500, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, and on larger sums at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable or credited to depositors on and after MONDAY, Jan. 15, 1866, and if not drawn is entitled to interest from st of January, the same as principal.
MOSES H. GRINNELL, President.
ANDREW WARNER, Cashier.

EAST RIVER SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 3 CHAMBERS-ST.
DIVIDEND.—ON AND AFTER MONDAY, THE 15th day of January, 1866, there will be paid on all sums entitled thereto, the usual semi-annual dividend, at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent. per annum, and the government tax.
Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.; and on Thursdays from 5 to 7 o'clock.
WM. H. SLOCUM, President.
CHAS. A. WHITNEY, Secretary.

IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.
A DIVIDEND OF FOUR (4) PER CENT. out of the earnings of the past six months, free from government tax, will be paid to the Stockholders of this Bank on and after the 2d day of January next. The transfer books will be closed from the 26th inst. to the 2d proximo. By order of the Board.
C. A. SMITH, Cashier.

METROPOLITAN NATIONAL BANK, No. 108 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS OF THE METROPOLITAN NATIONAL BANK have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Six (6) per Cent., free of government tax, payable after the first Monday of January next. The transfer books will remain closed until Jan. 8, 1866. G. I. SENEY, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 12, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of five (5) per cent., free from government tax, out of the profits of the current six months, payable on and after the 2d of January.
The transfer books will be closed from 25th inst. to 2d proximo, inclusive. W. A. KISSAM, Cashier.

TENTH NATIONAL BANK, NO. 240 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THIS bank have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Five per cent. and the government tax, payable on the 2d day of January next. Transfer books will be closed from Dec. 26 to Jan. 2, 1866.
J. H. STOUT, Cashier.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 12, 1865.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE EIGHTH NATIONAL BANK have THIS DAY declared a semi-annual dividend of five (5) per cent, and the government tax, payable, out of the profits of the bank, on and after Jan. 2, 1866. The transfer books will be closed from the 23d inst. to the 2d prox.
CHARLES HUDSON, Cashier.

THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK, No. 363 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 12, 1865.
A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT., free of governm nt tax, has this day been declared payable on and after Jan. 2d, 1866. The transfer books will be closed on the 20th instant, to reopen on the 2d January, 1866. By order of the board.
JOHN T. HILL, Cashier.

FIFTH NATIONAL BANK, NO. 338 3D-AV., NEW-YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS OF THE Fifth National Bank have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of Five (5) Per Cent. free of government tax, payable on the 2d of January next. The transfer books will be closed from Dec. 20 to Jan. 2, 1866.
RICHARD KELLY, President.

MANUFACTURERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1685.
DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS OF THE Manufacturers and Merchants' Bank have this day declared a dividend of five per cent. free of government tax, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1866.
Transfer books will be closed from the 23d to 31st Dec.
A. MASTERTON, Cashier.

THE CHATHAM NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF SEVEN (7) PER CENT., free of government tax, will be paid to the stockholders of this bank on and after Tuesday, second day of January next. The transfer books will remain closed from 23d inst. to Jan. 3. By order of the Board. O. H. SCHREINER, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, December 18, 1865.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FIVE (5) per cent. has been declared, free of government tax, payable on and after the 2d of January next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 20th instant until the 2d proximo. E. J. OAKLEY, Cashier.

NATIONAL BUTCHERS' & DROVERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have declared a dividend of Five per cent., free of government tax, from the earnings of the current six months, payable on the 2d day of January next. The transfer books will remain closed until the day of payment. R. P. PERRIN, Cashier.

THE BANK OF NEW-YORK NATIONAL BANKING ASSOCIATION, NEW-YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.
A DIVIDEND OF FIVE (5) PER CENT., free of government tax, has been declared payable on and after the 2d of January next. The transfer-books will be closed until 2d of January, 1866. By order of the board. W. B. MEEKER, Cashier.

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of Five (5) Per Cent. free from government tax, payable on and after the 2d of January next. The transfer book will be closed from this date until Jan. 2.
WM. H. COX, Cashier.

NATIONAL BROADWAY BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of twelve per cent. on the capital stock of this bank, and the government tax will be paid on and after the 2d day of January ensuing. By order of the board.
J. L. EVERITT, Cashier.

HANOVER NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Six per Cent., free of government tax, payable on the 2d day of January next. The transfer books will be closed until that date. JOHN T. BANKER, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK OF NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF SEVEN (7) PER CENT. has been declared, free from government tax, payable on and after the second day of January next. The transfer books will be closed from the 20th instant until the 2d proximo, inclusive.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

NEW-YORK NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, Dec. 20, 1865.
DIVIDEND.—A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF six (6) per cent., free of government tax, has been declared on the capital stock of this bank, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1866.
D. B. HALSTEAD, Cashier.

THE TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN AND ONE-HALF per cent., free from tax, will be paid on and after Jan. 2, 1866. ANTHONY HALSEY, Cashier.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

MALES.

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A MIDDLE-aged man who has had many years experience in a first-class stationery and blank book establishment; is competent to take entire charge of the business; best of reference given. Address E. C. W., Box 180 *Times* Office.

HELP WANTED.

BOUNTIES TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Discharged soldiers who enlisted previous to July, 1863, are requested to call at our office and sign a petition to Congress, asking for the passage of a law granting them bounties, &c., equal to those who enlisted subsequently. This class embraces all those who have been discharged for sickness, wounds, promotion, or expiration of term of service. H. J. RAMSDELL & CO.,
No 40 Park-row, Times Building, New-York.

ENTRY CLERK WANTED—IN A WHOLEsale dry goods store. Address Box No. 751 Post-office.

WANTED—A HARDWARE CLERK, ONE WHO has a good knowledge of his business, to go to a near by Southern city. Address E, Box No. 2,247 New-York Post-office.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS LAW COPYIST; a steady man can have steady employment. Address, in handwriting of applicant, Box No. 1,629 New-York Post-office. References required.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—ON SATURDAY, ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK, IN some store on Nassau-st., near Fulton-st., a POCKET-BOOK, containing $190 in greenbacks and a $100 7.30 government bond. A reward of $25 will be given on return of the same to No. 179 Waverley-place. The payment of the bond has been stopped.

LOST—DEC. 22D., BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 11 and 2 o'clock, a Mosaic breastpin with pearl setting. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving the same at No. 454 5th-av., between 42d and 43d sts.

LOST—IN A 5TH-AV. STAGE, ON THURSDAY afternoon, Dec. 21, a lady's portemonnaie. A liberal reward will be paid by returning it to the owner at No. 1 West 38th-st.

SAVINGS BANKS.

ATLANTIC SAVINGS BANK,
Chatham-square, opposite Mott-st., New-York.
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST ALLOWED,
Free of Government Tax.
Deposits made on or before Jan. 2, *will receive interest as from 1. Jan.*

CITIZENS SAVINGS' BANK,
NO. 58 BOWERY, CORNER CANAL-ST.
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST, free from Government Tax, paid on deposits made on or before Jan. 2.
Open every day for the reception of deposits and payments of money, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and also on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Bank books in German, French and English.
GEORGE FOLSOM, President.
SEYMOUR A. BUNCE, Secretary.

MECHANICS' AND TRADERS' SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
No. 283 Bowery.
Six per cent. interest allowed on sums of $1,000 and under. Five per cent. on larger sums.
Deposits made on or before Jan. 2 will draw interest from Jan. 1. Open daily from 10 to 4 P. M., and on Mondays and Wednesdays from 10 to 7 P. M.
CHAS. PECK, President.
HENRY C. FISHER, Secretary.

SIX PER CENT. PAID FREE FROM GOVERNMENT TAX.
METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK,
NO. 1 THIRD-AV.
Deposits made now draw interest from 1st January.
BANK OPEN DAILY from 10 to 2 P. M., and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, from 5 to 7 o'clock.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
NO. 96 WARREN-ST.
Interest allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums entitled thereto, free of Government tax. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.
WALTER W. CONKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

MARKET SAVINGS BANK
No. 82 Nassau-st., New-York.
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST ALLOWED.
Deposits will commence to draw interest immediately on the first day of the month following date of the deposit.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST PAID,
FREE from government tax.
THIRD-AV. SAVINGS BANK,
corner 26th-st. and 3d-avenue.
Money deposited now will draw interest from Jan. 1.

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK,
8th-av. and 42d-st.
INTEREST 6 PER CENT., FREE OF TAX.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST, FREE OF tax, allowed by Union Dime Savings Bank, No. 429 Canal-st, corner of Varick. Money deposited now will draw interest from Jan. 1.

FOR SALE.

LEFFERTS, HOFFMAN & CO.,
NO. 40 PARK ROW, (*Times* Building,) NEW-YORK,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
CITY PROPERTY, FARMS, COUNTRY RESIDENCES, MILL PROPERTY, &c., for SALE and EXCHANGE. Furnished and unfurnished houses to let. Agents for the sale and transfer of property in all the Northern and Southern States.

FOR SALE—BY HOLDEN & MOORE, NO. 645 7TH-AV., near 48th-st.: Houses and Lots on West 48th, 44th, 43d, 40th, 38th, 35th, 27th, 22d, and 14th, 53d, 86th, 128th sts. East; lots on 45th, 56th, 58th, 104th, 105th, 133d, and 2d, 10th, 11th avs.; 2 lots opposite Park, Brooklyn, L. I., 25x150. Farms and country residences in Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess Counties, N. Y.; also on Long Island and New-Jersey. Also: fine Seminary for sale at Boundbrook, N. J.

FOR SALE—A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE AT Newark, in a healthy situation; near good schools and churches; house large, with modern improvements; the grounds are large, neatly terraced with shrubbery, flowers, and large quantities of choicest fruits; a stable and other buildings. Inquire of N. G. FOSTER, No. 167 Broadway.

NEW HOUSE, NO. 181 HIGH-ST., (1 OF 7,) between Gold-st. and Hudson-av., Brooklyn, to rent for $700, or will be sold at net cost, on very easy terms; has bath tub, patent heaters, &c. Apply at house at 1 o'clock, to agent, or in New-York, at Office No. 1, No. 37 Fulton-st., up stairs, from 12 to 2.

FOR SALE—VALUABLE PROPERTY IN NEWark, N. J.; house three-story brick, with two-story wing; size of lot, 108 feet front by 218 feet deep; stable and coachman's house on rear of lot; terms to suit purchasers. For particulars apply to the owner, WM. B. MOTT, No. 40 Wall-st., New-York.

ORANGE, N. J.—VILLAS, VILLA SITES AND farms, a great variety, beautifully situated, one hour from New-York, for sale low. Also, country seats and houses to let for the season or year, by HENRY B. BLACKWELL, No. 59 William-st., New-York, 9 to 11 A. M.; No. 49 Main-st., Orange, 1 to 5 P. M.

FOR SALE—IMMEDIATE POSSESSION—A three-story brick house, No. 269 Union-st., Brooklyn; lot 22 by 100; house 22 by 50; high stoop, front basement; imitation of oak; range, wash-room, stationary tubs; halls imitation of marble; bath and gas throughout; house in good order. Inquire on the premises.

FOR SALE—THE PROPERTY SITUATED ON the southwest corner of Chambers and Church sts., 50 by 75 feet, upon which two stores are erected, and now under a favorable lease, affording an excellent investment for capitalists. For terms, apply to THOS. MESSENGER, No. 161 Maiden-lane, New-York City.

FOR SALE—RICH IOWA AND MINNESOTA Farms. Will grow 75 bushels corn or 40 bushels wheat per acre. Railroads, navigation, markets and towns convenient. They never require manure. One crop pays five times the price. Address J. T., at *National Intelligencer* Office, Washington.

FOR SALE—THE THREE-STORY BRICK house and lot No. 374 Atlantic-st., Brooklyn; lot 17 feet 6 inches by 90 feet; house, 17 feet 6 inches by 60 feet; rents for $500. Price, $4,500. Apply to JAMES W. TRASK, No. 87 Pearl-st.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY IN Maryland for sale. For particulars apply to the owner, R. HAINES ENGLAND, Brick Meeting House, Cecil County, Md.

FOR SALE—A FACTORY, WITH GOOD WATER-front, dock, &c., accessible to vessels of large size throughout the year.
ALBERT KOLLER, No. 199 Water-st., N. Y.

FOR SALE—FOUR LOTS, EACH 25x100 FEET, on the easterly side of Kent-av., between Rush-st. and Division-av., Williamsburgh. Apply to JAMES. W. TRASK, No. 87 Pearl-st.

FOR SALE—A WATER FRONT IN BROOKLYN of nearly 300 feet, with bulkhead the whole length. Apply to J. C. HULL & SON, No. 32 Park-row.

FACTORIES FOR SALE IN NEWARK, N. J., with steam power. Apply to A. H. BROWN, No. 317 Broad-st., Newark, N. J.

TO LET.

TWO COMFORTABLY FURNISHED rooms to let, in Brooklyn, in a private family, suitable for a gentleman and wife, without children, or for single gentlemen; situation very desirable, and within five minutes' walk of Hamilton-av. ferry. Address Box No. 4,254 New-York Post-office.

TO LET—TWO LARGE UPPER LOFTS, BOTH on the same floor; good light; Nos. 58 and 60 Fulton-st. E. T. & S. RYDER.

TO LET—VERY DESIRABLE SECOND-STORY furnished rooms, with or without board, at No. 54 Sussex-st., Jersey City, five minutes' walk from the ferry.

HOUSES & ROOMS WANTED.

WANTED TO LEASE—FOR TWO OR THREE years, a first-class furnished house, in a desirable location, by a responsible party, who will take the best care of the property. This affords an excellent opportunity for families about visiting Europe. A fancy rent will not be paid. Address, with particulars of location, rent, &c., S. R. J., Box No. 180 *Times* Office.

WANTED—IN WILLIAMSBURGH, FOR THE Winter, by a single person, a moderate-sized furnished room, somewhere near 4th-st., between South 2d and South 6th sts. Suitable reference given and rent paid in advance. Address GEORGE, stating terms, Box No. 165 *Times* Office.

WANTED—TWO LARGE, OR THREE MEDIUM, sized lofts, for a light manufacturing business, between Leonard and Broome sts., from Jan. 1. Address M. A., care of White & Ross, No. 24 Beekman-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

GETTY HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.
Families can be accommodated with board at moderate rates. W. N. DOTY, Proprietor.

A SMALL FRONT ROOM FOR ONE gentleman. Dinner at 6. Apply at No. 186 2d-av., between 11th and 12th sts.

ELEGANT PARLOR ON FIRST FLOOR, two front rooms on third floor, with or without board, at No. 99 Macdougal-st.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Should be sent by the HARNDEN EXPRESS, (the oldest express in America,) as their rates are low, and instructions have been given to their drivers and messengers to handle these compliments of friendship with great care. Wagons will be sent to stores and residences, if notice is sent (by mail or otherwise,) to their office, No. 65 Broadway. They forward to all places in the

EAST, WEST AND SOUTH.

McALLISTER,
(Of the late firm of McAllister & Brother, Philadelphia,)
OPTICIAN,
No. 627 Broadway.
HOLIDAY GIFTS.
Stereoscopes from $2 to $120 each. Stereoscopic views of New-York City, Central Park, White Mountains, Niagara, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, etc., etc., from $3 to $9 per dozen.
GOLD SPECTACLES, MAGIC LANTERNS,
OPERA GLASSES,
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,
WATER COLORS, &c.

NOTHING BUT TABLES.
THE
BEST EXTENSION TABLES.
Oak, walnut, mahogany and other woods, in every variety of style, finish and price.
As I confine myself to the manufacture and sale of Extension Tables exclusively, I am prepared to sell them as low, if not lower, than any other house in the city. Persons wishing to buy will find it to their interest to call.
WILLIAM HEERDT,
No. 150 Wooster-st.,
Between Prince and Houston sts.

MACHINERY.

THE HARRISON BOILER A SAFE STEAM BOILER.—The attention of manufacturers and others using steam is confidently called to this new steam generator, as combining essential advantages in absolute safety from explosion, in cheapness of first cost and cost of repairs, in economy of fuel, facility of cleaning and transportation, &c., not possessed by any other boiler now in use. The boiler is formed of a combination, of cast-iron hollow spheres, each sphere eight inches external diameter, and three-eighths of an inch thick. These are held together by wrought-iron bolts, with caps at the ends. Nearly one hundred of these boilers are now in operation. For descriptive circulars or price apply to JOSEPH HARRISON, JR., Harrison Boiler Works, Gray's Ferry Road, adjoining the U. S. Arsenal, Philadelphia.

LARGE ENGINES FOR SALE—ONE 30x72 cylinder; one 20x24; one 16x48; one pair 16x50, horizontal; one an upright, 30x36—all first class and in good order, ready for immediate delivery, by
J. B. FULLER, No. 8 Dey-st., New-York.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
GRAND CONCERT
ON
CHRISTMAS NIGHT,
DECEMBER 25, 1865,
by the following array of talent:
Mme. CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF, Soprano.
Mrs. J. H. BARCLAY, Contralto.
Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, Tenore.
Signor FOSATI, Basso Cantante.
Mr. J. N. PATTISON, the celebrated Pianist.
Mr. G. W. COLBY, Accompanyist.
SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND.
C. S. GRAFULLA..........Leader.
ADMISSION.
Parquet, Balcony and Boxes..........75 cents.
Family Circle and Amphitheatre..........50 cents.
The box-office of the Academy will be open for the sale of tickets and Private Boxes on SATURDAY, 23d, and MONDAY, 25th, from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M., and on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock.

NEW-YORK CIRCUS—HIPPOTHEATRON,
Fourteenth-street, opposite the Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..........MANAGER
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
BRILLIANT HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS!
THREE PERFORMANCES
ON CHRISTMAS DAY,
MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
commencing at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 8 o'clock P. M.

HOLIDAY MATINEES!
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.
MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.
until further notice, for the especial accommodation of
JUVENILES AND FAMILY PARTIES,
when the great Equestrian Star,
MR. JAMES ROBINSON,
and the entire company, will appear.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2½,
will be presented a series of
The most superb EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES ever witnessed in America,
introducing
THE LARGEST TROUPE,
THE MOST TALENTED ARTISTES,
AND THE FINEST STUD OF BEAUTIFUL
AND HIGHLY-TRAINED HORSES AND PONIES
ever brought together on this side of the Atlantic.
THE CHAMPION RIDER,

MR. JAMES ROBINSON,
who is acknowledged to stand
WITHOUT A RIVAL IN EITHER HEMISPHERE,
and whose
NOVEL AND STARTLING FEATS OF EQUESTRIANISM
have created a
SENSATION WITHOUT PARALLEL,
will appear in his extraordinary performance upon a
SWIFT BAREBACK STEED,
BOTH AFTERNOON AND NIGHT,
introducing, during each performance, his infant son,
LITTLE CLARENCE, THE BABY WONDER,
the smallest, youngest, and prettiest rider in the world.
DASHING HORSEMANSHIP.
WONDERFUL ACROBATIC EXPLOITS.
ELEGANT GYMNASTIC EXERCISES AND CLASSIC
OLYMPIC GAMES,
in every variety, may here be witnessed, produced with a brilliancy and effect
NEVER EQUALED IN THIS COUNTRY;
the whole enlivened by the inimitable drolleries of
THE BEST CLOWNS LIVING.
PLEASE OBSERVE
that the performances given at the Matinees will be in every respect as attractive as the evening entertainments, and that
ALL THE GREAT RIDERS AND ACROBATS
will appear
BOTH AFTERNOON AND NIGHT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
THEATRE FRANCAIS.
P. Juignet and C. Drivet..........Directors
TWO PERFORMANCES ONLY.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27, 1865.
LADIES BATTLE:
OR,
BATAILLE DE DAMES.
Comedy, in three acts, by Mr. E. Scribe.
LA FILLE DE DOMINIQUE.
Comedy, in one act, by Mr. De Villeneuve.
SATURDAY, Dec. 30, 1865,
SECOND PERFORMANCE AT THE ACADEMY.
Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 8 o'clock precisely.
Tickets to be obtained from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., at H. Dardonville's, No. 678 Broadway.

TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
CORNER GRAND AND CROSBY STS.
THE THORPE BROTHERS,
OR, THE TWO FAKIRS
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
GRAND MATINEE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
Doors open at 6¾; commence at 8¼.

LIGHT GUARD BALL.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, 1866.
Tickets Five Dollars.
Admitting a gentleman and ladies.
To be had of the company, at the hotels and music-stores.

AUCTION SALES.

25,000 TONS SCRANTON COAL
AT AUCTION.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1865.
The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company will hold their THIRTY-FIRST AUCTION SALE OF COAL on WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of December, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, at their new Salesroom, No. 26 Exchange-place, corner of William-st., at which time they will sell, by Messrs. JOHN H. DRAPER & CO., Auctioneers,
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TONS
of FRESH MINED SCRANTON COAL, of the usual sizes, deliverable at their Depot, Elizabethport, N. J., during the month of January next.
The sale will be positive; each lot put up will be sold to the highest bidder; no bids, in any form whatever, being made for account of, or on behalf of the Company. The conditions will be fully made known at the time of sale.
Terms: Fifty cents per ton, in current funds, payable on the day of sale, and the balance, with the government tax of six cents per ton, in current funds, within ten days thereafter, at the office of the company.
JOHN BRISBIN, President.

GOVERNMENT SALES.
SALE OF RESERVED HORSES.
QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1865.
The Quartermaster-General of the army directs that all government horses now at Giesboro, D. C., be sold to the highest bidders.
Sales will therefore take place at Giesboro, D. C., beginning on
THURSDAY NEXT, Dec. 14, 1865,
and continuing on each TUESDAY and THURSDAY thereafter, until all are disposed of.
A boat will leave the 6th-st. wharf every hour on the days of sale.
These horses have been carefully selected, and are superior to any heretofore offered for sale.
Animals will be sold singly.
Sales to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
Terms—Cash in United States currency.
JAMES A. EKIN,
Brevet Brigadier-General in charge,
First Division, Q. M. G. O.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
H. H. LEEDS & MINER WILL SELL BY auction, on
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27,
At 11 o'clock, at their salesroom, No. 83 Liberty-st., a few doors west of Broadway,
CLOSING SALE OF VERY SUPERIOR OLD WINES, BRANDIES, SEGARS, &c., continued from 19th inst.
Also, a few very choice reserve lots, viz: Sherry, pale, brown and golden, of great age; a few demijohns of very old French brandy, Scotch whisky, and Bourbon, 20 years old. The catalogue will include very old London Dock, Jamaica, St. Croix, Grenada and Antique rums, Holland and English gins, old Madeiras, old white seal sherries, Stockwell's and McGibbar's Bourbon, very old rye whisky, old Irish whiskies, Hennessy, Otard & Goddard brandies. Also, an invoice of very select wines, brandies, &c., imported in cases of one dozen each, bottled in London by the oldest shipping-house in Great Britain. Also, lots remaining of the private stock, very rare.
ALSO,
The balance of the invoice of fine Havana cigars remaining from the sale of Dec. 19, consisting of Cabanas, Figaro, La Rosa, De Santiago, La Rosa and other favorite brands.

J. H. DRAPER, Auctioneer.
UNDERWRITER'S SALE OF DAMAGED COTTON.
JOHN H. DRAPER & CO.
Will sell on THURSDAY, Dec. 28, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Battery,
About 1,000 bales of
DAMAGED COTTON,
balance of cotton saved from the fire at No. 15 State-st.

ARTISTS' FUND SALE.
The beautiful collection of pictures contributed by the artists are now on exhibition at the NATIONAL ACADEMY, cor. of 23d-st. and 4th-av., and will be sold on the evening of FRIDAY, Dec. 29, at 7½ o'clock, by H. H. Leeds & Miner, auctioneers.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—ARTIFICIAL HUMAN eyes made to order and inserted by Drs. F. BAUCH & P. GOUGELMANN, (formerly employed by Boissonneau, of Paris,) No. 9 Broadway, New-York.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.
Broadway, between Spring and Prince sts.
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
SURPASSING ATTRACTION.
HOLIDAY WEEK. HOLIDAY WEEK.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
GRAND FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES
NEARLY EVERY HOUR, DAY and EVENING,
commencing at 11½ A. M.
LARGEST COLLECTION of LIVING CURIOSITIES
ever grouped in the
SPACIOUS MUSEUM SALOONS.
OLD and YOUNG
may here enjoy a
DAY OF MIRTH AND MERRIMENT.
At each performance will be presented a
FAIRY HOLIDAY SPECTACLE.
DWANGEE, THE ARAB;
OR, THE
FAIRY GUARDIAN of the MAGIC WELL.
NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES and EFFECTS.
Messrs. H. Daily, T. Hadaway, J. Bridgman, W. L. Jamison, J. J. Collins, R. J. Johnson, F. Haviland, M. Vigotty, R. Anderson, T. S. Atkins, E. Stevens, T. Soutain, Mrs. J. J. Prior, W. L. Jamison, G. Melville, Misses Jennie Cleaver and Emma Schell all appear.
CIRCUS TROUPE and THOROUGHBRED HORSES.
TRICK PONY, "WILD BILL,"
MR. EATON STONE,
the original BAREBACK-RIDER.
CHARLES SHERWOOD, the eccentric Equestrian.
MADAME VIRGINIA, the best Equestrienne.
JOHN FOSTER, the talented Clown.
MISS AMELIA, the charming Vocalist.
PROF. LANGWORTHY, the elegant "Master of the Circle."
MAST. C. SHERWOOD, JR., the Boy-Wonder,
together with the great
CORPS OF AUXILIARIES,
appear in the most daring acts in the
BEST ARENA IN THE WORLD.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.
THREE of the LARGEST GIANTS in the World.
NOAH ORR, Ohio Giant, 8 feet 2 inches high.
ANNA SWAN, Nova Scotia Giantess, 8 feet 1 inch high.
ANDREW HARSEN, Norwegian giant, 8 feet high.
THREE of the SMALLEST DWARFS ever seen.
MAJOR COLVIN, aged 11, 19 inches high, weighs 15 lbs.
GEN. GRANT, Jr., aged 14, 23 inches high, weighs 18 lbs.
MISS LIZZIE READ, the Miniature Lady.
JOHN BATTERSBY, Living Skeleton, weighing 67 lbs.
HANNAH BATTERSBY, his wife, weighing 700 lbs.
A MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN and celebrated
SNAKE CHARMER,
HANDLES THE LARGEST LIVING SNAKES.
TWO BEAUTIFUL CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.
THREE-HORNED BULL. AN ALBINO BOY.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASSBLOWERS.
A GLASS STEAM ENGINE IN MOTION.
The best Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, and over
100,000 OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cts.; Children, under ten, 15 cts.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress..........Mrs. JOHN WOOD
Stage Manager..........J. H. SELWYN
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."
THIS EVENING AND EVERY EVENING,
AND DURING THE HOLIDAYS,
Will be presented the successful Spectacular Romance of
MONTE CRISTO,
or the
LONE PRISONER OF THE CHATEAU D'IF,
with the eminent and favorite artist,
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT.
The Spectacle produced in a style of magnificence surpassing any previous production at this theatre, with
GORGEOUS SCENERY, DELIGHTFUL MUSIC,
HUMOROUS MASKS, COSTUMES,
WONDERFUD MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
AND A POWERFUL CAST.
"Thalia Matilda could not have treated the good boys and girls, of all ages, that go to her theatre better than by presenting them MONTE CHRISTO for a holiday gift."—*Courier.*
"As presented at the present time, on the Olympic stage, MONTE CHRISTO has become at once the most entertaining dramatic performance of the day. The elements of tragedy, of farce, of pantomime and ballet are all here, and the scenes are never permitted to tire from too long lingering on any one."—*Express.*
Doors open at 7¼ o'clock; curtain rises precisely at 7¾ o'clock.
Seats secured three days in advance.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor..........Mr. J. W. Lingard
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
MONDAY, Dec. 25, 1865,
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.
TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES,
AFTERNOON AT 2 O'CLOCK.
EVENING AT 7 O'CLOCK.
Dion Boucicault and House's great Drama of
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.
Wm. Wheatley, Esq., has kindly loaned many of the gorgeous scenes,
Which were painted expressly for this piece, at Niblo's Garden, thus enabling the Manager to produce the Drama in its Original Splendor.
MR. T. H. GLENNEY,
in his great personation of SHAUN THE POST, with the song of "Wearing of the Green."
In addition to the above,
HANDSOME JACK,
THE HIGHWAYMAN;
The Revolutionary Drama of
SAILOR OF FRANCE;
The local Drama of
HARRY BLAKE,
And the Comic Farce of
THAT BLESSED BABY,
and the
DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.

WINTER GARDEN.
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS BILL!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS BILL!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS BILL!
MR. J. S. CLARKE
in three of his best characters:
As
PAUL PATENT,
LORD SPANGLE,
and
JACQUES STROP.
THREE GLORIOUS COMIC PIECES!
1. ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
2. LOVE IN LIVERY.
3. ROBERT MACAIRE.
A CARNIVAL OF FUN!
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats may now be secured.
TUESDAY—Last night but five of Mr. J. S. CLARKE
A double laughing bill.

WINTER GARDEN.
GALA MATINEE.
GALA MATINEE.
GALA MATINEE.
GRAND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,
Under the direction of the
BENEVOLENT, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ASSOCIATION,
WILL TAKE PLACE
CHRISTMAS DAY,
CHRISTMAS DAY,
CHRISTMAS DAY,
Dec. 25, 1865.
When the extraordinary Sensational Drama of
PLOT AND PASSION
PLOT AND PASSION
PLOT AND PASSION
Will be produced, with an excellent and unsurpassed cast.
Doors open at 1 o'clock; to commence at 2 o'clock.
Admission 75 cents.

BRYANT'S.
Mechanics' Hall, No. 472 Broadway, above Grand.
MONDAY, DEC. 25, AND DURING THE WEEK.
IMMENSE SUCCESS. EVERYTHING NEW.
ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.
Dan Bryant's Stump Speech, Mischievous Monkey, In and Out of Place, Lord Dundreary on a Lark.
BLACK-EYED WILLIAM.
William Henry, a weather-beaten tar..........Dan Bryant
Parquet, 50 cts.; family circle, 30 cts.; private boxes, $5.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Mr. WILLIAM WIESE.
Leader and Musical Director of the Ocean House Orchestra, Newport, R. I., most respectfully calls the attention of his numerous patrons and friends among the citizens and gentry of New-York to the permanent arrangements he has made to enable him to furnish them during the coming season with music of the most select and choice description, as well as the latest and most fashionable.
Instrumentalists, either singly for piano, or any number for orchestra, promptly furnished at any hour, for private parties, receptions, sociables, les balls de regeur, weddings, serenades, &c., &c.
Availing himself of the present opportunity, Mr. WIESE begs to return his grateful acknowledgements for the liberal and substantial patronage bestowed upon him during his professional career in the City of New-York, and to assure his patrons and friends that if a love of his profession, assiduous professional efforts, and a sincere desire to please and satisfy all, will afford him a continuance of the same, he will most assuredly deserve it.
Orders received only at his residence, No. 21 Christopher-st., near 6th and Greenwich avs., or at Beer & Schirmer's music-store, No. 701 Broadway.

SKATING.
SYLVAN LAKE, Hoboken, N. J., is the finest skating lake of any in the vicinity of New-York. The accommodations are of the finest description, of which latter are ladies' sitting-rooms, a cloak-room, skate-house, restaurant and refreshment saloons. Great attention has been carefully paid to the arrangement for flooding and smoothing the ice, for which new machinery has been provided. The promenade concerts, illuminations, fancy dress carnivals and masquerades, which are to be presented during the season, will be of the highest order of merit. Sylvan Lake is the nearest skating resort of any other in the vicinity of New-York, being but 10 minutes' walk from the ferry foot of 7th-st., Hoboken. Signals of good skating will be a red flag with white ball, at each of the Hoboken ferries, foot of Barclay and Christopher sts., New-York.
Gentlemen's season tickets..........$3
Ladies' season tickets.......... 2
Children's season tickets.......... 2
General Admission—Gentlemen, 25 cents; ladies and children, 15 cents.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT
N. G. S. N. Y.
BALL,
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
FRIDAY, Jan. 5, 1866.
Tickets $5, admitting a gentleman and lady.
Tickets can be had at all the principal hotels and music stores.

LECTURES.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT."
HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives,
AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE,
THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 28.
Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor elect, will preside.
Lecture at 8 o'clock; doors open at 7 o'clock.
Tickets for the reserved circle (no others sold in advance,) 50 cents. For sale at the Astor House and at the St. Nicholas, Metropolitan and Fifth-av. Hotels. Also, at American News Co., No. 121 Nassau-st.; *Tribune* Office; D. Appleton & Co.'s, No. 443 Broadway; Brentano's, No. 708 Broadway; Miller & Matthews, No. 757 Broadway; Macfarland's, corner Broadway and 28d-st., and (if not all sold before) at the 8th-st. entrance on the evening of the lecture. The holders of tickets for the reserved circle are requested, to save confusion, to enter on the 3d-av. side. No tickets sold at that entrance.
Tickets for the unreserved part of the hall, 25 cents; sold only at the 8th-st. entrance on the evening of the lecture.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

JAFFE'S CIGAR EMPORIUM,
No. 1181 Broadway, near 28th-st.
Havana cigars by the box at wholesale prices; Espanolas, $10; Figaro Britannicas, first quality, $25; Partagas Regalias, first quality, $30; splendid Conchas, $10; Rosa Operas, $9; fine Londres, $7; and over a hundred other brands, all at wholesale prices.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

WANTED—A PARTNER IN AN EDUCATIONAL business, already well established and most lucrative, but which, by the aid of more capital, would be immensely increased. If preferred, a mere interest in the business will be sold. Apply at No. 37 Park-row, Room 12.

AMUSEMENTS.

LUCY RUSHTON'S
NEW-YORK THEATRE,
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, (opposite New-York Hotel.)
Sole Lessee and Manageress..........MISS LUCY RUSHTON
THE ABOVE ELEGANT THEATRE,
which has been built in the short space of sixteen days, was opened to the public
ON SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 23,
WITH A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY
OF NEW-YORK FAVORITES.
The building is on Broadway, having a frontage of seventy-five feet, with three entrances opening into an elegant and sheltered vestibule. The inner halls are spacious, and are capable of accommodating any large number of persons who may assemble prior to the opening of the ticket-offices.
The warming and ventilation of the whole building have been carefully attended to. The auditorium is richly decorated, and the seats are handsomely upholstered. The theatre is lighted by one of the patent sunlights, by which the unpleasant glare of numerous bracket-lights are avoided. The passage ways are wide, the chairs and sofas most comfortable, and the whole pervading tone of the decorations is agreeable to the eye, being delicate in color and carefully harmonized.
A specialty has been introduced in the shape of balcony-boxes, holding from four to eight persons, having two entrances from the parquet circle, and being approached by a passage running round the entire circle. To parties of four or more persons, these boxes will be most desirable.
The private boxes are commodious, and command an excellent view of the stage. The seats in the rest of the house are equally well-adapted for seeing and hearing.
The proscenium is richly decorated, and an opening curtain of crimson silk adds to its beauty and completeness.
All the decorations, and the entire building of the theatre, has been under the immediate superintendence of Mr. H. H. Davis, late manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, and Her Majesty's Theatre, London.
The stage is large, and has been built with a view to the proper presentation of every class of dramatic work. It will be under the management of Mr. J. Schönberg.
Miss RUSHTON has the honor to inform the public of New-York that she will repeat until further notice Sheridan's sterling comedy of
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,
with the following POWERFUL CAST:
Sir Peter Teazle..........Mr. C. M. Walcot
Sir Oliver Surface..........Mr. Harry Pearson
Joseph Surface..........Mr. J. K. Mortimer
Charles Surface..........Mr. D. W. Waller
Crabtree..........Mr. T. Placide
Moses..........Mr. J. Moore
Sir Benjamin Backbite..........Mr. W. A. Mestayer
Rowley..........Mr. H. Cunningham
Careless..........Mr. W. S. Higgins
Snake..........Mr. T. C. Gourlay
Trip..........Mr. Davies
Sir Harry..........Mr. Jones
Sir Toby..........Mr. Thompson
Lady Teazle..........Miss Lucy Rushton
Mrs. Candor..........Mrs. Clara Maeder
Lady Sneerwell..........Mrs. MarkSmith
Maria..........Mrs. A. W. Young
The orchestra will be under the leadership of Mr. H. Tissington, and will perform during the evening the following pieces: Overture, "Zampa;" Selection of American Popular Airs; Quadrille, "L'Africaine;" Valse, "The First Flirtation."
The scenery is by Messrs. Wallack, Thorne, Hilliard, Jr., and assistants.
Prices of admission: Parquet Circle, 75c.; Orchestra Chairs, $1 50; Dress Circle, 50c.; Balcony Seats, $1; Balcony Private Boxes, $5, $6, $7 and $8; Private Boxes, $10.
Doors open at 7¼; performance to commence at 7¾.
Acting Manager and Treasurer..........Mr. H. H. DAVIS
Stage Manager..........Mr. J. SCHONBERG
Box office open from 8 A. M. till 5 P. M. Seats secured six days in advance.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager..........Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
Open at 7½; begin at 8.
MONDAY,
A great
CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME.
Palgrave Simpson's beautiful drama,
DREAMS OF DELUSION,
and first time this season the very laughable comedy,
RURAL FELICITY,
will include the names of
Mr. FREDERICK ROBINSON as
SIR BERNARD HARLEIGH
Mr. JOHN GILBERT..........as..........Dr. PUNGENT
Mr. GEO. HOLLAND..........as..........DORMOUSE SPIKE
Mr. YOUNG..........as..........SIMON SLY
Mr. JOHN SEFTON..........as..........TWADDLE
Mr. NORTON..........as..........MAUNDER
Mr. RINGGOLD as LORD ARTHUR and SINGLETON
Mr. WILLIAMSON..........as..........BOBBY and LAYTON
Miss MADELINE HENRIQUES as VIOLA and CECILIA
Mrs. VERNON..........as..........Mrs. COLPEPPER
Mrs. JOHN SEFTON..........as..........Mrs. WILEY
Miss IONE BURKE..........as..........AMABEL and JERMINE
Mrs. JENNINGS..........as..........HARRIET
Miss GREENE..........as..........Miss SPIKE
Miss K. BARRET..........as..........Miss HOBDAY
TUESDAY—(First time this season,) Morton's standard comedy, SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.
WEDNESDAY—(Third night this season,) Lovel's popular play, LOVE'S SACRIFICE.
Mr. Wallack has received from London a play, by Mr. Tom Taylor, founded on Miss Braddon's celebrated work, known here as "The Outcasts," to be entitled
HENRY DUNBAR,
Which will soon be produced with new scenery, music, &c., and a great cast.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director and Manager..........G. L. FOX.
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
CHRISTMAS DAY, MONDAY, Dec. 25,
TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES,
Afternoon at 2, evening at 7.
With Miss FANNY HERRING, Mr. G. L. FOX, Mr. W. H. WHALLEY, Mr. Marden, Lewis Mestayer, C. K. Fox, H. D. Guion, J. McCloskey, St. Mars, Miss R. DENVILL, S. STEELE and MARTINETTI, with DRAMATIC AND PANTOMIME TROUPE.
SIX GREAT HOLIDAY PIECES.
DUMB BOY OF MANCHESTER,
JOCKO, THE BRAZILIAN APE.
THE SNOW BIRD,
WANDERING STENIE,
THE FRENCH SPY,
AND A GLORIOUS COMIC PANTOMIME.
TUESDAY—The Christmas bill repeated.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—Choice Festival Pieces.
FRIDAY—Benefit of Mr. W. H. WHALLEY.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Mr. Stuart has to announce a grand dramatic entertainment,
FOR MONDAY, DEC. 25,
CHRISTMAS NIGHT.
On which occasion the great Brooklyn favorite,
J. S. CLARKE,
Will appear as
PAUL PRY,
And will also be presented the grand nautical drama of
BEN THE BOATSWAIN.

444. AMERICAN THEATRE.
BROADWAY.
Manager and Proprietor..........R. W. BUTLER
This establishment does not advertise in the New-York Herald.
NEW NOVELTIES EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.
EVERY PRODUCTION A SUCCESS
BY
THE FAMOUS TROUPE.
The new and original Fairy, Musical, Pantomimical Spectacle, entitled
THE LAST NAIL;
OR, THE FAIRIES OF THE LAUGHING WATERS.
Produced in a style of gorgeous magnificence. New and beautiful scenery; splendid properties; startling mechanical effects, &c. The cast embracing the entire
STRENGTH OF THE TROUPE,
THE BEAUTIFUL BALLET TROUPE,
AND THE CORPS DE ETHIOPE.
See small bills of the day.
Doors open at 6, to commence at 7¼ o'clock.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

WILL CLOSE ON 28TH INST.,
ARTIST FUND EXHIBITION,
23d-st., corner 4th-av.
OPEN ON CHRISTMAS, DAY AND EVENING.

FARRER'S WATER COLOR DRAWINGS are now on exhibition at GOUPIL'S GALLERY, No. 772 Broadway.

DANCING.

C. H. RIVERS'
PRIVATE DANCING ACADEMY,
No. 33 Schermerhorn-st., corner Court-st., Brooklyn; second quarter, classes for beginners are now forming; all the fashionable dances are taught. For a circular containing terms, &c., send or apply as above; inclose twenty-five cents for a pamphlet containing the German Cotillon.

DE GARMO'S DANCING ACADEMY, NO. 59 West 14th-st.—Open for the reception of pupils on WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, from 2 to 4, from 4 to 6, and from 8 to 10½ P. M.
TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, commencing Jan. 2, 1866, CLASSES for beginners, for advanced pupils, and for "the German."
Just received from the "*Société Académique des Professeurs de Danse de Paris,*" the new and beautiful Quadrille, LES VARIETES PARISIENNES.

A. DODWORTH'S DANCING ACADEMIES,
No. 212 5th-av., New-York,
No. 137 Montague-st., Brooklyn.
Classes now open for reception of pupils, afternoon for children, evening for gentlemen. Send for circular.

J. H. SEARING'S PRIVATE DANCING ACADEMY, No. 292 Fourth-avenue, near 23d-st. A new class, afternoon at 4; evening at 8 o'clock. Classes formed for the German, and private lessons every day.

INSTRUCTION.

SEWARD INSTITUTE.
HON. W. H. SEWARD, PRESIDENT.
Several vacancies for young ladies for the session commencing Jan. 8. $200 per year for board and tuition.
For circulars address Miss MARY E. HOTCHKISS, Principal Seward Institute, Florida, Orange County, New-York.

SPANISH TAUGHT IN A FEW LESSONS by a native Spaniard and experienced professor. Address B., Box No. 181 *Times* Office.

MUSICAL.

THE NEW GOLD MEDAL PIANO.
LINDEMAN & SONS'
CELEBRATED AND UNEQUALED
PATENT CYCLOID PIANO-FORTES
Were awarded at the late Fair of the American Institute
The
FIRST-PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL,
FOR
NOVELTY, SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.
Similar testimonials were awarded these Unequaled Instruments at the State Fairs of Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, and wherever they have been Exhibited in Competition during 1865. The Cycloid Piano has superiority of actual melodious power, and a purity and vocality of tone, a perfection of touch, a just mechanical construction, and will stand in tune longer than any other form of piano. N. B.—Warranted for six years. Warerooms, No. 2 Le Roy-place, Bleecker-st., one block west of Broadway.
Send for our new Gold Medal Circular.

MR. HENRY HOOPER, JR.,
TEACHER OF SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.
Address at the music-store of L. M. Jacobs, 207 8th-av.

AT CHAMBERS', 8TH-ST., CORNER 4TH-AV. —Elegant upright "Boudoir" Pianos in fine rosewood cases at moderate prices. Also a variety of superbly finished square pianos at lower prices than any other first-class house.
T. H. CHAMBERS, Bible House, New-York.

HOLIDAY GIFT PIANOS ELEGANTLY finished in superb rosewood cases, for sale at moderate prices, by
T. H. CHAMBERS, 8th-st.,
Corner of 4th-av., in the Bible House.

HAINES BRO.'S PIANOS.—ACKNOWLEDGed to be the best in America; first premium awarded wherever exhibited; full satisfaction guaranteed. For sale, on reasonable terms, at the manufacturers', No. 389 2d-av., corner 21st-st.

PIANOS TO LET.—J. M. PELTON. PIANOS, organs and melodeons. Sole depot of the celebrated Peloubet organs and melodeons, No. 841 Broadway, between 13th and 14th sts.

PIANOS! PIANOS!—EMPIRE CITY PIANO-forte Company's Manufactory and Warerooms, No. 178 Prince-st.

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S PIANO-FORTES. —A full assortment of these splendid instruments for sale at the depot, No. 748 Broadway.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

A Message from the Mayor—The Soldiers' Monument—Numerous Appropriations.

This board met at 3 P. M. yesterday, Mr. Jeremiah in the chair.

A resolution in favor of authorizing the Street Commissioner to complete the Monument to Soldiers in Calvary Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding the amount already appropriated, $12,000, was laid over.

The following message was received from the Mayor vetoing the resolutions granting plots of land for the erection thereon of statues of FULTON and MORSE:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1865.

To the Honorable the Common Council:

GENTLEMEN: The resolutions, appropriating two triangular pieces of ground at the intersection of Broadway and Sixth-avenue as sites for the erection of statues of FULTON and MORSE, and making it the duty of the Mayor to open a subscription list for the purpose of obtaining funds for the completion of such statues, are herewith returned without my signature.

No one more sincerely honors the genius of these illustrious benefactors of mankind than myself, and I would cheerfully aid in any proper mode for the commemoration of their fame.

I consider, however, the sites as inelgible, and the manner in which the required funds are to be raised as objectionable, if not impracticable.

The appropriate place, in my judgment, for the statues of these great inventors is in the Central Park, and there will be no difficulty in procuring the means for the erection of such works of art, when it is understood that they are to be so suitably located.

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.

The paper was laid over.

A report of the Committee on Finance, in favor of making a donation of $4,000 to the Ladies' Union Aid Society, was laid over.

An ordinance from the other board creating the office of Inspector of City Railroads, with a salary of $3,000 per annum, was laid over.

The resolution increasing the salary of the Second Assistant Clerk of the Finance Department to $2,000 per annum was adopted.

The board concurred in a resolution to pay the bill of ALEXANDER BRANDON, amounting to $3,119, for decorating the City Hall and various stands on the 4th of July.

A report of the Committee on Roads, in favor of widening Morris-street from West-street to Broadway, was presented and laid over.

The ordinance making additional appropriations for 1865 was read and laid over. Subsequently that portion of it relating to the appropriation of $20,000 for grading Hamilton-square, was called up and concurred in.

A resolution donating $5,000 to the parochial school in Fourteenth-street near Fifth-avenue, was adopted.

A bill of E. VAN RANST, amounting to $488, for coach hire for the committees of the Board of Councilmen, was presented and laid over.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, and the Board adjourned to Tuesday next at 1 P. M.

POLICE COURTS.

The Tombs—Before Justice Dowling.

THE ARMY VS. THE NAVY.

JOSEPH BROWN, a discharged soldier, arrived in this city a few days since on his way to Europe, and while stopping in New-York lost some few articles of clothing. On Friday night the police made an arrest of the suspected person, and BROWN was given lodging in one of the lower rooms of the Fourth Precinct Station-house to await the opening of the court. Shortly after JOSEPH WALLEN, a sailor, was admitted to the same room as a lodger. During the night JOSEPH (the soldier) feel asleep, and JOSEPH (the sailor) crept up to him and stole $450 in Treasury notes from the Veteran's pocket. On waking up on Saturday morning BROWN missed his money, and suspicion falling on WALLEN, Capt. THORNE, of the Fourth Precinct, ordered his arrest, when search being made the greenbacks were found in his possession. The prisoner was committed for trial in default of $1,000 bail. The accused is a deck hand on the ship *Monongahela*, is a native of England, and 35 years of age.

SHOOTING A SUPPOSED THIEF.

JOHN MULHEIME, a private watchman, was brought before the court, charged with shooting FRANK HUNTINGTON, a youngster about 19 years of age. It was stated that MULHEIME is employed to guard a quantity of merchandise lying on Pier No. 37, North River, and that at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning he saw HUNTINGTON in the act of stealing cotton, and asked him what he was about. Receiving no answer, he determined to arrest the intruder, who, becoming alarmed, attempted an escape, when MULHEIME discharged his revolver at him, the ball taking effect in the fugitive's thigh, causing a severe wound. The injured man was carried to the New-York Hospital, and the watchman was taken in custody by Officer FIELD, of the Fifth Precinct. The prisoner was discharged by the presiding Justice, on a hearing of the facts in the case.

TAKING TOO MUCH SPIRITS.

Officer GILBERT, of the Fourth Precinct, arrested RICHARD ALLEN, a sailor, on a charge of stealing a barrel of spirits, valued at $105, from PATRICK C. MURRAY, a liquor dealer, living at No. 64 New-Chambers-street. The prisoner rolled away the barrel, but was arrested before he made much progress. He was committed for trial in default of $1,000 bail.

Jefferson Market—Before Justice Ledwith.

PICKING A COMPANION'S POCKET.

JOHN CARLTON, residing at No. 130 East Houston-street, made complaint against JOHN GROGAN, for having stolen $140 from him. The accused was arrested by Officer IRVING, of the Twentieth Precinct. The complainant stated that while walking in company with the prisoner, on the 15th of October GROGAN "went through" him, taking from an inside pocket in his vest one United States Treasury note, of the value of $100, and a quantity of smaller bills, amounting to $40. On being arrested GROGAN admitted that he had taken a portion of the money, and while before the justice said he "only took fifty dollars." He was committed for trial in $1,000 bail. He is 27 years of age, a native of New-York, a driver by occupation, and resides in Duane-street.

A BOX OF SAWDUST.

ROBERT C. BOYD, of No. 409 West Twenty-first-street, made a charge against WM. HENRY THOMPSON, a dashing-looking colored man, for theft. His statement was that THOMPSON came to his house on Friday and rang the door bell. When the servant came in answer to his summons, THOMPSON handed her a cigar-box, neatly done up, stating that it was a present for Mr. BOYD, and that he would wait for an answer. While the domestic was going up stairs she saw the accused take from the hat-rack a brown overcoat, belonging to Mr. BOYD, valued at $60, and made off with it. The girl followed the thief, and Officer SMITH, of the Sixteenth Precinct Police, arrested him with the property in his possession. The box which he used for gaining an entrance to the house, was subsequently found to be filled with sawdust. The prisoner, who lives at No. 86 Stanton-street, Brooklyn, was committed for trial in default of $1,500 bail.

BURGLARY.

WM. S. MORRIS, of No. 2 West Tenth-street, who occupies the premises as a dwelling and bakery, caused the arrest of JOHN H. COLLINS, a seaman, living at No. 36 Madison-street, on a charge of having effected a burglarious entry in his premises, on Friday night, by bursting open the hall door. The complainant stated that about midnight he heard a noise, and, rising, he descended to the store with a pistol. On entering the store he saw COLLINS. Presenting the pistol, Mr. MORRIS asked the intruder what he wanted, when the prisoner endeavored to make his escape, but was seized by Officer WESTERFIELD, of the Ninth Precinct. The prisoner was committed to answer trial at the General Sessions in $1,500 bail.

Fires.

IN GOUVERNEUR-SLIP.

At 5 o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in warehouse No. 10 Gouverneur-slip, occupied by DANIEL SWEENEY, as a rag depot. Although the firemen were early on the ground, the flames extended to the adjoining building before they were successfully checked. The building in which the fire originated was completely consumed. The loss of Mr. SWEENEY in stock is $20,000. Insured for $8,000 in the Peoples', New-York, and another company. Nos. 6 and 8 were occupied by O'DONNELL & Co. as a cooperage, whose loss in stock will amount to $5,000; insured for $1,500 in the Humboldt Insurance Company, Hamburg, and another company. Nos. 6, 8 and 10 were all owned by Mr. SWEENEY, and the damage to the building will reach $12,000; insured for $10,000 in the Tradesman's and other companies. No. 12 is occupied by F. MINKEN as a grocery, whose loss was $200, fully insured. No. 609 Water-street, which was also slightly damaged, is occupied by SAMUEL COX and MICHAEL DUNN as a dwelling. Their furniture was damaged by water to the extent of $500; insured for $400 in the Stuyvesant Insurance Company. The building is owned by J. B. JESUP, whose loss is $1,500, fully insured in the Relief Company.

EVENING SCHOOL NO. 17.—In our notice of the musical and elocutionary exercises at Evening School No. 17, on Thursday evening, it was stated that Mr. DAVIS was principal of the entire school. He has charge of the male department alone, while Miss ANNIE M. HOFFMANN, is principal of the female department.

LAW REPORTS.

Removal of Causes to the United States Courts.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Before Judge Shipman.

B. Andrae vs. *Herman J. Redfield.*—This was a motion to dismiss the case for want of jurisdiction. The action was brought in the Supreme Court of the State to recover an amount claimed from him as collector. The defendant was served with the summons at Batavia, in the Northern District. The defendant, on appearing in the action, took the usual steps to have the case certified to this court, and issue was joined in the action in this court.

But the plaintiff now moved to dismiss the cause on the ground that under the provisions of the act of Congress authorizing the removal of such causes, the removal could only be to the Circuit Court of the Northern District. The words of the statute are "the removal of the cause into the next Circuit Court to be held in the district where the suit is pending."

The court held that under the provision it had no jurisdiction of the subject matter, and granted the motion to dismiss.

There were sixty-three other cases in which the same point was involved, and the same order was made.

For plaintiff, Mr, Griswold; for defendant, Mr. Courtney.

The Law of Negligence as to Bonded Warehousemen.

SUPERIOR COURT—TRIAL TERM—DEC. 23.

Before Chief Justice Robertson and a Jury.

Adolphus Schwerin et al. vs. *Wm. A. McKee and Another.*—This action was brought to recover the sum of $1,420 63, the alleged value of fifty-two packages of cigars. The whole number of cigars was about seventy thousand. The defendants were the proprietors of the bonded warehouse, No. 69 Greenwich-street, and in the fore part of June, 1864, the plaintiffs stored the cigars with them. On the 14th of June the cigars were missing. The defence was that the storehouse was entered by burglars on the night of the day above named; that the thieves entered from the roof through the scuttle, and thence descended to the store below where the cigars were; that all the usual precautions had been taken in closing the place, and that there was no negligence or want of care on the part of the defendants. They furthermore claimed that as bonded warehousemen, they could not be made liable under the laws of the United States.

There was considerable testimony given as to the way in which the scuttle was fastened, and the situation and condition of the missing goods when last seen in the building. At the conclusion of the testimony, the court charged that the jury were to consider the question: On whom should the loss fall? That the property was missing, there could be no doubt. There was no doubt but that the goods were deposited with the defendants as bonded warehousemen, under the laws of the United States. The questions of law involved were both new and important. The jury must be judges of the facts; the law they must take from the court. For the purposes of this trial he should charge them that the same law applied to the defendants as would be applied if they had been the owners of a private warehouse. Where one person delivers goods to a warehouseman for storage, and the latter, upon a proper request, fails to deliver them, the presumption of law is, that they have been converted or that he has lost them through negligence. The warehouseman in such a case is bound to take such ordinary care as a prudent man would take of his own property under similar circumstances. The court said in conclusion that the questions of law involved in this case, and especially those as to whether the proprietors of a bonded warehouse should be held to the same degree of care and diligence as the owners of an ordinary private warehouse, were new, and the higher courts would no doubt soon determine what the law on this subject is.

The jury, after a long absence, rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs for $1,543 75, the full amount claimed, with interest.

For plaintiffs, Messrs. Matthews & Swan; for defendants, St. Clair Smith and John C. Dimmick.

Title To Personal Property—What Constitutes a Delivery.

SUPERIOR COURT—TRIAL TERM—DEC. 13.

Before Chief Justice Robertson and a Jury.

George Miller et al, vs. *Shalto Freeburn.*—The action was brought to recover the balance due on the sale of seven hundred and three barrels of apples. By the contract made between the parties, the apples were to be stored with Darling & Co., at No. 33 Pearl-street, in the name of the plaintiffs, and were to be delivered to the defendant on plaintiffs' order, from time to time, as he should want them. Defendant was to pay for them in sixty days, and within the same time to pay the usual curtage, storage, &c. The barrels, when delivered, were to be full. From time to time, up to the 14th of March, 1864, defendant took away 640 barrels on the plaintiffs' orders, amounting to $1,600. He then refused to take any more barrels, and also refused to pay for them. The consequence was that the apples decayed, and were thus rendered worthless. One of the defences was that the apples had never been delivered, hence that the risk was on the plaintiffs, and that the agreement to deliver full barrels was not complied with by offering to deliver barrels filled with rotten apples. Another defence was that the plaintiffs had removed some of the sound apples, and filled the barrels with decayed fruit, and much testimony was given with a view to establish this position.

The court charged the jury that if, from all the evidence, they found it was the agreement of the parties that the title to the apples, after they were placed in the storehouse, should be in the defendant, that the risk was then on him, and he was bound to take and pay for them, whatever their condition, notwithstanding the manual possession of the apples was in the plaintiffs, by reason of their being stored in their name. That in that case, the right of plaintiffs to require defendant to procure orders from them before taking away any of the apples, only gave the plaintiffs a lien upon the apples for the purchase money, and was not inconsistent with the doctrine that the risk was in the defendant; that the title to personal property might be in one person and the manual possession in another, and that in this case the risk of the apples devolved on the party in whom the title was vested by the agreement. If the jury found that it was the agreement that the title should be in the defendant, the plaintiffs were not liable for the abstraction of any of the apples, and it was no defence unless done by the plaintiffs or by their authority. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed.

For plaintiffs, Mr. S. B. Conable; for defendant, Mr. O. E. Bright.

Decisions.

SUPERIOR COURT—SPECIAL TERM—DEC. 21.

By Justice J. M. Barbour.

George R. Wilmot vs. Russell F. Trall; motion granted. Eliza Althof vs. James Lynch, Sheriff, &c., motion granted. Theodore Althof vs. James Lynch, &c.; motion granted. Laura Keene vs. John S. Clarke, &c., judgment settled. Jacob Merkle vs. James Lynch, &c.; motion granted. Martin Bush vs. Thomas Lanean; judgment for plaintiff with costs. Daniel Schafer vs. James Lynch, &c.; motion granted.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—DEC. 23.

Before Justice Leonard.

North River Bank vs. John Thompson; motion to amend three separate defences denied, with $10 costs. Charles Herrman vs. Pauline Herrman; report confirmed, and judgment of divorce granted.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—DEC. 21.

By Justice Barnard.

Margaret S. Feet vs. Benjamin A. Hegerman et al.; motion granted. John Townshend vs. George G. Andrews, et al.; motion granted on payment of $10 costs. William D. Reynolds vs. Thomas C. Nash; motion denied. Anthony, et al. vs. Howard, et al.; motion granted with $10 costs. Daniel Hoffman, et al. vs. Israel Rittoman; motion denied.

Court of General Sessions.

Before Judge Russel.

POWER OF THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS TO GRANT A NEW TRIAL.

David Bartlett vs. *The People.*—The prisoner was convicted of the crime of burglary. Immediately after the verdict, his counsel, Mr. Dean, gave notice of a motion for a new trial on the merits, instead of taking the ordinary course of removing the proceedings into the Supreme Court by writ of error. The power of the Court of General Sessions to review its own proceedings had been denied by the Supreme Court, but prisoner's counsel insisted not only that the statute was clear, which he claimed conferred it, but that the Court of Appeals, in the case of Lowenburgh, had asserted it.

The case was argued at length before Hon. A. D. RUSSEL, City Judge, and he has decided that the court has the power, and has set aside the verdict of the jury and granted a new trial, as appears by the following opinion:

RUSSELL, J.—The prisoners on being arraigned, demanded separate trials, and David Bartlett was placed upon trial at the last November term of this court, and convicted of burglary in the third degree. His counsel has moved the court for a new trial on the merits. The motion is made under section 4, chapter 339 of the laws of 1859, which reads as follows: "The Courts of Sessions of the several counties in this State shall have power to grant new trials upon the merits, or for irregularity, or on the ground of newly-discovered evidence in all cases tried before them." This court has acted upon the assumption that it had the power, under the act of 1859, to grant new trials, and has, since the passage of that act, exercised the power; and the right has never been disputed until the case of The People vs. Powell, (14 Abbot's R., p. 92,) in which it was urged by the District-Attorney, in opposition to the motion for a new trial before the Recorder of the City of New-York, "That the section of the act referred to had no application to the Court of General Sessions of the Peace in and for the City and County of New-York, and that it was differently organized from Courts of Sessions in the other counties of the State; it had more extensive power and a clerk of its own, &c.; that the term, 'Court of Sessions,' contained in the act, applied only to courts bearing that name organized in other counties in the State, under section 14 of article 6 of the constitution of 1846; and that even if the expression, 'Courts of Sessions," is comprehensive enough to include this court, that the Legislature did not intend its provision to apply to it." All these questions growing out of the acts of 1857 and 1859, in relation to "Special Sessions," were very carefully and ably examined by the learned Recorder in the case quoted, who decided that the act of 1859, giving Courts of Sessions the power to grant new trials, &c., "were broad enough to include this court." This opinion has been confined by the Court of Appeals in the case of Lowenberg vs. The People (27 Smith, R. p. 339,) and the same construction placed upon that act. Balcome, J., in delivering the opinion of the court, says: "The Court of General Session of the Peace in and for the City and County of New-York is but a Court of Sessions of the County of New-York, and is designated in the act of 1859 by the words: 'The Court of Sessions of any County of this State.' A Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and a Court of Sessions of any County, are one and the same tribunal. It is the Criminal Court of the County, whether held by the same or different magistrates." Whatever doubts may have formerly rested on the subject, it is now settled that this court has the power to grant a new trial for any cause for which by law a new trial may be granted, or when it shall appear to the court that justice has not been done. I am satisfied that on the trial of the cause the jury disregarded the instructions of the court as to the law applicable to the evidence, and that injustice has been done to this prisoner.

Therefore, ordered, That the verdict be set aside and a new trial granted.

PLEADED GUILTY.

Caroline Balkers, of an attempt at grand larceny, committed in stealing certain articles belonging to E. J. Johnson; remanded for sentence. George S. M. Thomas, of forgery in the fourth degree, in uttering a letter of credit, purporting to be signed by Stillman & Co.; remanded for sentence. John Ferris, of an attempt at grand larceny, committed the 11th of December, in stealing articles of the value of $76 40; remanded for sentence.

Court of Special Sessions.

Before Justices Kelly and Dowling.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

James Davis, aged about 23, whose likeness adorns the rogues' gallery, and who has made pocket-picking a profession for the last twelve years, was tried yesterday under the name of James Dolan for stealing a wallet containing some $3 or $4 from the pocket of Major L. S. Comstock, of the One Hundred and Fifty-second New-York Volunteers. The Major, when called to testify, said he didn't know who had robbed him. All that he could say was that riding up town in one of the west side of the city cars, when at Twenty-ninth-street, he felt a push against him as he was getting out. As soon as he alighted, he felt that he had been robbed, when he hailed the car again, and it stopped, and he got on and told the conductor that he had been robbed; and while making the statement, a stranger jumped off the car. Officer BARKER, of the Fifteenth Precinct, who was on the cars in civilian's clothes, after getting the card of the Major, ran after the stranger, and arrested him. He testified that after a chase of three blocks he overtook the prisoner, Dolan, and arrested him. The testimony of the officer was far from being creditable to him. He seemed to pride himself in his knowledge of slang. When arrested, the officer said, Dolan immediately acknowledged taking the wallet, but said there was only a ten in it, and then added, "Whitey Bob's, in Prince-street, and I'll square that thing." The officer and his prisoner walked down as far as the Fifth Avenue Hotel which both entered, and at the expense of the thief they had cigars. From the Fifth Avenue Hotel they walked to the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house where Dolan was locked up; but it was alleged that on the way the officer intimated that for $50 be would not hunt up the complainant. The prisoner did not give that money and Major Comstock was found. This allegation the officer denied plumply. The accused was found guilty, sent to the Penitentiary and fined $50.

JUVENILE BILLIARD-PLAYERS.

Antonio Curreo, proprietor of house No. 32 Baxter-street, was charged with keeping a very low resort, in which the morals of our youth are corrupted, Capt. Jourdan, of the Sixth Precinct, the complainant, said that this was one of five places all alike. The house was patronized by children from nine up to eighteen years of age. Many of the children who played billiards there had to be furnished with a bench to get their chins on a level with the table. These children gamblers stole money from their parents, or raised money in some way, and when the tables were engaged, and they could not play themselves, they bet on the result of the game. The Captain said that children from all over the city frequented the house, and parents even from the rural districts had asked him to have the house broken up, so that these children should not have such a place to resort to. Instead of going to Sunday-school, they were often found in this saloon. At 2 o'clock on Sunday morning last, when the arrest was made, there were nineteen boys in the place under 11 years of age. Last night (Friday) twenty five children came out of the place. The accused was found guilty, sent to the Penitentiary for two months and fined $50.

CAUGHT IN BAD COMPANY.

James Burke and Thomas Riley, both young men who said they were only 19 years of age, were found in the room of a house of bad repute, at No. 22 Roosevelt-street, and in the same room was found a quantity of linen that had been stolen from No. 28 Roosevelt-street. The clothing stolen was valued at over $50. Ernest Eberd, the complainant, said that the thieves did not leave a solitary shirt to make a change with. The thieves said they only visited the house accidentally, and although they knew the thieves, they themselves were innocent. They were found guilty of the larceny and sent to the Penitentiary, and the proprietress of the house was held to answer the charge of receiving stolen goods.

A CAUTIOUS GROCER.

Frederick Frendenthal keeps a grocery store at No. 539 Third-avenue. He hangs poultry, like other grocers, outside of the store, but before he does this he marks his poultry with his name for the purpose of identifying it if stolen. Michael McCarty, a boy of sixteen, in company with another boy, unhooked a turkey from Mr. Frendenthal's door. Officer Terwilleger saw the operation a block off. The thieves went up Thirty-seventh-street, and he ran up Thirty-eighth-street, and in the Second-avenue, caught McCarty quietly walking with the turkey. The question of identity was raised by counsel, but the private mark of complainant settled that point. McCarthy was convicted and sent to the House of Refuge.

A CURIOUS CHARGE.

George Healy and Charles White were charged with the larceny of two suppers from Robert Ellis (colored). The circumstances were these: Complainant keeps a restaurant, and on last Wednesday one of the accused came into his house and had a supper that he, Ellis, claimed couldn't be "did" at the Astor House. He charged sixty cents and the prisoner threw down a $5 bill on a broken bank. Mr. Ellis told him to pick it up and pocket it, he wanted something better. Healey put the bill in his pocket, clapped his hat on his head and walked out. Next night the prisoner White came in and had a seventy-five cent supper, and tendered in payment this worthless identical $5 bill tendered by Healy the day previous. Believing it was a swindle or larceny, in fact he did not know which, but the complaint of larceny was preferred, and of this the accused were acquitted. The complaint should have been for attempting to pass counterfeit money.

STEALING FROM STORE DOORS.

William Johnson and Joseph Winifred, aged about 18 respectively, were charged with the larceny of a coat, worth $25, from the store No. 314 Grand-street. They were seen around the store door for about half an hour before the coat was taken, and when they did take it from the peg on which it was hanging, although Mr. Brown, the proprietor, saw them, they were too quick in their movements to be caught, and they escaped with the coat. Next day they came back and tried to operate on Mr. Solomon Friedman, a neighbor. Natnan Otterwalt, the witness in this case, thus described how the boys operated. He said: About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner with the red shirt stood up to the store and unbuttoned the coat, while the other watched to see if he was observed from the store or in the street; a sign was given, and the one with the red shirt went away, and when there was a great crowd, another sign was given, and the one with the red shirt came back and gave the unbuttoned coat a sudden pull, but being tied to the frame, the frame came with the coat, when he let go and tried to run, and witness caught the thief. A policeman came up and took No. 1 in charge, when No. 2 was suddenly seized by witness, while quietly looking on to see what should be done with his comrade. Both were convicted and sent to the Penitentiary for nine months each.

TIMED THEIR OPERATIONS.

James Smith and Thomas J. Lee were charged with stealing a quantity of cigars from the store of Peter Schutte, No. 12 Amity-place. The prisoners came into the store together and went into the back room; one thief got on the shoulders of the other and took down a box of cigars, and then ran immediately out of the store. They were not in the store altogether over two minutes. The prisoners then sped along Washington Parade Ground, while Mr. Schutte stood at his door calling police. It happened that two policemen were coming through the Park at the time, and thus they ran into the arms of the officers. Smith denied being in company with Lee, and said that he went into the store two seconds before him. Both were found guilty, and Smith, who pleaded not guilty, was sent to the Penitentiary for one month, while Lee, who pleaded guilty, was sent to the City Prison for twenty days.

MARKET THIEVES.

The way in which thieves operate around Front-street and Fulton and Washington Markets was shown on the trial of Michael Hogan, charged with the larceny of a tub of butter. Mr. Frank Jones, the complainant, did not see the butter stolen, but saw it after it was recovered. Officer Parsons saw the butter lying in a saloon, and suspecting something wrong, he asked of the proprietor to whom it belonged, when he was told it was "left to be called for." The prisoner and two other well-known thieves stood across the way, and the officer asked if it was either of the men over the way, when the prisoner was pointed out to him by the clerk, and he went over and took him in custody. The owner of the butter was found, and a witness that had seen prisoner carry it away was also found. The same thieves, it was supposed, had stolen about a hundred dollars' worth of goods the same day in Front-street. Guilty—penitentiary four months.

THIEVES AND RECEIVERS.

Louis Herschel, proprietor of a second-hand clothing-store, corner of Canal and West streets, demurred to pleading to the charge of receiving stolen goods, and demanding a jury trial, the papers were sent to the General Sessions. The thief, Charles Hersch, who had stolen the goods and sold them to the receiver, was next arraigned, and pleading guilty, was sent to the Penitentiary for four months. Silas C. Smith, proprietor of the Frankfort House, said the prisoner had boarded four nights in his house, and on each occasion had robbed the rooms of quilts and sheets. The last time he stole he was caught, and confessed that Herschel bought the goods. Mary Herschel, the daughter of the receiver, was next placed on trial for the larceny of a sheet stolen from the Frankfort House, which was found on her person, and which Mr. Smith identified. It appears that Herschel has two stores, and that the prisoner was taking some goods from the one store to the other when she was arrested and the sheet found on her. The accused was acquitted of the larceny, the court being of the opinion that the child was used by the father to cover his evil doings.

HOTEL THIEF.

Bartholomew M. Dodd, who claims to be a resident of Rochester, and lately discharged from the army, was placed on trial charged with stealing an overcoat, the property of John Lazarus. The discharge paper looked very much as if it had been stolen from some soldier, and as if he had appropriated the discharge to himself. It bears the name of "Michael M. Dodd, blue eyes;" &c. The prisoner's eyes are black. The evidence against him was very strong. Witness and a friend hired a furnished room from a Mr. McGonegal, and had lived in the house some months. The prisoner also occupied part of a furnished room in the same house, but had only been there one night previous to the robbery. On Saturday morning, about 4 o'clock, Mr. Lazarus was awakened by the noise of a foot in his room, and in getting up he had, by the light of the candle which the prisoner carried, a distinct view of his face. He asked what the intruder wanted, when the prisoner mumbled something about "all right," "mistake," "wrong room," and went out closing the door. Witness thought it a mistake, and laid down, but immediately after he heard the street door bang, and suspecting something wrong he jumped out of bed and struck a light, and found his candle gone. The whole house was awakened, and complainant found his overcoat gone and many other things, and his bedfellow fared still worse, losing two suits of clothing and considerable cash. Mr. Lazarus described the thief, and from the description given, Mr. McGonegal went up to the room of Dodd, and it was found his bed had not been disturbed. As the front door was checked nobody could get in without a night latch and prisoner had that in his possession. On Saturday night about 12 o'clock Dodd returned to the house under the influence of liquor, and on Sunday morning he was arrested. He was found guilty and remanded.

MINOR ITEMS.

Joseph Cass *alias* John Casey stole an overcoat from the store-door of Lewis Cohen, No. 278 Bowery. Guilty; penitentiary four months.....Felix B. Strouse, a merchant who refused to return a receipted bill, or give back the property--some manuscript, the translation being important to him, and the cost, as he thought, an overcharge—gave the messenger a slap on the face when he tried to repossess himself of the papers, was fined $50.....Thomas McCormick, a dock laborer, caught a colored man going off the pier with a bag of stolen fish. He took the fish from the thief, and was going off with his load of herring when arrested. Guilty; fined $25....Andrew Claggey, convicted of attempting to illegally register himself in the Nineteenth Ward, was fined $50.

MONETARY AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—DEC. 23, 1865.

$30,000 U. S. 6s, '68..R. 120	25 Pacific M. S.Co.... 220
3,000 U.S.6s,5-20s.C.'62 103¼	2500 Reading R.... 107
15,000 U.S.6s,5-20s.C.'64 100¾	1000 do....b20 107
200,000 U.S.6s.5-20s.R.'65 100⅝	200 do....b30 107⅛
30,000 Tr.Notes,7 3-10s. First Ser.... 98½	400 do....s30 107
9,500 do..2d Ser.... 97⅞	200 do....2d call 107¼
20,000 do.... 98	800 do.... 107⅛
3,000 N.Y.St.7s, Bounty Loan.... 98½	500 do....s10 107½
5,000 U.S.6s, 1 Yr. Cer. New issue.... 97⅞	300 Chi. & R. I.... 107
17,000 Tenn. 6s, '90.... 90	100 do....b10 107¼
5,000 Missouri 6s.... 79	25 P., Ft. W. & C.... 105½
2,000 do.... 78½	100 do.... 105¼
10,000 Mo. 6s, issued to Pacific R.... 79	100 Mich. S. & N. I..s60 74¼
10,000 Ohio & M.Cer b10 28⅞	200 do....s60 74
20,000 do.... 28⅝	200 do.... 74⅞
1,000 Erie 1st M.... 99	100 do....s10 74⅜
24 Fourth Nat. Bank.. 100	600 do.... 74⅜
500 N. Y. Central.... 95½	100 do....b10 74⅞
200 do.... 95⅜	200 Cleve. & Pitts.... 84⅞
100 Cumb. Coal Pr.... 44¼	1500 do.... 84¾
100 West. U. Teleg'h.... 50	300 do....s15 84
100 Quick. Min. Co.... 43¼	50 do.... 84
100 do.... 43½	45 Cleve.,Col.& Cin.R. 125
200 do....b10 44	100 Chic. & N. W.... 35¼
100 do.... 43¾	100 do....c 35⅜
100 Mar. Min. Co.... 14¾	100 do....b3 35¼
200 Mariposa Pref.... 19½	700 do....b3 35⅞
800 Erie Railroad....c 95¾	500 do....c 35⅛
600 do....c 95⅜	200 do....s3 35¼
500 do.... 95½	1100 Chi. & N.W.Pr.... 61¾
500 do.... 95⅝	200 do....s3 61⅜
500 do....s10 94¼	100 do....2d call 61⅞
500 do....s30 93	500 Cleve. & Tol. R.... 113
	50 C., Bur. & Quin.... 113
	100 Morris & Essex R.. 99½
	50 Chic. & Alton Pr.... 105
	50 Mil. & St. P. Pr.... 81½

OPEN BOARD—10 A. M.

200 Mich. S. & N. I.... 74⅞	100 Chic. & N. W....b3 35⅜
300 do....s3 74⅞	300 do....c 35¼
200 do....s10 74⅞	300 do.... 35¼
1500 do....c 74⅞	200 Mar. Pref.... 19½
300 do.... 75	100 do....c 19¼
100 do....b5 75	300 New-York Cen.... 95⅜
200 do....b10 75	100 do....c 95⅜
200 Cleve. & Pitts..x-d 84¾	100 do....s3 95⅜
200 do....c 84⅝	200 do....b5 95½
800 do.... 84½	200 do.... 95½
600 do....c 84½	4300 Erie Railway.... 95¼
400 do....s3 84⅜	500 do....s3 95¼
800 do....b3 84⅜	800 do....c 95¼
800 do....s3 84¼	600 do....c 95⅛
1400 do....c 84¼	300 do.... 95⅛
200 P., Ft. W. & C.... 105	100 do....s15 93¾
100 do....b3 105	100 do....s3 95⅛
400 Reading R....x-d 106⅞	

OPEN BOARD—1 P. M.

$25,000 U.S. 6s,5-20s. C. Old Issue.... 103¼	300 Reading R....ex-d. 107⅛
25,000 do.... 103⅜	300 do....b10 107⅛
100 Cum. Coal.... 44¼	200 do.... 107⅛
100 do....s3 44¼	600 do....b5 107⅞
200 do....b30 44¾	400 do....s3 107⅛
100 do....b3 44½	200 do....c 107⅛
700 Schuylkill Coal.... 13⅞	200 do.... 107⅛
300 do....s10 13⅞	200 M. So. & N. I. R.... 74⅞
500 do.... 14	700 do....b3 74⅜
2100 do....s10 14	400 do....s3 74½
100 do.... 14½	400 do....c 74⅛
100 do....b3 14⅛	300 do.... 74⅛
100 Mariposa Min..b30 15⅛	100 do....s5 74⅜
100 do.... 15	100 do....b10 74⅛
100 do....b30 15¼	200 do....c 74⅝
600 N. Y. Central....s3 95⅜	1100 Cleve. & Pitts.x-d
1400 do.... 95⅛	100 do....b5 84½
400 do....c 95⅛	300 do....b10 84⅛
600 do....s3 95¼	200 do....b10 84⅜
100 do....s10 95¼	300 do.... 84⅝
1000 do.... 95¼	200 do....s5 84⅜
800 Erie Railroad....s3 95¼	200 do.... 84⅜
900 do.... 95¼	200 do....s3 84⅜
100 do.... 95⅛	300 Ch. & N. W. 35⅜
600 do....s5 95	200 do....b3 35⅜
100 do....s4 95⅛	200 do....c 35⅜
200 do....s15 94	100 do....s3 35⅜
100 do....c 95⅛	200 do....b10 35⅛
100 Hudson River R.... 108¼	100 Chi. & N.W.Prf.... 61⅛
200 do....b10 108½	200 do....s3 61½
200 do....b15 108½	100 do.... 61⅝
100 Chi. & R. I....s3 107	100 do.... 61⅜
200 do.... 107⅛	100 P., Ft. W. & C.... 105¾

OPEN BOARD—3 P. M.

1500 Schuylkill Coa..s10 14	1000 Cleve. & P.x-d.s10 84¼
200 Quick. Min. Co.... 44	1500 do....b10 84½
500 New-York Cen....s3 95¼	500 do....s10 84⅝
100 do.... 95¼	1000 do.... 84⅜
100 Erie Railroad....s3 95⅛	190 Mich. S. & N. I.... 74⅜
100 do....s5 95⅜	100 Chic. & N. W.... 35⅜
100 do.... 95½	100 do....b3 35⅞
100 Chi. & N. W.Pr.... 61⅞	

SATURDAY, Dec. 23—P. M.

The Government Funds were firm and in demand, and Gold weak at a further decline of ⅜@½ ℘ cent., to-day, as compared with Friday's sales. A large business was done in the new 5-20s at 100⅝ ℘ cent., and there was a demand for the 7-30s as high as 98⅛ for the first and 97⅞@98 ℘ cent. for the second and third series. The old 5-20s were scarce, and 103⅛@⅜ ℘ cent. is the nominal quotation. Money was unusually easy to the Brokers, owing in part to the fact that three days' interest is earned by lenders before the next regular day of business. The rates are 6@7 ℘ cent. lower.

At the Stock Exchange, the Railway speculation was rather free from excitement, but generally firm. The Erie movement was 95 ℘ cent. early in the forenoon, heavy purchases for the *Bull* account being made at this figure. Later in the dealings, 95⅛@⅜ ℘ cent. was paid for Tuesday's delivery. Reading was especially firm at 107⅛@107⅜ ex dividend. The general quotations in the afternoon were as follows, compared with Friday night:

	Fri.	Sat.		Fri.	Sat.
U. S. 10-40s....	92⅞	92½	Northwest....	35⅝	35½
U. S. 5-20s....	103⅜	103⅝	N. West Pref....	61⅝	61⅜
U. S. 7-30s....	98⅛	98¼	Rock Island....	107	107
N. Y. Central....	95½	95¼	Fort Wayne....	105¼	105¼
Erie....	95⅝	95½	Cumb'land Coal.	43½	44¼
Hudson....	108¼	108½	Quicksilver....	43½	44
Reading....	107	107⅛	Mariposa....	14⅞	14¾
Mich. Southern..	75	74⅜	Canton....	45	45¼
Illinois Central..	134	134	Ohio Certificates	28⅝	28¾
Pittsburgh....	85⅛	84⅞	American Gold..	145¾	145⅜
Prairie du Chien	96	96	Bills on London.	109½	109¼

The Secretary of the Treasury returns to Washington this afternoon. The telegrams in several of the morning papers that the January Gold Interest will be prepaid on Tuesday next, 26th of December, we understand to be a mistake. The New-York Office will not be ready for the payments on the January Coupons or on the registered interest until the Tuesday following Jan. 2. Checks will be ready at the close of business on Saturday next, Dec. 30, for parties holding and presenting in advance, 30 or more coupons.

The Market National Bank has declared a half-yearly Dividend of *six* ℘ cent. The following bids were made for the City Bank Shares:

Mechanics'....	110	Irving....	110
North River....	120	Metropolitan....	119
National....	105	Market....	110
Merchants' Exch'ge..	101½	Nassau....	106
State of New-York..	102	Corn Exchange....	112
Commerce....	107	St. Nicholas....	100
Mech's Bk'g Asso'n..	100	Commonwealth....	103
Broadway....	225	Importers' & Traders'	101
Ocean....	90	Central National....	105
American Exchange.	110	First National....	206
Pacific....	160	Fourth National....	94
Bank of the Republic.	110	Ninth National....	106½
Hanover....	110		

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

N. Y. Cen. 6s, 1883....	91	Han.& St. Jos. Con....	80
N. Y. Cen. 6s, 1887....	92	Del. L. & W. 1st M....	102
N. Y. Cen. 7s, '76....	102	Del. L. & W. 2d M....	103
Erie 1st M., '68....	98½	Tol. & Wab. 1st M. Ex	91
Erie 7s, 3d mort., '83....	97	Tol. & Wab. 2d M....	74
Erie 7s, 4th mort., 1880..	95⅛	Chi. & R. I. 1st mort....	101
Buf. N.Y.& E. 1st M. '77	93¼	Cleve. & Tol. S. Fund..	98
Hud. R. 7s, 1st M. '69...	100	N. J. Central 1st M....	101
Hud. R. 7s, conv., '67....	93½	N. J. Central 2d M....	102½
Harlem 3ds, '68....	90	Pitts.,Ft.W.& Ch., 3d..	87
Mich. C.new, 1sts,8s,'82..	111⅛	Cleve. & P. 3d m. con....	85
Chi., B. & Q. 8 ℘ c. 1sts..	112⅜	Cleve. & P. 4th mort....	75
Mich. So. 7 ℘ c. 2ds....	88	Chi. & Alton Inc....	85
N. Ind. Gosh. Line '68.,	93	Ohio & Miss. 1st mort..	82¼
Mich.S.& N.I.S.F. 7 ℘ c.	93½	Pen. R. R. Bonds....	75
Alton & T. H. 2d M. pr.	78	Mil. & St. Paul 1st M....	84
Chi. & N. W. 1st M....	82	Chic. & Mil. 1st M....	85
Han. & St. Jos. L. G....	95½		

The steamers for Europe to-day carried out $452,764 in Gold and Silver bars and coin, making the whole shipments of the week $463,389. The Gold Customs received for the week at the New-York Treasury office amount to $1,840,783; the payments of Gold Interest to $114,869.

The movements in Breadstuffs in Milwaukee, week ending with Dec. 19, Messrs. GEORGE I. JONES & Co. notice thus:

"The Wheat market has fluctuated considerably during the past week, No. 1 Spring having sold as low as $1 27 and as high as $1 35. The business has been active, though principally on Western account. The demand from the East since the close of navigation has been light, notwithstanding prices have shown a very fair margin compared with those ruling in the Eastern markets. The expenses of storage, fire insurance and interest, added to-day's price, would make the cost of No. 1 Spring on board vessel, 1st of May next, about $1 38, and with an allowance of 30c. ℘ bushel for lake and canal freight, lake insurance and transhipment charges, the cost laid down at New-York, about the 1st of June next, would be $1 68, or about 22c. ℘ bushel less than its present value in that market. The money market is rather close, though moderate negotiations of three to four months' paper could be made at about 12 ℘ cent. per annum. The stock of wheat in store is reported at 905,000 bushels. We quote No. 1 Spring Wheat in store, subject to 4c. ℘ bushel storage to 20th April next, at $1 28. No. 2 at $1 13@$1 14. Winter Wheat ranges from $1 35 for red to $1 60 for good white. The receipts for Wheat for past week sum up 90,524 bushels, against 37,402 bushels for the same time last year. There has been a pretty active demand for Flour during the past week, and prices have advanced about 25c. ℘ barrel; owing to the moderate offerings, however, the business has been light. The stock in store is reported as 11,015 barrels. Freights are $1 70 ℘ barrel to New-York, by all rail, $1 80 to Boston, $2 10 to Portland, $1 60 to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and $1 to Buffalo. Receipts for week 4,295 barrels. Shipments for week 6,271 barrels.

The day's business at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States was as follows: Receipts, $2,479,792 86—including for Customs, $198,000; on account of Loan. $132,000; Coin certificates, $317,280. Payments, $1,927,386 76. Balance, $77,416,949 04.

Undivided Profits of National Banks—Decision of Treasurer Spinner.

TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, Thursday, December 21, 1865.

GENTLEMEN: Your communication of the 13th instant was duly received. As suggested by you, I have had a full conversation with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in regard to the points raised therein, and the delay in the reply has been occasioned by the fact that I have not been able to consult that officer at an earlier time.

Under the provisions of the forty-first section of the National Currency Act, I have deemed it my duty to require to be included among deposits subject to duty the undivided profits of a bank. It has been always clear to me that profits should pay a duty under this section. The question might be raised, should they pay duty as deposits or as capital? It appearing to me that they were more in the nature of a deposit than of capital, I have directed that they be so classed. The duty on deposits and on capital is fixed at the same rate; so that, it being decided that profits were to pay duty, the duty under either head would be the same in amount, with the exception following: A few banks may possibly own United States bonds in excess of their capital. In case profits were classed as capital, they would be entitled to deduct such bonds to a greater extent than they now do with profits classed as deposits. It is not probable, however, that there are many banks that would be the gainers by the different construction.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue construes the law under which he acts to require him to obtain payment from all banks, national or State, of the taxes on dividend and surplus, and also to exact the license fees required by the same act. While it is true that the national currency act, in providing for the semi-annual duty, specifies that this duty shall be in lieu of all existing taxes, it so happens that this provision is not applicable to the internal revenue act, which became a law subsequent to the passage of the national currency act.

While the examination given to the matter has made it evident that the item of surplus is now liable to pay tax or duty to an extent greater than I had supposed, it has also resulted in the conviction that no change in the present requirements could be made that would meet your views consistently with the construction given by each officer to the law under which he acts.

I desire here to state, however, what I have heretofore, on several occasions, had opportunity to say, both verbally and by written communications, that in my opinion public policy requires that the surplus fund of a bank, to the extent, say, of twenty per cent. of the capital, should, under certain circumstances, be exempt from all duty. This view, I am pleased to know, has the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury, of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the Comptroller of the Currency, and of gentlemen in Congress who have given the subject their attention. It is proposed, therefore, by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and by myself, that at some early period in the session a meeting be held of the officers named, in connection with members of the Committee of Ways and Means, and of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives, before which committee any matter relating to banks will probably come for consideration; and it is most likely that the result of such a consultation will be the recommendation to and adoption by Congress of a provision exempting from duty or tax surplus funds to the extent named, or at least to such an extent as will greatly strengthen the banks by encouraging the accumulation and retention by them of surpluses.

In regard to the matter of 'daily settlements,' I can only say that the present requirements were adopted by the Internal Revenue Office, and by this office, after a very full consideration given to the subject, and that the method of making returns of deposit required by both offices, that is, the balances on hand when the books of the bank are closed for the day, has been deemed equitable and just.

Very respectfully,
F. E. SPINNER,
Treasurer United States.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

MORAN, CRANE & CO.
WILL RECEIVE PROPOSALS AT THEIR OFFICE,
NO. 50 WILLIAM-ST., NEW-YORK, FOR
$330,000 7 PER CENT. COUPON BONDS
OF UNION COUNTY, N. J.,

redeemable as follows:

Jan. 1, 1868	$30,000	Jan 1, 1875	$30,000
Jan. 1, 1869	30,000	Jan. 1, 1876	30,000
Jan. 1, 1870	30,000	Jan. 1, 1877	30,000
Jan. 1, 1871	30,000	Jan. 1, 1878	30,000
Jan. 1, 1872	30,000	Jan. 1, 1879	30,000
Jan. 1, 1874	30,000		

Interest payable at the State Bank of Elizabeth, N. J. July and January.

These bonds are issued to fund the debt created for bounties, are duly authorized by Act of the Legislature of the State of New-Jersey, and by resolution of the Board of Freeholders of the County, who are authorized to levy a tax to provide for payment of principal and interest at maturity. The County of Union embraces nine townships, including the cities of Elizabeth, Rahway, Plainfield, &c., and its taxables, amounting to about $15,000,000, make these bonds an undoubted security.

Bids for the whole or any part will be received up to TUESDAY, Dec. 26, at 12 M. The Board of Freeholders reserve the right of rejecting all bids not considered to the interest of the county. For further particulars, apply at No. 50 William-st., New-York.

Passengers Sailed.

In steamship San Jacinto, for Savannah—J. W. Randall and wife, David Barr, H. Kenther, J. P. Bouse, wife, 2 children and servant, J. B. Hickman, H. Darling, Anthony Barclay, Mrs. M. Barclay, J. C. Williams, O. Emerson, B. W. Reese, M. E. Dow, C. H. Massett, J. Cook, F. Muir, C. Woolley, J. Baker, Mrs. R. W. Wade, J. P. Clark and wife, H. J. Murdock, C. E. Pratt, H. Hillyer and wife, Mr. Myers and child, W. Coulter and wife, E. W. Clark, J. I. Davidson, H. W. Birge, Charles Seaman and wife, A. Bailey, D. C. Purse and wife, Mrs. Ellsworth, John Ritchie, E. Keeler, W. H. Romaine, R. P. Hawks, N. J. Boyce, W. H. Moody, C. Redding, E. E. Weeks, wife, 4 children and servant, W. H. Braswell, R. P. Moody and wife, Dr. J. D. Mitchell, W. T. Collier, J. Donohue, E. Adams, J. D. Robinson and friend, J. P. Thompson, H. Blanchard, J. D. Parker, F. Birnbaum, Dr. Barth, Miss Constance Trust, Philip Dill, H. Brigham, Mrs. Chas. N. Moody, M. Harris, A. Leffler, D. Marshall, H. M. Butter, David Herring.

In steamship Star of the Union, for New-Orleans—George H. King, H. L. Stone, Chas. S. Doreck, H. Franenfeld, S. S. Holbrook, Thos. Holland, Mrs. Jno. Smith, Mike McCarthy, Mrs. V. Talbot and child, C. H. Smith, F. Humphries, Geo. A. Woodbury, K. B. Hulburt, W. D. Baker, A. J. Curtis, S. A. Manning, C. C. Benton, W. G. Robinson and family, J. Steel, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Merrick, Major Kenney, J. B. Hubbard, R. Natili, G. N. Hollerman, J. N. Clarke and sister, Mrs. J. P. Newman, W. G. Robinson, R. E. Porter, R. E. Verdom, E. J. Hutchinson, J. S. Boyd, R. M. Hanlin, Chas. Bush, Jas. Koener, Rev. Jas. E. Pister, D. Furlay, Miss Hattie Murray, Miss Mary Jackson, Mrs. G. M. Styles and sister, Misses Dora and B. Stiles, Capt. Geo. M. McGrath, Lieut. Geo. F. Martin and lady, Rev. S. Davenport, Geo. Livingston, Mortimer Cameron, D. D. Darrow, S. H. Spencer, and 75 in the steerage.

In steamship Manhattan for Havana and Vera Cruz.—Mrs. Ackwright and two children, Vicente Rodriquez, Chas. P. Wisks, John Jones, Manuel Saomel, Joseph Carnier, Antolin Guaza Herques, A. G. Alexander, Carlos Brenta, Jacob Blumer, Henry Treat, Vicente Rodriquez, Marguerite de Tez and child, Monsieur Courtois, Alexander Paterson, Baron Von Hergonsfelt, Dr. Pleasants, Miss L. Maguever, Mr. Tinlay and family, Miss Susie Wright, Geo. P. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Brown and lady, Juan Jose Raffat, Mr. Rabalb, Mr. Manchester, Mr. W. H. H. Jones, Mr. Lesper, Domingo Ruiz, Giuisippi Polini, James MacAlpine, Jose Maria Belenden, Antonio Morales, Mrs. L. M. Beekman and family, Capt. Le Marquet, Maria Conano, Mr. W. J. Burns, lady and 2 children, Maninde Pontervil, Carlos Thorer, Jacopo Amore, Mariano Casha, Pedro Pingo, Rev. J. S. Salvatore.

DEC. 23—*In steamship City of Boston, for Liverpool*—Hon. P. M. Van Houghnet and lady, Toronto; John Machado and wife, L. Mayer, Panama; Mr. Galinan, Montreal; Mr. Girnox, Montreal; R. M. Sutton, Mr. Stephens, Montreal; Mr. Deschamp, Mr. Prevost, H. O. Houghton and wife, A. Roy, all of Montreal; Mr. Plumondon, Joseph Small, J. Meyer and wife, Roman Romann, Jules Delile, of New-York; Robert R. Hirst, Thomas Howes, David Stern, John Turner, J. Galt Smith, F. R. Bower, W. C. Murray, John Grierson, and others in the steerage.

DEC. 23—*In steamship Fulton, for Havre*—Mr. and Mrs. James H. Sandford and Miss Sandford, New-York; C. N. Stebbins, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Noble, New-York; Miss Blachford, Mr. St. Leger, A. Yonhay, New-York; Mme. Neree Valle, St. Louis; Miss Emma Griscom, New-York; F. A. Livingston, New-York; Charles Todd, New-York; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Richards and Miss Richards, New-York; Mr. McRee Swift, New-York; Huntington Richards, New-York; Wilson Eyre, Philadelphia; C. W. Denison, New-York; P. E. Vacquerel, New-York; E. Cottier, New-York; John Bruin, Minnesota.

DEC. 23—*In steamship Helvetia, for Liverpool*—H. Copperman, wife, 4 children and servant, John D. Lockhart, Capt. J. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Dr. Michael Brien, James Hamilton, Alexander McDonald, and 70 in the steerage.

Passengers Arrived.

In Steamship Neshannock, from New-Orleans—C. P. Kettie, S. A. Slocomb, W. O. Neal, G. E. Wright, L. Pease, F. Andrews, J. H. Edgar, R. Tattersall, M. L. Simpson, Thomas Gill, B. W. Thomas, W. H. Richardson, A. Biou, A. Findley, J. Kelley, Sister Jonnaha, Sister Thougine, A. Wilkins, E. Aldrich, M. Ryan, C. Henry, A. J. Leonard, C. Hodgman, M. Corry, E. B. Southworth, W. Gianchy, W. Tate, John Hughs, C. Billings, J. H. Worth, A. H. Beaty, A. Francis, J. Cummings, D. E. Kelley, S. S. Quinn, J. M. Ginnis, O. E. Colby, J. E. Briggs, J. Mulroy, A. Smith, J. H. Smith, C. W. Palmer, H. J. Buston, A. C. Mathews, R. Barton, C. Barrett, H. Gardiner.

In steamship Granada, from Charleston—A. Pierce, C. Glass, E. S. Talbot, Col. E. McMuller, C. S. Kimball, E. A. Rebl, Mrs. Thomas, Rev. W. H. Tiffany, J. H. Day, W. P. Cassart, J. C. Owens, J. T. Davis, Geo. Ellison, Major Foy, S. Borg, L. S. Morton, A. H. Walters, A. Harmon, A. J. Withey, W. K. Love, and 18 in the steerage.

DEC. 23—*In steamship Virginia, from Liverpool*—Miss Baine, O. Ore, A. Wolstadt, J. H. Bernard, Mr. Delroix, wife and child, and 421 in the steerage.

MINIATURE ALMANAC THIS DAY.

Sun rises.... 7 22 | Sun sets.... 4 38 | Moon sets.... 11 44

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook.. 11 40 | Gov. Island. 12 29 | Hell Gate.... 1 51

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK....SATURDAY, Dec. 23.

Cleared.

Steamships Helvetia, (Br.,) Ogilvie, Liverpool, E. H. Edwards; Hatteras, Parrish, Norfolk, City Point and Richmond, Livingston, Fox & Co.; Charles Benton, Newbern, Murray & Nephew; Falcon, Aldrich, Baltimore, J. B. Smull; Star of the Union, Blanchard, New-Orleans, H. B. Cromwell & Co.; Franconia, Sherwood, Portland, H. B. Cromwell & Co.; Andalusia, Bursley, Charleston, A. Leary; Saragossa, Crowell, Galveston, A. Leary; Idaho, Bunker, Mobile, Starbuck & Wheeler; Manhattan, Turner, Havana and Vera Cruz, C. A. Whitney; Gen. Custer, Beckitt, Washington, H. B. Cromwell & Co.; Niagara, Couch, Norfolk, City Point and Richmond, C. Heineken & Palmore; St. George, (Br.,) Smith, Liverpool and Glasgow, Williams & Guion; Commander, Terry, Wilmington, Arthur Leary; Virgo, Bulkley, Savannah, Murray & Nephew; Sylvan Shore, Tucker, Savannah, C. W. Copeland; Louise Moore, Phillips, Beaufort, Murray & Nephew; Champion, Furber, New-Orleans, J. A. Raynor; San Jacinto, Loveland, Savannah, Garrison & Allen; Daniel Webster, Bolger, Galveston, Murray & Nephew; E. B. Hall, Benton, Philadelphia, J. Hand.

Steamers Ellen S. Terry, Chapin, Newbern, C. Goodspeed; Warrior, Mott, Providence, Neptune Steamship Co.

Ships Robena, Martin, London, Thos. Dunham; Sunrise, Kissam, Liverpool, Howland & Frothingham; City of Brooklyn, Cousins, Mobile, Nesmith & Sons; Jeremiah Thompson, Nairn, Liverpool, Samuel Thompson's Nephew.

Barks Ocean, (Swed.,) Sandsten, Gibraltar and Malta, Funch, Meincke & Wendt; Atalanta, (Br.,) Beck, Aspinwall, via Philadelphia, McColl & Frith; Trovatore, Carver, Matanzas, Dallet & Co.; Reinhard, (Brem.,) Hinken, Bremen, Ruger Bros.

Brigs Ocean Belle, Morton, Savannah, Brown & Vanderbilt; Annie, (Br.,) Larsen, St. John, N. B., P. I. Nevius & Co.; Bogota, Lindsay, Aspinwall, Panama Railroad Co.; Eclipse, (Br.,) Peterson, St. Kitts, Jones & Lough; Howard, Smith, Matanzas, C. C. Duncan; Atlas, Mitchell, Charleston, W. H. Robson & Co.; Handy, Bedell, Savannah, P. D. Collins & H. Noah; Neva, Talbot, Jacksonville, C. B. Dibble; Brisk, (Br.,) Marshall, Cienfuegos, Fowler & Jova; Mary Le Blanc, Grimes, St. Jago, Cuba, B. F. Small & Co.; T. H. A. Pitt, Coeil, Bermuda, Middleton & Co.; Wilhelmine, (Russ.,) Falkman, Matanzas, Funch, Meincke & Wendt.

Schooners Casper Lawson, Snow, New-Haven, Hotchkiss & Stannard; Princess, Lovell, Boston, S. W. Lewis & Co.; W. B. Darling, Baxter, Norfolk, Va., T. B. Chase & Co.; G. R. C., (Br.,) Gates, Cornwallis, D. R. De Wolf & Co.; Ned Sumpter, Lord, Aguin, Brett, Son & Co.; Kate, Willet, Mobile, Bonner & Brown; N. W. Smith, Tooker, Charleston, N. L. McCready & Co.; Mail, Merrill, Philadelphia, Laraway & Plymes; Julia D., (Br.,) Sherry, Port-au-Platt, Brett, Son & Co.; Clara, Baxter, Wilmington, N. C., Murray & Nephew; Pacific, Wass, Point-au-Petre, Gaud., Miller & Houghton; Isaac Morse, Bradford, New-Orleans, N. H. Brigham.

Arrived.

Steamship Virginia, (Br.,) Prowse, Liverpool Dec. 7, and Queenstown 8th, with mdse. and 427 passengers to the National Steam Navigation Co. 20th inst., no lat., &c., saw steamship Atalanta, hence for London.

Steamship Neshannock, Winchester, New-Orleans 17th inst., with mdse. and passengers to H. B. Cromwell & Co. Dec. 20, Key West bearing N. N. W., passed steamship United States, hence for New-Orleans. Dec. 23, Cape Henlopen bearing W. N. W. 17 miles, passed a large fore and aft schooner, sunk, in 12 fathoms water.

Steamship Granada, Baxter, Charleston Dec. 20, with mdse. and passengers to Arthur Leary. Experienced heavy head winds N. of Hatteras.

Steamship Falcon, Aldrich, Baltimore 40 hours, with mdse. to J. B. Smull.

Steamship Franconia, Sherwood, Portland, with mdse. and passengers to H. B. Cromwell & Co.

Steamship Kingfisher, Rector, Baltimore 40 hours, with mdse. to J. B. Smull.

Steamship Metis, Burton, Baltimore, with mdse. to J. B. Smull.

Steamer Commander, Terry, Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 19, with mdse. and passengers to Arthur Leary.

Steamer Baltimore, Lewis, Washington, D. C., with mdse. to James Hand.

Steamtug America, ——, Philadelphia.

Bark Samuel Tarbox, (of Bath,) Tarbox, Shields 60 ds., with coal to J. C. McArthur. Had strong westerly winds the entire passage.

Bark Elegante, (of Quebec,) Lacy, Quebec 23 ds., with lumber to Cook & Co. Had heavy westerly gales; been blown off the coast three times; had water casks stove; has had no water for 4 ds., and crew all badly frostbitten.

Brig Mary Ellen, (Br.,) Wyman, St. George, N. B., 14 ds., with timber and laths to Jed Frye & Co.

Schr. Louisa W. Birdsall, Trippell, Virginia, for New-Haven. While off Chincoteague, between 3 and 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning, was run into by an unknown schooner, and carried away jibboom and cutwater.

Schr. J. & D. Cranmer, Cranmer, Virginia, with wood. Was run into by an unknown schooner, off Great Swamp, carrying away bowsprit, jibboom, jib and flying jib-stay and head gear, &c.

Schr. Hannah Chapman, Pulgam, Fortress Monroe 4 ds., with oysters.

Schr. J. L. Malay, Russell. Baltimore, for Providence, with corn.

Schr. Sarah J. Hoyt, Cranmer, Georgetown, for New-Haven.

Schr. R. C. A. Ward, Edwards, Fortress Monroe 2 ds., with coal.

Schr. Mary Price, Blizard, Brandywine, for New-Haven.

Schr. Surf, Harding, Cherryfield 18 ds., with lumber to Simpson & Clapp.

Schr. Althea, ——, Virginia, with wood.

Schr. Isabella, Dorman, Galveston, with cotton, &c.

Schr. Maria Parsons, Chamberlain, Jacksonville.

Schr. Monmouth, Anderson, Locust Mountain, Va.

Schr. Whitney Long, Hayes, Baltimore.

Schr. R. S. Dean, Dean, Baltimore, for Taunton.

Schr. Willow Harp, Davis, Georgetown, for Providence.

WIND—At sunset, S. W.

Sailed.

Steamships St. George, Teutonia, Manhattan, Fulton, City of Boston, Helvetia, Fah Kee, Louise Moore, Andalusia, Saragossa, Idaho, Charles Benton, Ellen S. Terry, Champion, Star of the Union, San Jacinto, Hatteras, Niagara. Ship Ontario.

By Telegraph.

BOSTON, Dec. 23—Arr. steamer Saxon, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

The new pilot-boat A. T. Stewart, No. 6, built by Mr. E. F. Williams, to replace the boat George Steers, lost on Jersey beach last Winter, went on a trial trip down the bay to-day, a number of pilots and their friends accompanying her. She acted admirably, and has proved a success in every respect.

There are two unknown barks ashore on the Upper Middle; supposed bound out.

Spoken, &c.

Adelaide—bark, from Baltimore for Rio Janeiro, Dec. 7, lat. 36, lon. 73.

INSTANTANEOUS CURE,
BY
ANALGESIQUE.
OF
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
GOUT,
HEADACHE,
TOOTHACHE,
and all other pains.
Office of the
ANALGESIQUE,
No. 484 Broadway.
All Druggists keep it.
SAYRE & CO.

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FOR ORIGINAL POEMS BY THE
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FINE TABLE CUTLERY.
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ESTABLISHED 1821.

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SEWING MACHINES,
FOR SALE AT
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Operators and machines sent out by the day or week.
Family sewing.
Machines repaired and to let.

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Rich Silk Scarfs,
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WINTER GLOVES,
HANDKERCHIEFS, SUSPENDERS, COLLARS, SLEEVE-BUTTONS, SCARF-PINS, &c., &c., in large assortment, at
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Have now on hand the most VARIED assortment of RICH GOODS, and invite the attention of parties furnishing to an examination of the same.
All or executed by tasty and experienced workmen.

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CLOAKS, CIRCULARS, BASQUINES, JACKETS and SACQUES at HALF PRICE, in LYONS VELVET.
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COLORED MOIRE ANTIQUE at $3 50; worth $5 50.
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We invite special attention to our large and most desirable stock of MOURNING MATERIALS. SEVERAL NEW ARTICLES, not kept elsewhere, are just received.
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A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT, JUST RECEIVED,
WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT
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ALSO,
CURTAIN MATERIALS
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B. L. SOLOMON & SONS,
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MUSLINS! MUSLINS!! MUSLINS!!!
GREAT ADVANCE IN WHOLESALE PRICES,
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NO ADVANCE IN OUR PRICES!
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Will offer for the balance of the season their
LARGE AND ELEGANT
ASSORTMENT OF
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At greatly reduced prices.
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FOR SALE—WHITE AND GRAY BLANKETS, white and colored quilts, bed sacks, hair and straw mattresses, hair pillows, overcoats, peajackets, trowsers, flannel overshirts, undershirts, drawers, linen sheeting, black silk handkerchiefs, sewing-silk and other articles, part of which are new and in good order, purchased at the recent government sales, and for sale at very low prices by
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All goods warranted strictly pure.
Send for a price list, or apply to J. MARC MARTIN, Importer, No. 203 Pearl-st., New-York.

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68, 62, 40, 3, 66, 11, 46, 69, 76, 39, 55, 38, 41.

KENTUCKY—CLASS No. 710, Dec. 23, 1865.
32, 5 39, 23, 37, 28, 76, 15, 27, 47, 26, 25, 20.

SHELBY—EXTRA CLASS No. 609, Dec. 23, 1865.
14, 43, 77, 6, 61, 54, 16, 19, 11, 22, 65, 35, 67.

SHELBY—CLASS No. 610, Dec. 23, 1865.
13, 41, 39, 7, 4, 37, 5, 22, 68, 69, 46, 34, 33.

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